

# **LAUREL SONGS**

**STUDENTS' EDITION**

**M. TERESA ARMITAGE**

**C.C. BIRCHARD & COMPANY**

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*"The song is to the singer and comes back most to him."*—WALT WHITMAN

# LAUREL SONGS

UNCHANGED VOICES

STUDENTS' EDITION

M. TERESA ARMITAGE



BOSTON

C.C. BIRCHARD & COMPANY

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## INTRODUCTION

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The aim of LAUREL SONGS is to provide a varied and well-selected library of choral music for the use of older girls, or any group of unchanged voices; good music — in a broad sense of the phrase — with texts of literary merit. Its scope is a very wide range of achievement in chorus singing, and the study of music, for these older students.

### The Aim and Scope

The choruses included in the collection have been carefully selected and edited: Music is more than an incidental pleasure for heart and ear. In conjunction with the "winged word," it may be made a potent factor in the development of individuality. And the development of individuality, or character, is the ideal purpose of the book. Running the gamut of the healthy emotions of youth, its songs cover a wide range of moods. Songs expressive of natural gaiety, humor, action, the dance, the philosophy of optimism, are contrasted with those of devotion, of Nature's beauty, of spontaneous sorrow, etc. The genuine expression of feeling by means of artistic interpretation is the keynote of the entire work.

### The Ideal

A variety of sources have contributed to carry out the comprehensive plan of LAUREL SONGS; both grand opera and comic opera; the oratorio and the cantata have supplied their quota. There are stirring choruses, dramatic songs and old ballads, folk-songs from many lands, patriotic melodies and hymns, and a few adaptations from instrumental sources.

### Sources of Material

The development of mood and idea in tone is carried out in the music of different epochs: Folk-songs give direct expression to the simple charm of primitive life and conditions; Palestrina and Bach to Debussy and Strauss, the classic and modern masters, (not forgetting American composers among the latter), establish their ideals of musical beauty from the individual standpoint. And if such simple airs as "Love's Old Sweet Song" and "Swanee River" have been included in the same volume with Cesar Franck and Tschaikowsky, it has been with intention, and conformably with the liberal principle that any music genuine in feeling, or voicing a real appeal, or hallowed, perhaps, by association, has established a just claim to consideration. And the spirit of uplift predominates throughout, expressed in joy, in devotion to home and country, love and religion.

### Musical Aspect

The matter of texts has received exhaustive attention. Perfect union of text and tone, each supporting and completing the other, is a powerful influence in that character development which should underlie the mere act of singing. The editor has spared no pains to secure this essential harmony between text and tone.

### The Texts



## INTRODUCTION

And quite as much thought has been given to practical technicalities as to the choice of music and text. There is a careful classification of voices with due regard for their limitations. The compass is from low A to high F or G

(more frequently F) with an occasional low G and high A.  
**Technical Features** An effort has been made to keep the accented word and the accented note together, and to provide open vowels for high

tones; the high tones are never sustained; the low tones are never loud. The numbers are presented in unison, two-part, three-part, and four-part (three-part music predominating), in varying grades of difficulty.

Many of the arrangements are in simple chord harmonizations, whereas others are in more complicated form. In the part songs there are frequent solos and duets which can be sung by a number of voices on each part or by single voices. It will be gratifying to the thoughtful super-

**The Harmonizations** visor to note that the arrangements provide for variety of compass for all parts while the "melody" is found as frequently in the lower voices as in the first soprano. In these harmonizations, the aim is not merely for correct and scholarly writing, but is, through stimulating the imagination, for development of a properly balanced ensemble with a view to free and spontaneous singing.

**Two Editions** LAUREL SONGS is issued in two editions, — the Student's Edition, and the Complete Edition. The Student's Edition contains only the vocal parts, and the Complete Edition, intended for the teachers' use, contains the full score for both voice and piano.

Finally, LAUREL SONGS is sent out in the hope that it will meet the demand of progressive teachers and pupils for a high standard of music, an ideal standard which shall be at the same time a stimulation to growth in thought, a relaxation and pleasure, and an inspiration to the spirit.

## THE EDITOR AND PUBLISHERS

# LAUREL SONGS

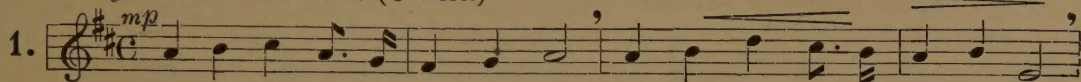
## STUDENTS' EDITION

### HYMN TO MUSIC.

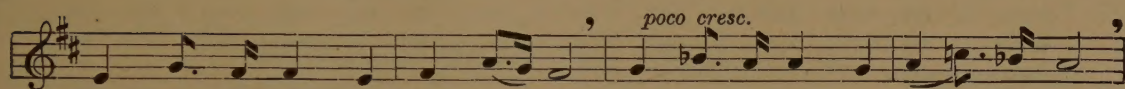
Words and arrangement by Glen Carle.

César Franck.

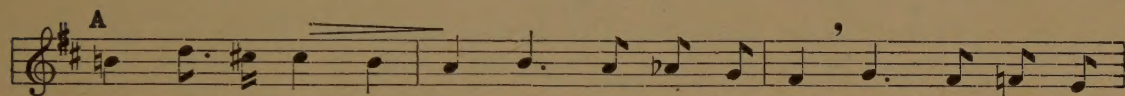
*Allegro moderato e maestoso.* (♩ = 116.)



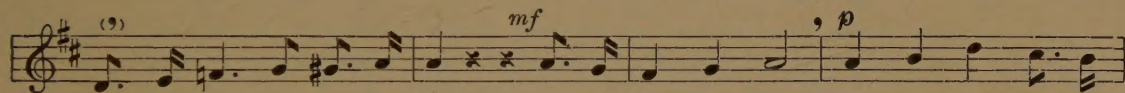
Great and sa - cred is Mu - sic's might! Dark-ness flees her e - the - real light,



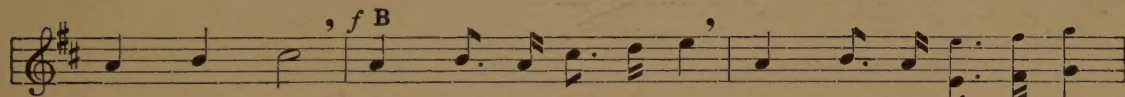
When soft - ly soar - ing tones take wings, When in the heart en - chant - ment rings,



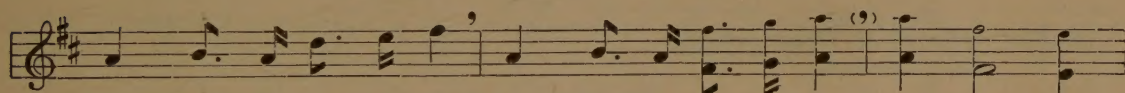
When all ab-sorb - ing, Deep, sweet, en - thrall - ing chords, Strange as mys - tic



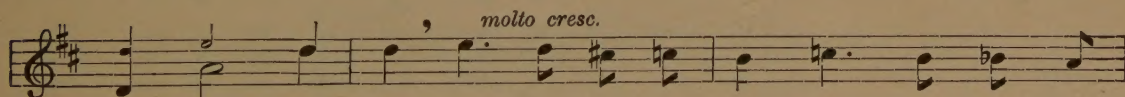
words, Im - mor - tal mes-sage bring. Great is Mu - sic's might! Calm and ten - der as



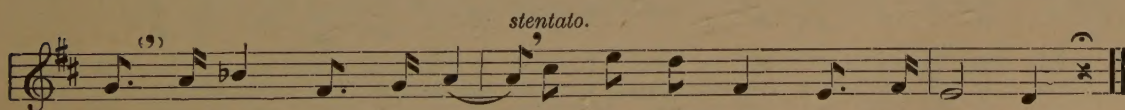
shades of night, Or loud, im - pe - ri - ous, Ev - er mys - te - ri - ous



Thun - ders that rend the air. Mu - sic is ev - 'ry - where Break - ing In



deep, Won - der - ful, all - en - thrall - ing chords, Strange as mys - tic



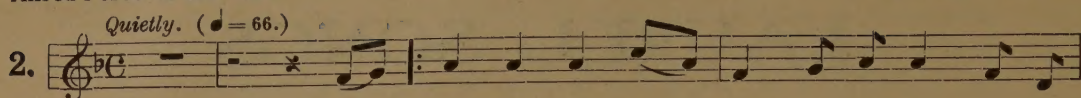
words, And wak - ing From sleep E - ter - nal mem - 'ries of E - den.



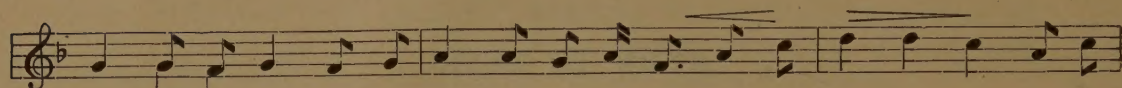
## AN IRISH LULLABY.

Alfred Perceval Graves.

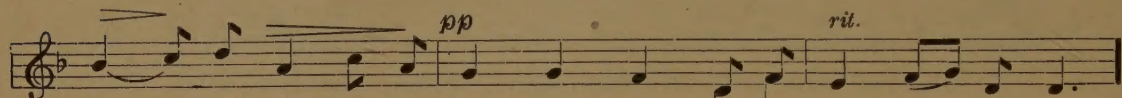
N. Clifford Page.



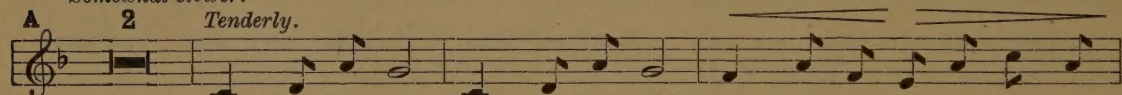
1. I'd rock my own sweet child - ie to rest, In a  
put my own sweet child - ie to sleep In a



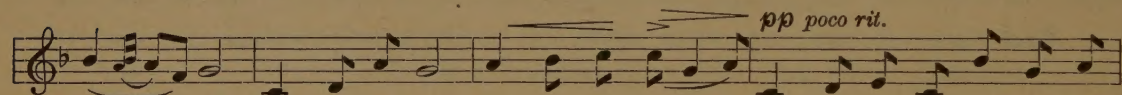
era - dle of gold, on a bough of the wil - low, To the shoo - heen - sho of the  
sil - ver boat on the beau - ti - ful riv - er, Where a shoo - heen whis - per the



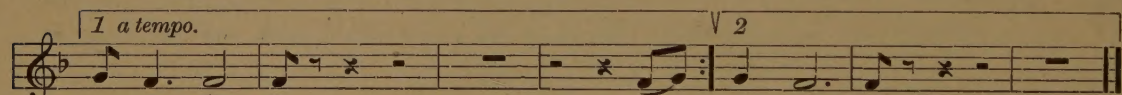
wind of the west, And the lul - la - lo of the soft sea bil - low.  
white . . cas - cades, And a lul - la - lo the . . green flags shiv - er.

*Somewhat slower.*

Sleep, ba - by dear, Sleep with - out fear, Moth - er is here be - side your  
Sleep, ba - by dear, Sleep with - out fear, Moth - er is here with you for -



pil - low. Sleep, ba - by dear, Sleep with - out fear, . . Moth - er is here be - side your  
ev - er; Sleep, ba - by dear, Sleep with - out fear, . . Moth - er is here with you for -



pil - low. . . .

2. I'd

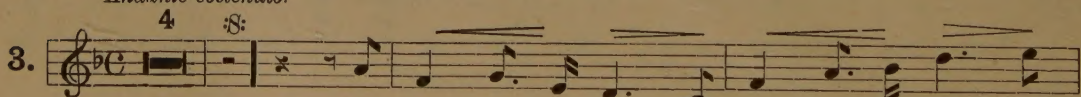
ev - er, . . .

## THE CHALET GIRL'S SUNDAY.

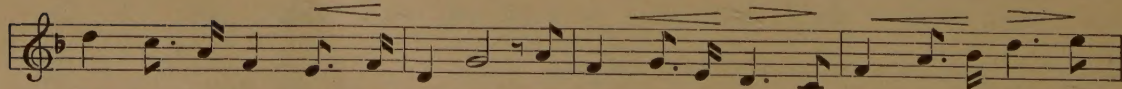
Jorgen Moe.

English version by M. Teresa Armitage.

Ole Bull.

*Andante sostenuto.*

1. I gaze at the sun, that ris - es a - pace. The  
2. A - lone I must walk thro' pas - tures a - far Where  
3. He lin - gers a space, then turns on his heel, Due




folk soon to church will be go - ing. I would I were home - ward bound on the road Gay  
on - ly the cow - bells are ring - ing, While out on the road the maids Sun - day clad, Are  
care on his horse first be - stow - ing, And strides to the door with sol - dier - ly tread, To

The chalet girl lives for months at a time in a lonely hut or chalet in the mountains, tending the cows. The song pictures her longing as she recalls the happy associations of the village below.

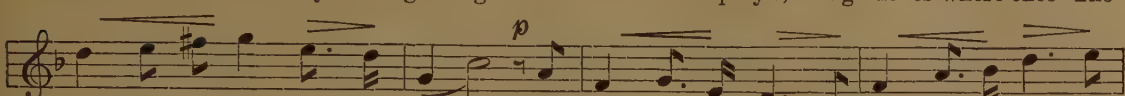


A



greet-ings re-ceive-ing, be-stow-ing. Ah, soon will the sun's vic-to-ri-ous beams Be  
 talk-ing and laugh-ing and sing-ing. And swift as the wind comes Jan on his horse, It's  
 church as to du-ty he's go-ing. He of-fers a pray'r, then glanc-es where once The

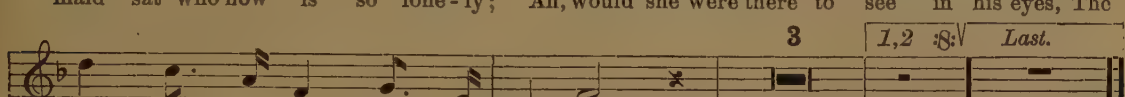
p



climb-ing the mountain's blue wall, While down in the dale, the church bells I love Are  
 black like the Elf-King's of yore, He strokes his long mane, dis-mount-ing in haste, To  
 maid sat who now is so lone-ly; Ah, would she were there to see in his eyes, The

3

1, 2 :8:√ Last.



peal-ing their mes-sage to all. . .  
 tie him be-side the church-door: .  
 look that for her ris-es on-ly.

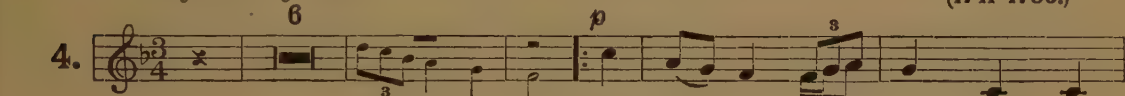
## THE LASS WITH THE DELICATE AIR.

Edited by N. Clifford Page.  
*Allegretto con grazia.*

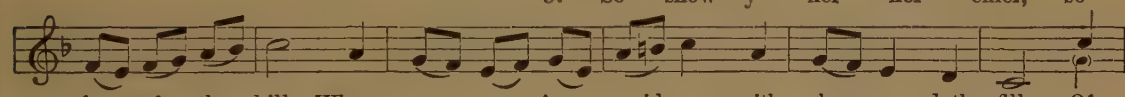
Michael Arne.  
 (1741-1786.)

6


4.



1. Young Mol-ly, who lives at the  
 2. Like sun-shine, her glances so  
 3. So snow-y her ker-chief, so



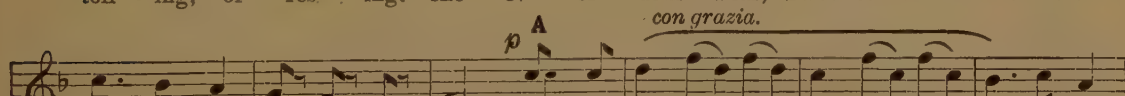
foot of the hill, Whose name ev-'ry maid-en with pleas-ure doth fill, Of  
 ten-der-ly fall, She smiles not for one but she smiles on us all, And  
 dain-ty is she, No gar-land of po-sies could pret-ti-er be, And,



beau-ty is bless'd with so am-ple a share, We call her the  
 ma-n-y a heart she has eas'd of its care, Will bless the dear  
 toil-ing, or rest-ing. she ev-er doth wear, Sweet-est charm of all


con grazia.

p A




lass with the del-i-cate air, With the del - - - - - i-cate  
 lass with the del-i-cate air, With the del - - - - - i-cate  
 maid-ens, a del-i-cate air, A del - - - - - i-cate

(Original)



ritard. a tempo



air, We call her the lass with the del-i-cate air.  
 air, Will bless the dear lass with the del-i-cate air.  
 air, Sweet-est charm of all maid-ens, a del-i-cate air.

This beautiful old air has been generally attributed to Dr. Thomas A. Arne (1710-1778); but modern authorities, after careful research, credit it to his son. The editor has chosen the version most universally sung, as being more smooth and flowing, the supposedly original notes being given small.

## ARNE'S SONG.

Bj. Björnson.

English version by Frederick H. Martens.

*Allegro appassionato.*

P. A. Heise.

5.  2

1. O'er the moun - tains the ea - gle's flight  
2. Like the ea - gle, I too would scale

Bears him on soar - ing pin - ions, In - to the glo - rious dawn's new light.  
Moun - tains that high sur - round me; Gao - lers who o'er my free - dom pre - vail,

King of the air, in his strength and might, Far o - cean coast lines  
Snow - peak'd they rise, tow - ring all a - round; Pris - oned they'll hold me

5

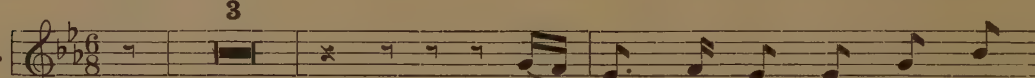
view - ing, \* He guards his loft - y do - min - ions.  
ev - er Till death me free - ing, has found me.

## BELIEVE ME IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.\*

Thomas Moore.

*Allegro moderato.*

Arranged by J. B. Weckerlin.

6.  3

1. Be - lieve me if all those en -  
2. It is not while beau - ty and

dear - ing young charms Which I gaze on so fond - ly to - day, . . Were to  
youth are thine own, And thy cheek un - pro - faned by a tear, . That the

change by to - mor - row and fleet in my arms, Like fair - y gifts fad - ing a -  
fer - vor and faith of a soul can be known, To which time will but make thee more

A

way, . Thou would'st still be a - dored as this mo - ment thou art, Let thy  
dear, . Oh the heart that has tru - ly lov'd nev - er for - gets, But as

love - li - ness fade as it will, . And a - round the dear ru - in each  
tru - ly loves on to the close; As the sun - flow - er turns on her

ritard. D.C.

wish of my heart Would en - twine it - self ver - dant - ly still. .  
god when he sets, The same look that she gave when he rose.

\* This melody, under the title, "My lodging is on the cold ground" was sung in the old play "The Rivals." It is probably of English origin, but is known as one of Moore's "Irish Melodies."

# THE KEYS OF HEAVEN.

Cheshire Folk Song.

Arr. by Humphrey Mitchell.

Moderato.

4 *mp*



HE. 1. I will give you the keys of heav'n, I will give you the  
3. I will give you a coach and six, . . Six black hors - es as



keys of heav'n, Mad - am, will you walk? Mad - am, will you talk?  
black as pitch, Mad - am, will you walk? Mad - am, will you talk?



Mad - am, will you walk and talk with me? SHE. 2. Tho' you give me the keys of heav'n,  
Mad - am, will you walk and talk with me? 4. Tho' you give me a coach and six, . .



Though you give me the keys of . heav'n, Yet I will not walk,  
Six black hors - es as black as . pitch, Yet I will not walk.



Yet I will not talk, No, I will not walk or talk with thee.



HE. 5. I will give you the key of my heart, And we'll be mar - ried till



death us do part, . Mad - am, will you walk? Mad - am, will you talk?



Mad - am, will you walk and talk with me? . . SHE. 6. Thou shalt give me the



key of thy heart, And we'll be mar - ried till death us do part, .



I . . will walk, I . . will talk, I . . will walk and talk with thee. .



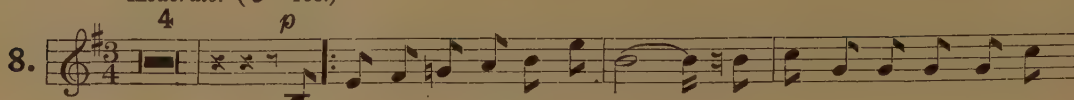
## GIPSY SONG.

(FROM "CARMEN.")

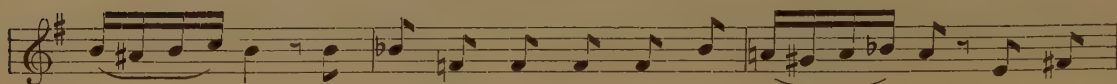
English text by M. Louise Baum.

Georges Bizet.

Moderato. (♩ = 108.)



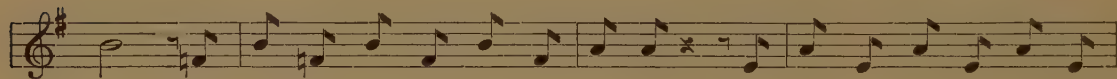
1. The cas-tan-ets dry click-ing sound . With it - er - a-tion's cheer-y
2. (The) cop-per ear-rings dan-gle bright, . The sil-ver ban-gles clash and



jin - gle, Has set the gip-sy's toes a - tin - gle, Till a -  
spar - kle; While eyes of sloe be-guile and dar - kle, Red and



way she dan-ces with a bound. . . . . The tam-bour - ine then joins the  
yel-low scarves are float-ing light. . . . . The song and dance are one at



strain, The light gui - tar goes tin - gle tan - gle, With chirr and bang and mer - ry  
last, The pace is swift - er still and swift - er, The fly - ing mus - ic seems to



jan - gle, Runs round and round . the gay re - frain. Runs round and  
lift her, As if on wings . she float - ed past. As if on



round the jing-ling gay re - frain! . . . Tra - la - la - la, . . . . .  
mus - ie's wings she float - ed past! . . . Tra - la - la - la, . . . . .



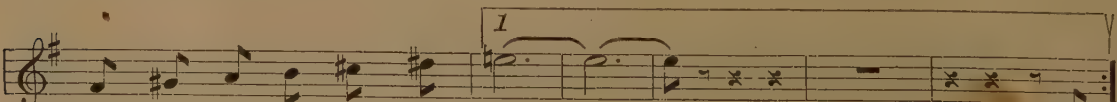
Tra - la - la - la, . . . . . Tra - la - la - la, . . . . . tra



la la la la la la la! . . . Tra - la - la - la, . . . . .



Tra - la - la - la, . . . . . Tra - la - la - la, . . . . . Tra



la la la la la la la! . . . . . 2. The

2 *animato e cresc.*

la, . . Tra la la la, . . tra la la la, . . tra la la

*Presto. ff tr.* DANCE. (ad lib.) 20

la, . . . tra . la la la! . . . . .

## THE CRADLES.

(LES BERCEAUX.)

(MELODIE.)

A. Sully-Prudhomme.

English version by M. Teresa Armitage.

Gabriel Fauré, Op. 23, No.1.

*Andante.*

2

9. 

All down the quay the state-ly ships On the waves at an-chor are sway-ing, —  
Le long du quai les grands vais-seaux, Que la hou-le in-cli-ne en si-len-ce, Ne

They have no thought of cra-dles small, Rock'd by mothers, singing and pray-ing. . .  
pren-nent pas gar-de aux ber-ceaux, Que la main des fem-mes ba-lan-ce. . .

*A*  
*cres. poco a poco.*

But the day of part-ing will come, Wom-en's tears sad-ly will be flow-ing,  
Mais, vien-dra le jour des a-dieux, Car il faut que les fem-mes pleu-rent,

*cres. molto.* *f sempre.*

Ven-tur-some men, ea-ger to roam, Hark to the far ho-ri-zon call-ing! .  
Et que les hom-mes cu-ri-eux Ten-tent les hor-i-zons qui leu-rent! .

*B*  
*pp*

Ships from the quay, up-on . that day Sail out, the spark-ling wa-ter cleav-ing;  
Et ce jour-là les grands vais-seaux, Fuy-ant le port qui di-mi-nu-e,

*mf*

Feel-ing a pow'r, strange-ly de-tain-ing, From . the souls of the cra-dles  
Sen-tent leur mas-se re-te-nu-e Par . l'd-me des loin-

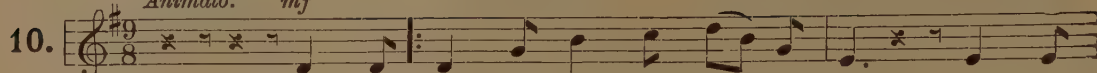
far . a-way. From . the souls of the cra-dles far . a-way. . .  
tains ber-ceaux, Par . l'd-me des loin-tains ber-ceaux. .

# SPRING-TIDE.

Edited by J. Remington.

Reinhold Becker.

*Animato. mf*



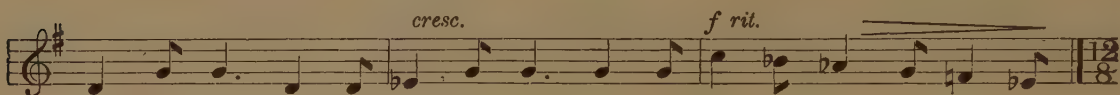
1. When the spring-tide o'er the hills is seen, And the  
2. gla - cier to the sun's breath yields, And the



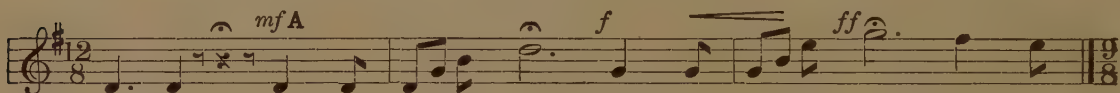
sun's warm rays dis - solve the snow, When the trees put on . . . their  
moun - tains pour their tor - rents down, When in ver - dure clad . are



garb of green, And the vi - o - lets . . . their pur - ple show, When thro'  
all the fields, And with songs of birds . the woods re - sound; When the



hill and dale Signs of win - ter fail, Gone is all the snow, Sweet breez - es  
breez - es bear Flow - er's in - cense rare, And the sky se - rene A - bove is



blow. . . Then the val - leys all To the mountains call, Ah! in  
seen. . .

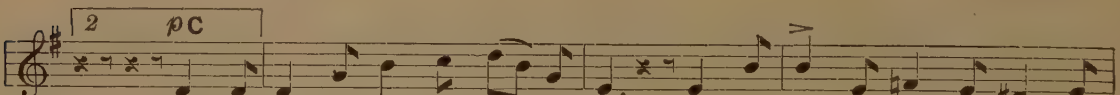


glad re - frain: "Spring is come a - gain!" Then the val - leys all To the

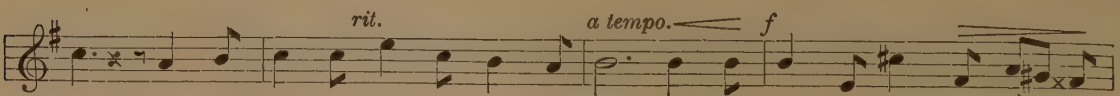


mountains call: "Spring is come a - gain!"

2. When the



3. Ah! was this not then the time of year, When our hearts first felt love's hap - py



sway? When we knew each oth - er near and dear, And we told our love, that won - drous

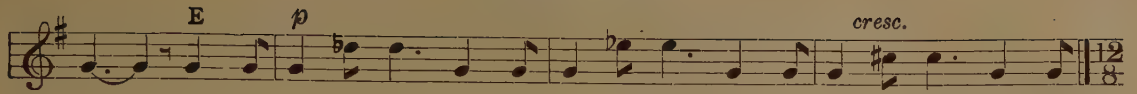


day? Then the sun came out, As with mer - ry shout; And the

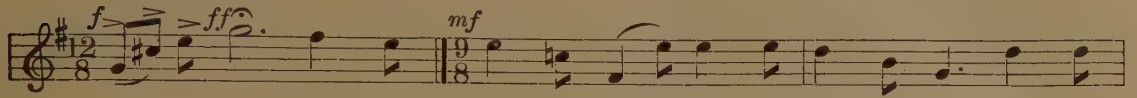


birds then sang Till the wood - land rang; and the birds then sang till wood - land





rang; Then the val - leys cried, And the hills re-plied, then the val - leys cried, and the



hills re-plied: "Spring has come at, last! Spring has come at last!" Then the



val - leys cried, And the hills re-plied: "Spring has come at last!"

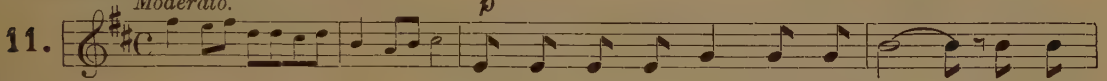
ROMANCE.

Paul Bourget.

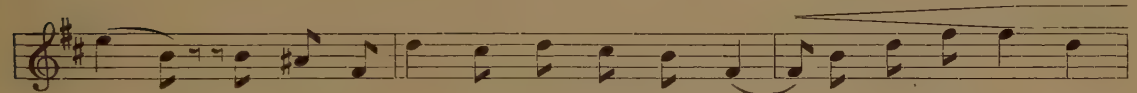
Translated by M. Louise Baum.

Moderato.

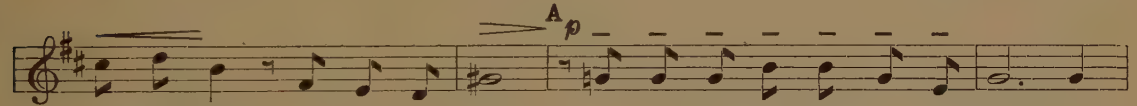
Achille Claude Debussy.



Once thy maid - en heart flow-er'd fra - grant As the  
L'âme é - va - po - rée et souf - fran - te ; L'd - me

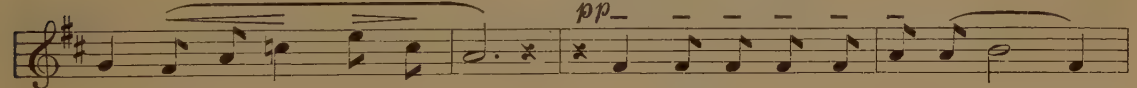


lil - ies pour o - dors va - grant Of moon-light wrought, And I might cull there,  
dou - ce, l'âme o - do - ran - te Des lis di - vins que j'ai cueil - lis Dans

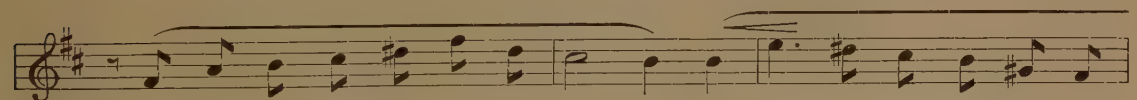


pure and fair, Thy ten - der thought. O who can say where it is flown, The  
le jar - din de ta pen - sée. Où donc les vents l'ont - ils chas - sée, Cette

meno mosso (tempo rubato)

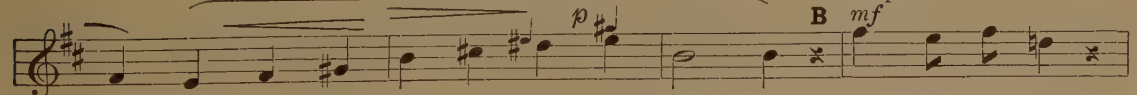


soul of the flow'r once my own! Ah! is it in my soul a - bid - ing,  
âme a - do - ra - ble des lis? N'est - il plus un par - fum qui res - te



Its heav'n - ly mys - t'ry still con - fid - ing, As when it brought my care sur -  
De la su - a - vi - té cé - les - te Des jours où tu m'en - ve - lop -

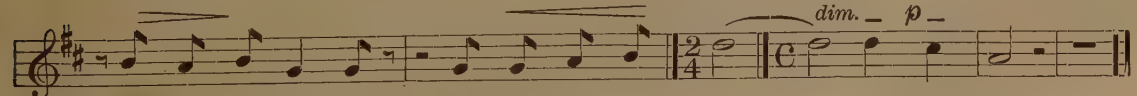
Tempo I



cease, And prom - ise of a joy su - per - nal! Ros - y with hope,  
pais Du - ne va - peur sur - na - tu - rel - le Fai - te d'es - poir,

ritenuto

dim. - p -



and faith e - ter - nal, Bless - ing me with love, . . Ah! and peace!  
d'a-mour fi - dè - le, De bé - a - ti - tude . . et de paix?

# MARGARET'S CRADLE SONG.

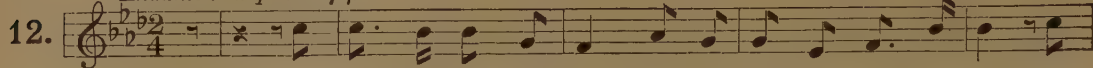
(MARGARETES VUGGESANG.)

Henrik Ibsen.

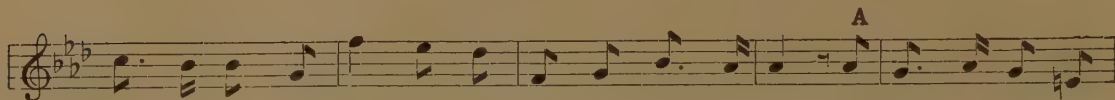
English version by M. Teresa Armitage.

Edvard Hagerup Grieg.

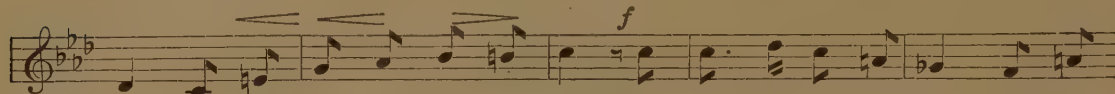
*Andante tranquillo. pp*



Past roof and spire thrust up - ward To touch the star - lit sky, On



wings of dream wee \*Haa - kon Is ear - ried there on high. Up won - drous mys - tic



lad - der Whose rounds are pure de - light, There, Haa - kon an - gel guid - ed, Mounts



in - to heav - en's light. And God's own an - gels watch - ing, Will guard wee Haa - kon's



rest, And God will keep wee Haa - kon, There with his moth - er blest.

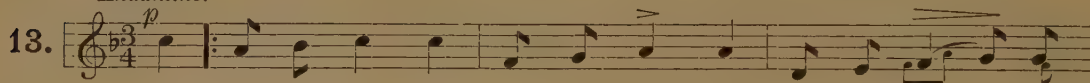
## MARIE.

English translation by Wilbur Weeks.

From the German of Rudolf Gottschall.

*Andantino.*

Robert Franz, Op. 18, No. 1.



1. Ma - rie, the case - ment frames your face, So pure and fair . . and  
flow - ers turn with pen - sive grace Their eyes to you . . on



kind. Be - neath your glance the blos - soms chase Be - fore the eve - ning wind. The  
high; Yet not one charm - ing flow - er face With yours in charm . . can vie. Chime,



pil - grim pass - ing, sees you there, De - vout - ly bares his head, O love - ly one,  
eve - ning bells, for her dear sake With ten - d' - rest mel - o - dy: O. may no storm



you seem a pray'r, That heav'n it - self . hath said.  
break o'er this flow'r The heart of fair . Ma - rie.

2. The

\* Pronounced *Hak-kön*.

# NORWEGIAN MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

Text by  
Nathan Haskell Dole.  
*Andante moderato.*

Johan Halvorsen.  
Arr. by P. C. Warren.



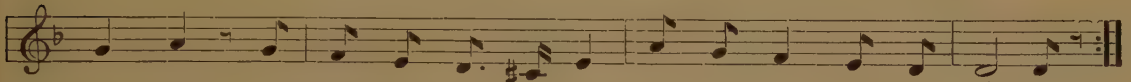
Oh, the gray fog from the moun-tain Meets the gray fog from the fjord,  
Not a ray . . of cheer-ing sun - light Falls on rock . . or yel-l'wing grass;



And, a-las! o'er my heav-y heart The blind-ing mist of tears is pour'd.  
All a-lone, and with-out the joy of hope The wea-ry hours I pass .



Sea-gulls cry-ing, Round me fly-ing, Are they lost, heart -  
Leaves are dy-ing, Near me ly-ing On the ground, a

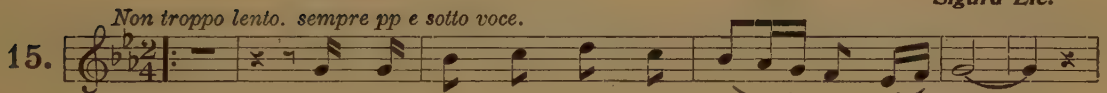


bro-ken, De-sert-ed, e'en as I? Are they lost e'en as I? .  
to-ken Of sor-row, e'en as I! On the ground, e'en as I! .

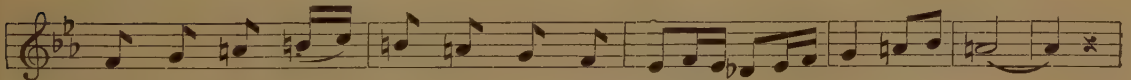
## SOFT-FOOTED SNOW.

(SCHNEE.)

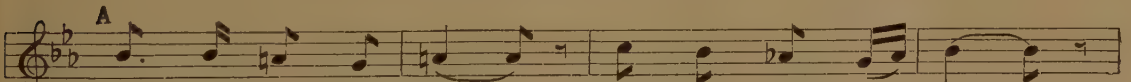
Sigurd Lie.



1. There is naught on earth so still . . as the snow! . .
2. There is naught on earth so pure . . as the snow! . .
3. Naught so lull-ing on the earth . as the snow! . .



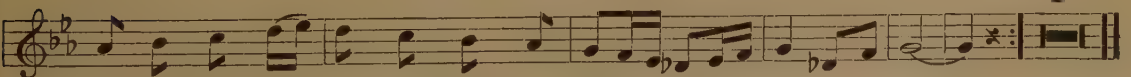
Shroud-ing all the world in si-lent glam - - - or, . .  
Swan's-down loos'd from Win-ter's pin-ions spread - - - ing; .  
Sink-ing light as slum-ber on the wea - - - ry, . .



Muf-ling ev-'ry sound . . On the fro-zen ground, .  
On the hand a flake, . . Doth a tear-drop make, . .  
Till the si-lence so . . . . In-to-sound doth grow . .

(after 3rd verse.)

3



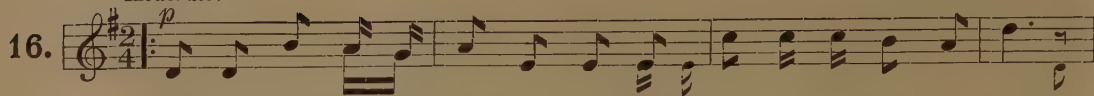
Hush-ing ev-'ry foot-fall's noi-sy clam - - - or, . .  
Thro' the crys-tal air white tho'ts are thread - - - ing. .  
Fine as sil-ver bells, a mu-sic fae - - - rie.



## WYNKEN, BLYNKEN AND NOD.

Eugene Field.

Henry K. Hadley.

*Moderato.*

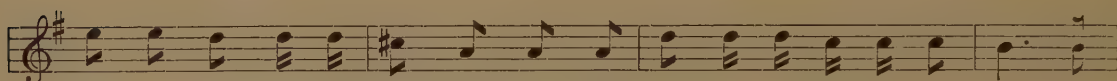
Wyn - ken, Blyn - ken and Nod one night Sailed off in a wood - en shoe—  
All night long their nets they threw To the stars in the twink - ling foam, Then



Sailed on a riv - er of crys - tal light In - to a sea of dew. —  
down from the skies came the wood - en shoe Bring - ing the fish - er - men home; 'Twas



"Where are you go - ing, and what do you wish?" The old moon asked the three. "We have  
all so pret - ty a sail it seemed As if it could not be, And



come to fish for the her - ring fish That live in this beau - ti - ful sea. —  
some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed Of sail - ing that beau - ti - ful sea — But



Nets of sil - ver and gold have we!" Said Wyn - ken, Blyn - ken and Nod.

I shall name you the fish - er - men three, — Wyn - ken and Blyn - ken and

Nod. .



Wyn - ken and Blyn - ken are two lit - tle eyes, And Nod is a lit - tle head, And the



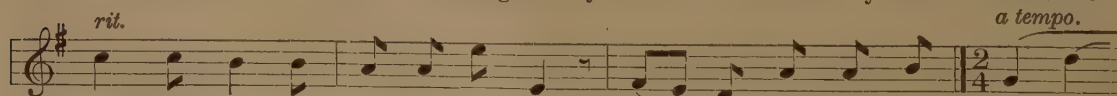
wood - en shoe that sailed the skies Is a wee one's trun - dle bed, . . So



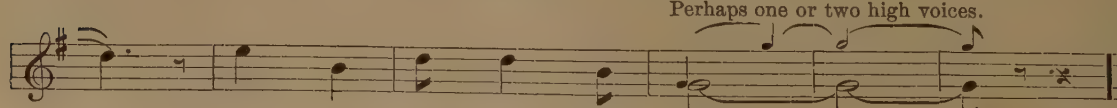
shut your eyes while moth - er sings Of won - der - ful sights that be, . . And



you shall see the beau - ti - ful things As you rock in the mist - y sea Where the



old shoe rocked the fish - er - men three, Wyn - ken, Blyn - ken and Nod, . .



. . Wyn - ken, Blyn - ken and Nod. . . . .

# MY LOVE'S AN ARBUTUS.

A. P. Graves.

Old Irish Melody.

17. *Allegretto con moto. 3* *p legato.*

1. My . . love's an ar - bu - tus By the  
 2. But tho' rud - dy the ber - ry And  
 3. A - - las, fruit and blos - som Shall lie

bor - ders of Lene, So slen - der and shape - ly In her gir - dle of  
 snow - y the flow'r, That bright - en to - geth - er The ar - bu - tus  
 dead on the lea, And Time's jeal - ous fin - gers Dim your young charms, Ma -

*A* *cresc.* *f* *dim.*

green. And I meas - ure the pleas - ure Of her eye's sap - phire sheen By the  
 bow'r, Per - fum - ing and bloom - ing Through sun - shine and show'r, Give  
 chree, But un - rang - ing, un - chang - ing You'll still cling to . . me, Like the

*1 & 2 3*

blue skies that spar - kle Thro' the soft branch - ing screen.  
 me her bright lips And her laugh's pearl - y dower.  
 ev - er - green leaf To the ar - bu - tus tree. .

## SONG OF THE VOLGA BOATMEN.

This melody originated with the *Burlaks*, a tribe of Russian peasants, who sing it in their work of drawing grain boats up the river Volga. Bands of men walk on the shore in a steady gait, and pull on a rope to which the boat is tied.

Text by A. Bode.

Russian Melody.

18. *Slowly. 4* *pp Very softly.* *Slightly increasing.*

1. Pull, boys, pull, Pull, boys, pull, Toil on, toil . on, Pull, boys, pull.  
 2. Pull, boys, pull, Pull, boys, pull, Toil on, toil . on, Pull, boys, pull.

*Still moderately soft, but with firmness.* *gradually louder.*

Heav'n has pit - y for the poor man's need; Soon the end shall come to crown our deed.  
 Trust in our Al - might - y Fa - ther's care, He can make the hard - est la - bor fair;

*A* *strongly and sonorously.* *slightly diminishing.*

Pull, broth - ers, pull, Pull on, . . pull. Pull, broth - ers, pull, Pull on, . . pull,  
 Pray, broth - ers, pray, Pray on, . . pray. Pray, broth - ers, pray, Pray on, . . pray,

*constantly softer to the end.* *ppp*

Pull, boys, pull, Pull, boys, pull, Far on winds the shore, Pull on ev - er - more. . . .  
 Pull, boys, pull, Pull, boys, pull, Hold out till we sight Heav'n's e - ter - nal Light. . . .

## SERENADE.


(LA SERENATA.)

G. A. Cesareo.

English version by Wilbur Weeks.


Andantino.

F. Paolo Tosti.

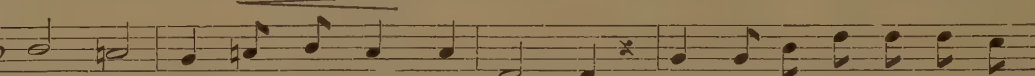
19. 

1. Wing-ing, oh song go sing-ing, My la - dy dear to pleas-ure, Sweet  
2. Wing-ing, oh song go sing-ing, My la - dy dear to pleas-ure, In


mu - sic's charm to soothe her soft dreams bring-ing, Clear on each rhyth-mic meas - ure.  
ten - der strains my vows of love her bring-ing, Charm slumber's gold - en leis - ure,

A 


Weave as her eyes she clos - es, Soft 'neath the moonbeams shift-ing, Ten - der fra-grance of  
Ah, coax her lips to smil-ing, Round her the air ca - ressing, All her dream-ing be -



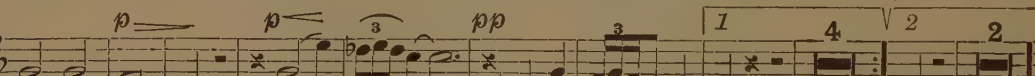
ros - es, Sweet on the dark - ness drift - ing. Rise, lit - tle song, up - on the  
guil - ing, My ten - der thoughts ex - press - ing. Rise, lit - tle song, up - on the

B 

slum-ber-ing air, My mes-sage to her bear-ing; While bright the moon is gleam-ing,  
slum-ber-ing air, My mes-sage to her bear-ing: Stars in their radiance shin-ing,



Rise, love's own prom-ise bring-ing, Touch with joy her dream-ing, Love's promise in your  
Rise, ev - ry tone con - fess - ing, Ten - der love that's pin - ing, Mel - o - dy soft ca -



sing-ing, bring-ing! Ah! la, . . . Ah! . la. . . .  
ress-ing, bless-ing! Ah! . la, . . . Ah! . la. . . .

## SHE IS SO INNOCENT.


(ROMANCE.)

Edited by N. Clifford Page.

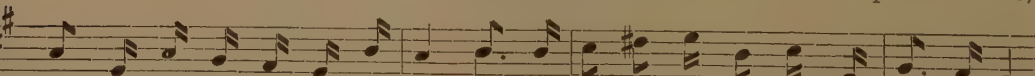
Andante.

"La Fille de Madame Angot," Act II.

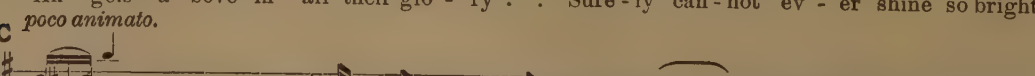
Charles Lecocq.

20. 

1. She is so in - no - cent and beau-teous, Birds love to come at her fond call,  
2. She is so in - no - cent and beau-teous, Snow is not half so pure and white,



Flow'rs ope their pet - als as she pass - es, And at her frown the leaf - lets sad - ly fall.  
An - gels a - bove in all their glo - ry . . Sure - ly can - not ev - er shine so bright,

A-C 

. . . . She is so fair, all na - ture bright - ens, . . . Her ve - ry  
. . . . And as I lis - ten to her sing - ing, . . . Like some low





smile the shad - ow light - ens, . . She is so fair, so won-drous fair. . . .  
ves - per bell's soft ring - ing, . . These words the ech - oes faint - ly bear; . . .



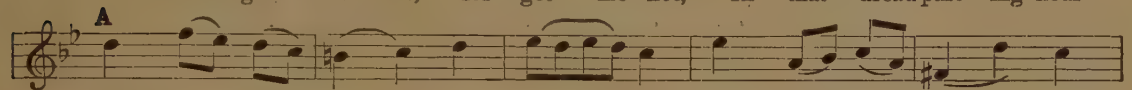
She is as in - no - cent and pure . . as air. .  
She is as in - no - cent and pure . . as air. . .

## FORGET ME NOT.

Johann Sebastian Bach.



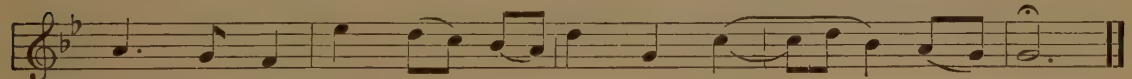
1. For - get me not, for - get me not, O Thou, Fa - ther and Lord!  
2. For - get me not, for - get me not, O Thou, Fa - ther and Lord!  
3. For - get me not, for - get me not, In that dread part - ing hour



Heark - en . when I . . im - plore . Thee, Un - to . Thy grace re -  
O, be . my sins for - giv - en, And let . my soul . be  
When the stern reap - er calls . me, And the dark gulf . ap -



store . . me, O let my pray'r . . be heard. My faith in  
shriv - en, Through Thy be - nig - nant word. What - e'er my  
pals . . me, Be Thou my help . . and guard, Lord, ev - er -

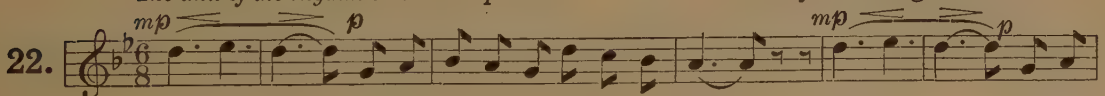


Thee is strong, for - get . me not, for - get . . . . me . not.  
earth - ly lot, for - get . me not, for - get . . . . me . not.  
more a - dored, for - get . me not, for - get . . . . me . not.

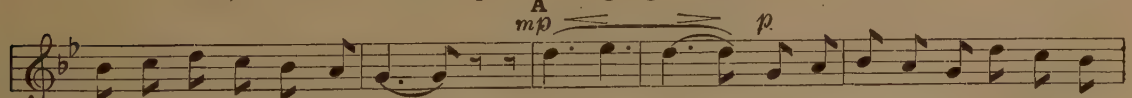
## THE MOSQUITO'S SERENADE.

Not slowly.  
The unit of the rhythm is a dotted quarter.

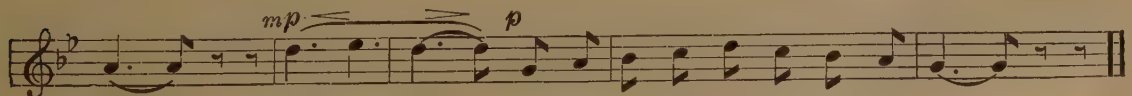
Text and Music by  
Harvey Worthington Loomis.



Izz, . . . . The mos-qui-to is sing-ing, O hark! Izz, . . . . But he



likes to per-form in the dark. . . Izz, . . . . He has spec-ta-cles made for the



night, Izz, . . . . So he's a - ble to see where to bite. . .

# THE STAR-SPANGLLED BANNER.

Francis Scott Key (1779-1843).

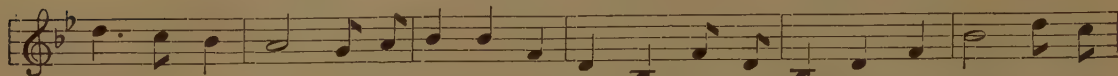
*Vigorouso.*

John Stafford Smith (1750-1836).

23.



1. Oh, . . say can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so  
2. On the shore, dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the  
3. Oh, . . thus be it ev - er when free - men shall stand Be -

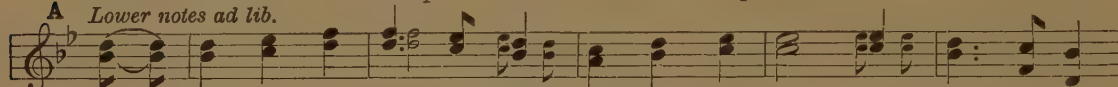


proud - ly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the  
foe's haught-y host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze o'er the  
tween their lov'd homes and grim war's des - o - la - tion. Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the



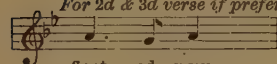
per - il - ous fight O'er the ram - parts we watch'd were so gal - lant - ly stream - ing?  
tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis - clos - es?  
heav'n res - cued land Praise the pow'r that hath made and pre - serv'd us a na - tion!

*Lower notes ad lib.*



And the rock - et's red glare, the bombs burst - ing in air, Gave proof thro' the  
Now it catch - es the gleam of the morn - ing's first beam, In full glo - ry re -  
Then con - quer we must when our cause it is just, And this be our

*For 2d & 3d verse if preferred.*



flect - ed, now  
mot - to: "In

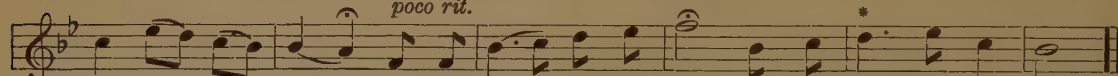
**B**

*Broadly.*



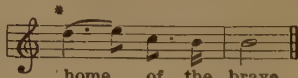
night that our flag was still there. Oh, say does that star - span - gled  
flect - ed, now shines on the stream? 'Tis the star - span - gled ban - ner; oh,  
mot - to: "In God is our trust!" And the star - span - gled ban - ner in

*poco rit.*



ban - ner yet wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?  
long may it wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.  
tri - umph shall wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

The measure is generally sung



and may be preferable.

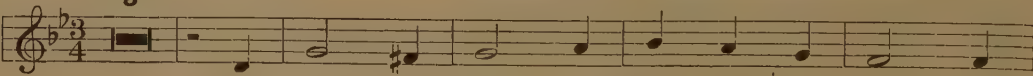
## PENITENTIAL HYMN.

Text from Psalms IV and XIII.

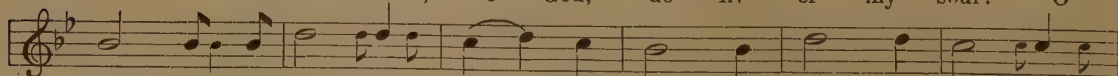
Ancient Hebrew Melody ascribed to King David.

3

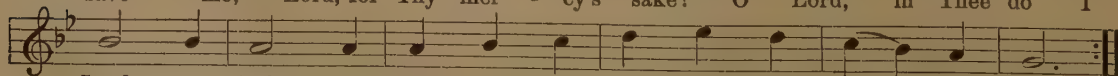
24.



1. How long wilt Thou for - get me, O Lord? How  
2. Re - turn, O God, de - liv - er my soul! O



long wilt Thou hide Thy face . . from me? Con - sid - er, hear me,  
save me, Lord, for Thy mer - cy's sake! O Lord, in Thee do I



Lord, my God; Have mer - cy - up - on - me and hear my prayer!  
put my trust; Have mer - cy up - on me and hear my prayer!

# BY PEACEFUL HEARTH.

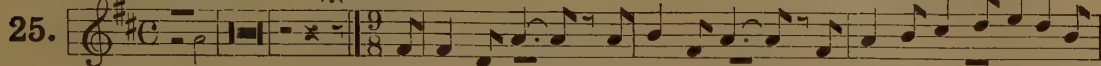
(FROM "DIE MEISTERSINGER.")

Richard Wagner.  
English version by B. R. Sharon.

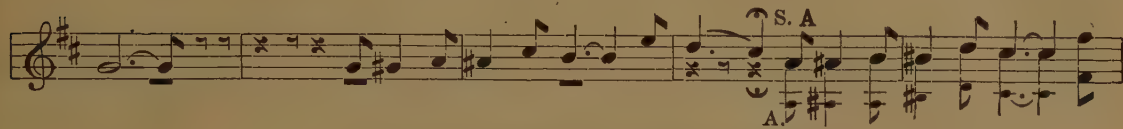
S. A.

Richard Wagner.  
Arranged by Bertha Remick.

Moderato. 4 SOPRANO.



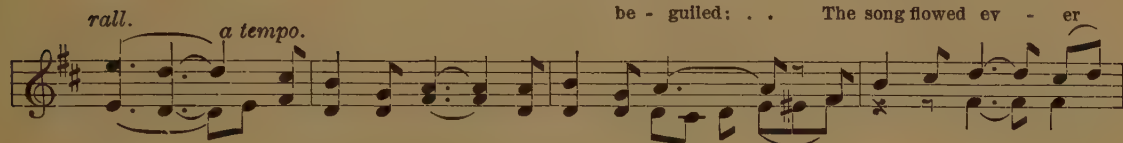
By peaceful hearth, in winter time, When earth was white with frost and



rime,

I read how once the spring-time smiled, How 'twill return with breez - es

be - guiled: . . . The song flowed ev - er

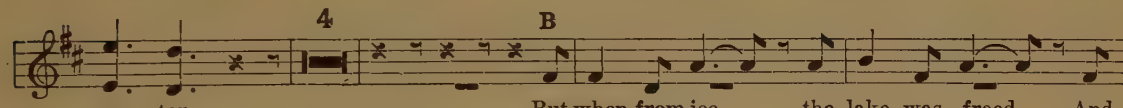


mild. . . . An age-worn book my hours, my hours be - guiled:

Song flowed

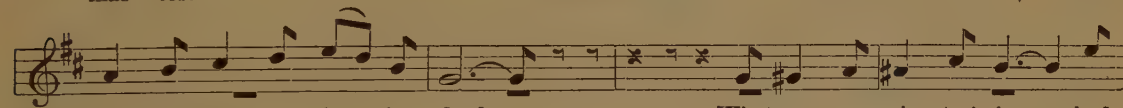


fast - er. . . Sir Wal - ter of the Vog - el - weid . Has been my sing - ing



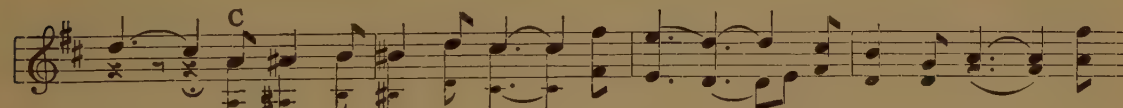
mas - ter.

But when from ice . . . the lake was freed, And



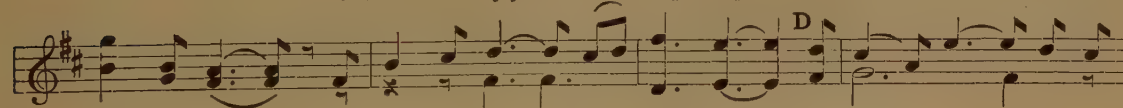
sum - mer-time was here in - deed, .

What once my win - ter's joy had



been, . What in the age-worn book was seen, . Was ech - oed loud . thro'

I heard its joy - ful ring - ing. . From for - est . . and from



for - est green; joy - ful ring - ing. From mead - ow

mead - ow birds . . . I al - so learned my sing - ing, from for - est . . . and



birds . . . . I learned my sing - ing,

mead - ow

mead - ow birds . . . I learned my joy - ful sing - - ing.



birds, I learned my sing - ing, learned my sing - ing.



# GOBLET OF YOUTH.

M. Louise Baum.

ADAPTED FROM "GIROFLE, GIROFLA."

Charles Lecocq.

Arranged by N. Clifford Page.

26. *6 Allegro. f SOPRANO AND ALTO.*

Danc - ing and mu - sic, laugh - ter and song, All down the

spring - tide eeh - o - ing long! Gath - er the treas - ure, Quaff - ing your pleas - ure,

Youth will van - ish, fleet as bright, Gone like the rap - ture of dawn's new light!

*A Allegretto graziamente Meno)* *N.B. p*

(Humming.)

Yea! for youth is the glass of A - pril, . . That a

smile for a tear doth fling, . . Or the change - ful sweet shades of cloud - land, When the

*f B poco animato.*

O haste ye! O taste ye! life's

mead - ows are green with spring! . . . . .

meas - ure of joy, . . . . .

O haste ye the gob - let to drain, . With the

*C rit.*

A draft free from pas - sion or

brim bright with foam, at the rim, light that breaks,

N.B. The humming notes for upper voice may be used or not, as desired; they must always be subdued.

*animato. f* *a piacere. poco a poco rit. pp*

stain. O hear! O heed! Ah! . . . . .

*animato. f* *a piacere. poco a poco rit. pp*

Ah . . . . .

**D** *Tempo I*

*f* Dan-cing and mu-sic, laugh-ter and song, All down the spring-tide ech-o-ing long!

Gath-er the treas-ure, Quaff-ing your pleas-ure, Youth will van-ish, fleet as bright,

*ff* *rit.* **E** *Allegro animato.*

Gone like the rap-ture of dawn's new light. Then haste to taste the foam bright

cup, O youth's pure draught, come drink it up: With dance and song, all ech-o-ing

*molto rit.* *animato.*

long, . . . O po-tion strong! O dance and song! . . .

**THE LORELEY.**

Heinrich Heine.  
[Translation.]

S. A.

Friedrich Silcher.

27. *p*

1. Oh, tell me what it mean-eth, This gloom and tear-ful  
2. A-bove the maid-en sit-teth, A won-drous form and  
3. The boat-man on the riv-er Now hears the song, spell-

eye? 'Tis mem-'ry that re-tain-eth The tale of years gone  
fair; With jew-els bright she plait-eth Her shin-ing gold-en  
bound; Oh! what shall him de-liv-er From dan-ger threat-n'ing

**A**

by. . . The fad-ing light grows dim-mer, The Rhine doth calm-ly  
hair; . . With comb of gold pre-pares it, The task with song be-  
round? . . The wa-ters deep have caught them, Both boat and boat-man

flow; . . . The loft-y hill-tops glim-mer With rud-dy sun-set glow.  
guiled; . . . A fit-ful bur-den bears it, That mel-o-dy so wild.  
brave; . . . 'Tis Lor-e-ley's song hath brought them Be-neath the foam-ing wave.

## GOBBLE DUET.

FROM "LA MASCOTTE."


Text by B. R. Sharon.

S. A.

Edmond Audran.

Adapted by B. R. Sharon.

*Allegretto moderato.*

28.  SOPRANO.

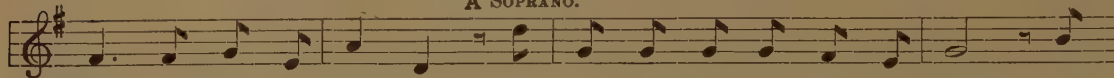
1. When, blaz - ing on his dai - ly course, The  
2. When day is o'er, un - to the farm My

ALTO.



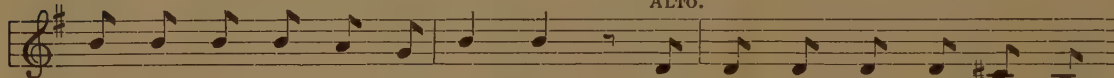
sun is high in noon-tide glo - ry; When sing-ing birds and hum-ming bees, With crick-ets'  
tur-keys go with me be - side them; My sheep I call from near and far, Un - to the

A SOPRANO.

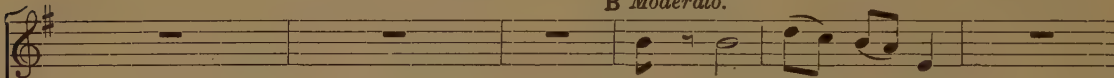


chirp tell sum-mer's sto - ry; I'm hid - den in the long cool grass, 'Tis  
fold I gent - ly guide them; The eve - ning star has wak'd the breeze, The

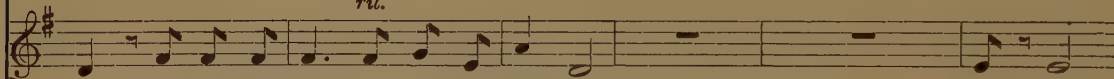
ALTO.



love - ly as a fair - y bow - er; Be - neath the shade tree cool, I  
west - ern sky is faint - ly glow - ing; Our path - way winds thro' dark-'ning

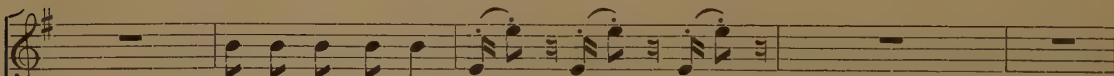
B *Moderato.*


Tur - keys cry to me,


*rit.*


sit, And garlands weave of ev - 'ry flow - er.  
vale, While homeward we are glad - ly go - ing.

Sheep are



Lis - ten while they cry "Gob - ble, gob - ble, gob - ble,"



mine, you see.

Hear them soft - ly bleat "Baa!"

*Cf accelerando. rit. a tempo.*



Ah! . . . . Tur - keys cry to me,

Listen while they cry

*f rit. a tempo.*



Ah! . . . .

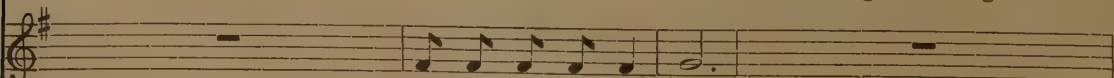
Sheep are mine, you see.

D



"Gob - ble, gob - ble, gob - ble,"

"Gob - ble, gob - ble, gob - ble,"



Hear them soft - ly bleat "Baa!"

NOTE:— The Soprano represents *Bettina*, the keeper of the turkeys; the Alto represents *Beppo*, a shepherd.



“Gob-ble, gob-ble, gob-ble, Gob-ble, gob-ble, gob-ble,

“Baa!” “Baa!”

*poco rit.* Gob-ble, gob-ble, gob-ble, Gobble, gob-ble, gob-ble, Ah! . Ah! . .

*poco rit.* “Baa!” “Baa!” “Baa!” “Baa!” . .

## THE MOON AND THE CHILDREN.

S. A.

Edited by A. Bode.

Franz Abt.

Arranged by N. Clifford Page.

29. *Moderato. SOPRANO. mf*

1. Calm night had stol - en on, . . . The world to rest had  
 2. She sighed, “How sad am I, . . . No hap - py chil - dren  
 3. “Not all a - lone art thou, . . . The stars are com - ing

*ALTO. mf*

1. Calm night had stol - en on, . . . The  
 2. She sighed, “How sad am I, . . . No  
 3. “Not all a - lone art thou, . . . The

*p* gone; . . . The birds had ceased their glad songs, The bees to hum their  
 nigh; . . . When day's glad light de - creas - es, Your mer - ry laugh - ter  
 now; . . . So, pray thee, be light - heart - ed, While we from thee are

*p* world to rest had gone; . . . The birds had ceased their glad . songs, The  
 hap - py chil - dren nigh; . . . When day's glad light de - creas - es, Your  
 stars are com - ing now; . . . So, pray thee, be light - heart - ed, While

*f* sad songs; The moon in splen - dor bright . . . Was brood - ing o'er the night.  
 ceas - es! 'Tis hard you all must own, . . . To leave me here a - lone!”  
 part - ed. Fare - well and sigh no more . . . Till thy night - watch is o'er!”

*f* bees to hum their sad . . songs: The moon in splen - dor, Brood - ed o'er the night.  
 mer - ry laugh - ter ceas - es! 'Tis hard you own, To leave me here a - lone!”  
 we from thee are part - ed. O sigh no more Till thy night - watch is o'er!”

## ON WINGS OF MUSIC.

Words by W. Bartholomew  
from the German of H. Heine.

S. A.

Felix Mendelssohn.  
Arranged by N. Clifford Page.

*Andante tranquillo. p* SOPRANO.

30.

1. On wings of mu - sic roam - ing, With thee, my sis - ter, I  
(There) blue-eyed vi - o - lets, ly - ing, Look up to the stars with de -

ALTO.

glide light; *mf* A Oh, There

*p* *mf*

Where the gay flow - ers are bloom - ing, On banks by the Gan - ges tide.  
There the musk ros - es are sigh - ing Fond se - crets like fays of the night.

there in a gar - den of ros - es, While moon - beams calm - ly shine, . The  
light - foot - ed an - te - lopes, hid - ing, Lie crouch - ing read - y to leap, . While

*p* B

*cresc.* *f*

lo - tus flow - er un - clos - es Her eye to gaze on thine, . . The  
on, in dis - tance glid - ing, The riv - er seeks the deep, . . While

*cresc.* *f*

The lo - tus flower un - clos - es Her eye to gaze on  
While on, in dis - tance glid - ing, The riv - er seeks the

*dim.* *poco rit. p*

lo - tus flow - er un - clos - - - - es Her eye to gaze on  
on, in dis - tance glid - - - - ing, The riv - er seeks the

*dim.* *poco rit. p*

thine,  
deep,

The lo - tus flow - er un - clos - es Her eye to gaze on  
While on, in dis - tance glid - ing, The riv - er seeks the

li . . . . . li . . . . . li . . . . . Sta -

li! . . . . . Sta - li! . . . . . Sta - li! . . . . .

li! Sta - - li! Sta - li! - Sta - li!

# TRIPPING HITHER, TRIPPING THITHER.

FAVORITE CHORUS FROM "IOLANTHE."

(Abridged.)

W. S. Gilbert.

*Allegretto quasi vivace.*

S. A.

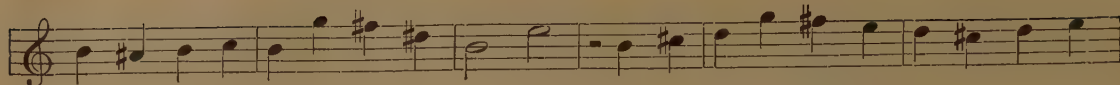
Sir Arthur Sullivan.

35.

thith-er, No-bod-y knows why or whith-er, We must dance and we must sing, Round a-bout our fair-y ring. Trip-ping hith-er, trip-ping thith-er, No-bod-y knows why or whith-er, We must dance and we must sing, Round a-bout our fair-y ring. Trip-ping hith-er, trip-ping thith-er, No-bod-y knows why or whith-er, We must dance and we must sing, Round a-bout our fair-y ring. We are dain-ty lit-tle fair-ies, Ev-er sing-ing, ev-er dan-cing, We in-dulge in our va-ga-ries In a fash-ion most en-tranc-ing. If you ask the spe-cial



## TRIPPING HITHER, TRIPPING THITHER.



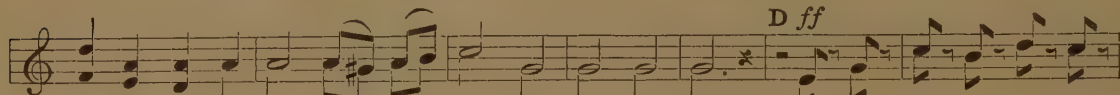
func-tion Of our nev-er-ceas-ing mo-tion, We re-ply with some com-punc-tion That we



have-n't a - ny no - tion, No, we have-n't a - ny no - tion, a - ny no - tion!



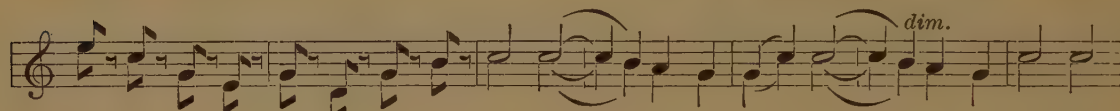
Trip-ping hith-er, trip-ping thith-er, No - bod - y knows why or whith-er, We must



dance and we must sing, Round a - bout our fair - y ring. We are dain-ty lit - tle



fair - ies, Ev - er sing-ing, ev - er dan-cing; We in - dulse in our va -



ga-ries In a fash-ion most en - tranc-ing, . . most en - tranc-ing, . . most en-tranc-ing.



Trip-ping hith-er, trip-ping thith-er, No - bod - y knows why or whith-er.

## BRAID THE RAVEN HAIR.

FROM "THE MIKADO."

W. S. Gilbert.

*Allegretto grazioso.*

S. A.

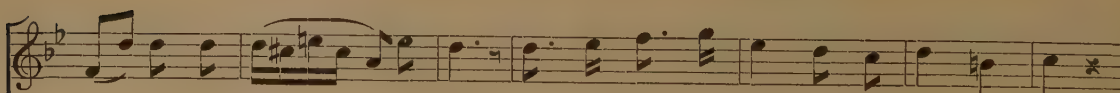
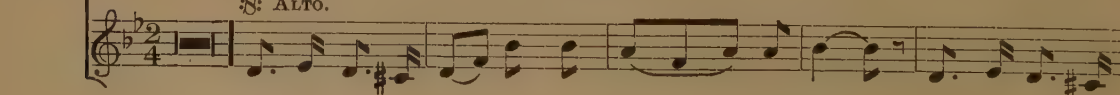
Sir Arthur Sullivan.

4 S: SOPRANO.

36.

Braid the ra-ven hair, Weave the sup - ple tress, Deck the maid-en

S: ALTO.



fair In her lov - li-ness; Paint the pret - ty face, Dye the cor - al lip,



Em - pha - size the grace Of her la - dy - ship! Art and na - ture

thus al - lied. . Go to make a pret - ty bride! Art and na - ture thus al -

pret - ty bride! Art and

lied, Go to make a . pret - ty bride. . .

(PITTI SING.)

**B ALTO (SOLO OR SELECTED VOICES.)**

Sit with down-cast eye, Let it brim with dew, Try if you can cry,

We will do so, too. When you're sum-mon'd, start Like a fright-en'd roe,

Flut-ter, lit - tle heart, Col - our, come and go! Mod - es - ty at

mar - riage - tide . Well be - comes a pret - ty bride! Mod - es - ty at mar - riage -

tide Well be - comes a . . pret - ty bride! . . .

4 D.S.

\* Upper phrasing may be preferred to original.

## O'ER THE SUMMER TIDE.

(FROM "LAKME.")

English text by M. Louise Baum.

S. A.

Léo Delibes.

Andantino. 3

SOPRANO. *a tempo.*

37.

3

ALTO *p a tempo.*

O'er . . . the tide, Light . . . we glide

O'er the sum-mer tide, Light-ly let us glide

Where the lil-ies are float-ing! Dip . . . the oar, Spurn . . the shore,

Where the lil-ies are float-ing! Slow-ly dip the oar, Spurn the sul-try shore,

Leave all care and come boat-ing! On . . . we drift, Lil-ies lift,

Leave all care and come boat-ing! Past the marge we drift, Lil-ies bow and lift,

Bird . . . note clear, a - near! O love-ly world of sum-mer!

Note of birds is clear, a - near! O love-ly world of sum-mèr!

June! thou fair new-com-er! Lead . . . us a-long, . . . With thy

June! thou fair new-com-er! Lead us a-long, With thy song,

song, sing-ing, sing-ing! Ah! thy clear song! We . . . are gay,

sing-ing, sing-ing! Ah! thy clear song! Till the heart is gay,



'Neath . . . thy sway, As on wings . . . soar . . . we a - way! .

Yield-ing to thy sway, As on wings . . . soar . . . we a - way! .

*rall.* *pp*

## WHEN DAWNING SPRINGTIME.

(NEAPOLITAN SERENADE.)

Victor N. Pierpont.

S. A.

Eduardo di Capua.

Andantino.

Arranged by J. Remington.

38. *p*

1. When dawn-ing spring-time lin-gers by the mead-ow, . To nur-ture  
2. Soon comes the win-ter when the snow is fall-ing, . And ice-lock'd

daf - fo - dils . and woo the dai - sy, . Be - side the stream-let thro' the shift-ing shad-ow,  
brooks are hid - den from the vis - ion, . And birds have yield-ed fain of South-land's call-ing,

**B REFRAIN.** *rit.* *a tempo.*

. The sun-beam glit-ters in a pat-tern maz-y; . Far brighter sun - shine o'er-fills my  
. While beauty slumbers in the fields e - ly - sian; But ah, the sun - shine o'er-floods my

heart, . And songs of rap - ture . with-in me start! . A ray . . of heav-en's  
heart, . And thence the spring-time . will ne'er de - part! . A ray . . of heav-en's

*p* *rit.* *a tempo.* *D.S.* *2* *p* *dim.* *ppp*

glo - ry . . lights up with joy, . . with joy my heart! . . my heart! . .

## CUCKOO, YOU SING SO CLEAR.

S. A.

German Melody.

Arranged by N. Clifford Page.

39. *Allegretto.*

1. Cuck - oo, cuck - oo, you sing so clear! Win - ter is go - ing,  
2. Cuck - oo, cuck - oo, wel - come thy song! Sweet birds are com - ing,  
3. Cuck - oo, cuck - oo, loud your notes ring! Joy - ous - ly swell - ing,

Soft breez - es blow - ing, Spring-time, spring-time, soon will be here!  
Flow'rs will be bloom - ing, Spring-time, spring-time, has - ten a - long!  
Glad - ly fore - tell - ing Spring-time, spring-time, beau - ti - ful spring!

\* The small notes in Alto may be used if desired.

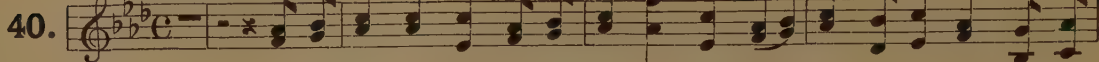
## IN HIS LITTLE CRADLE.

Alphonse Daudet.  
English by M. Louise Baum.

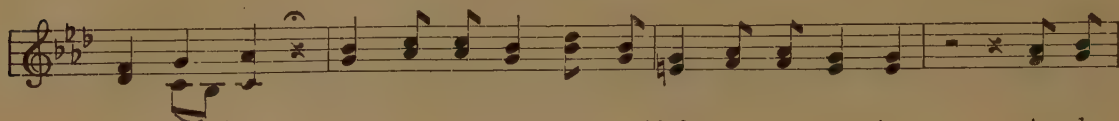
S. A.

César Franck.  
Edited by A. Bode.

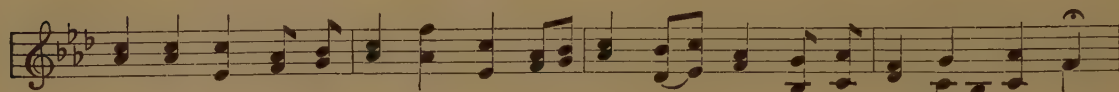
*Andantino. dolce.*



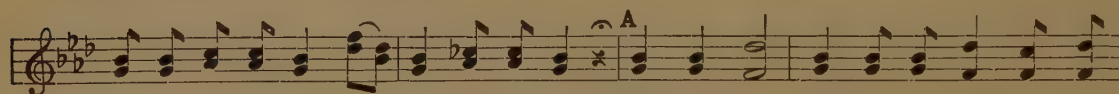
In his lit - tle cra - dle all down - y white, New moth - er is rock - ing her



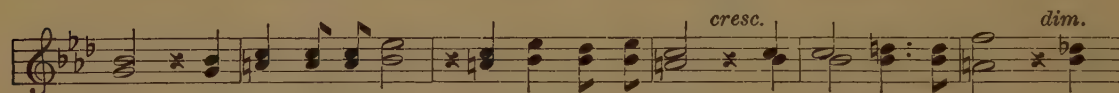
son to - night; Sweet is her voice as a bird's song at nest - ing, As she



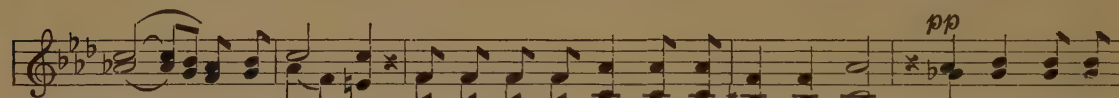
wraps him warm and she croons him low The lul - la - by for the ba - by's rest - ing,



Hop - ing that her babe a - bye - low will go. "Ba - by dear, sleep, lit - tle one, now 'tis



night. Ah, sleep, lit - tle lamb, my lamb, snow - y white; O sleep sweet and dream, The



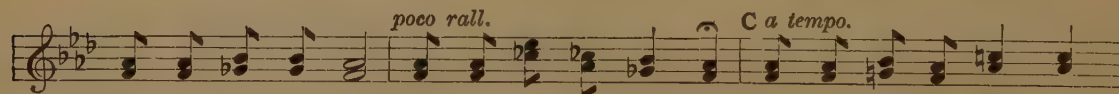
light's burn - ing low - er, Dar - ling, go to sleep; deep the shad - ows creep; O sleep, lit - tle



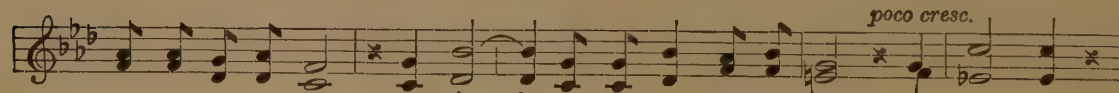
one, lul - la - by, ro - sy flow'r!" But the ba - by boy will not go to sleep. Moth - er's



eye - lids droop, she is pale and wan, As she bends down ten - der - ly o - ver her son;



"Dar - ling, go to sleep, Moth - er's O so wea - ry! Go to sleep, my dear - y,



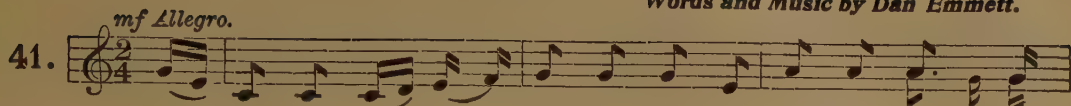
Shad - ows on - ward creep!" The tears quick - ly come to her eyes; And lo! now



lit - tle ba - by boy lies there sound a - sleep, lies sound a - sleep. .

## DIXIE.

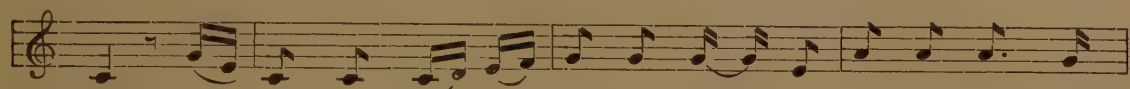
Words and Music by Dan Emmett.



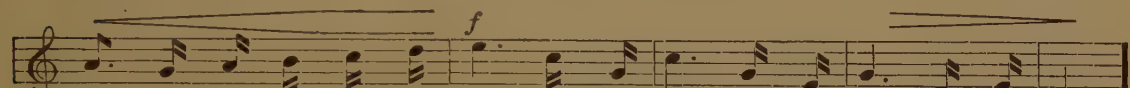
1. I wish I was in de land ob cot - ton, Old times dar am  
2. Dar's buck-wheat cakes an . . In - gen bat - ter, Makes you fat, or a



not for - got - ten, Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie  
lit - tle fat - ter, Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie



Land. In Dix - ie Land whar I was born in, Ear - ly on one  
Land. Den hoe it down an' scratch your grab-ble, To Dix - ie's Land I'm

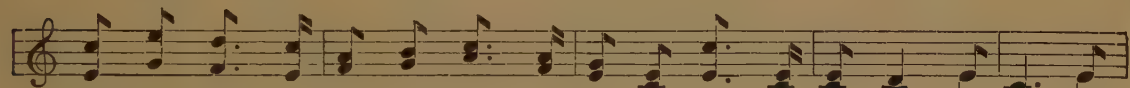


frost - y morn - in', Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land.  
bound to trab - ble, Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land.

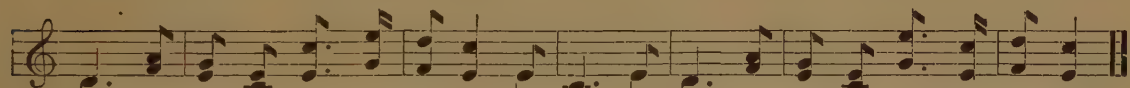
## CHORUS.



Den I wish I was in Dix - ie, Hoo - ray! Hoo - ray! In . .



Dix - ie Land I'll take my stand To lib and die in Dix - ie, A - way, a .



way, A - way down South in Dix - ie, A - way, a - way, A - way down South in Dix - ie!

The following version written by a Southern lady, has found favor in many quarters.

1 I wish I was in de lan' ob cotton,  
Old times dere is not forgotten,  
Look away! Look away! Look away!  
Dixie Land.

'Tis dere we passed such merry hours  
'Mid de fores' leaves an' flow'rs,  
Look away! Look away! Look away!  
Dixie Land.

2 O gay de times dat we had togedder;  
Cared not we for wind or wedder;  
Look away! Look away! Look away!  
Dixie Land.

'Twas always gay and pleasant dere;  
Ne'er a cloud and ne'er a care,  
Look away! Look away! Look away!  
Dixie Land.

## CHORUS.

Den I wish I was in Dixie, Hooray! Hooray!  
In Dixie Land to take my stand,  
To lib an' die in Dixie,  
Away, away,  
Away down South in Dixie!  
Away, away,  
Away down South in Dixie!



## AMARYLLIS.

(AIR DU ROI LOUIS XIII.)

S. S. A.

Transcribed by Henry Ghys.

Adapted and arranged by N. Clifford Page.

Words by M. Louise Baum.

SOPRANO I AND II.

*p Allegretto moderato.*

42.

"Am - a - ryl - lis, blithe and gay, You are sweet as mur-mur-ing wind, Fair - er

*p* ALTO.

far than flow'rs of May, And than June's own sun-shine more kind. Your low voice is like the

brook, Ech-oed 'neath the sum-mer-y blue. Like the blush-ing rose your look, When it's

Stre-phon stray'd thro' the glade,

dai - ly bud-ding a - new." Stre-phon stray'd sing-ing thro' the glade, And he

He ven-tures near, says "My dear,

found her 'neath the haw-thorn's shade. He ven-tures near, and he says "My dear, Deign my tale of

love to hear!

Ev-'ry shep-herd, near and far, Pipes your prais-es, pipes them with

pipes with

*f*

art; Tho' they name you 'guid-ing star,' I a-lone am faith-ful of heart."

art; *f*

*D Meno* *pp lightly.*

"Stre-phon, but praise is pleas-ant, pip-ing

*mf* MELODY IN ALTO.

"Stre-phon!" I hear the maid de-clare, "Prais-es are kind and pip-ing is

*rit.*

sweet. Shall I e'er lack a swain at my feet?

*rit.*

sweet; If gen-tleswains are ev-'ry-where, How shall I ev-er lack one at my feet?

*Tempo I.*  
*f* *vigorouso.*

"Stre-phon say" cried she, gay,

"Stre-phon say," cried the maid-en gay, To the oth-ers why must

*f* *vigorouso.*

Each lad, like you, calls un-true;

*poco rit. e dim.*

I say nay? Each lad, like you, calls the rest un-true; Why trust a-ny who

*poco rit. e dim.*

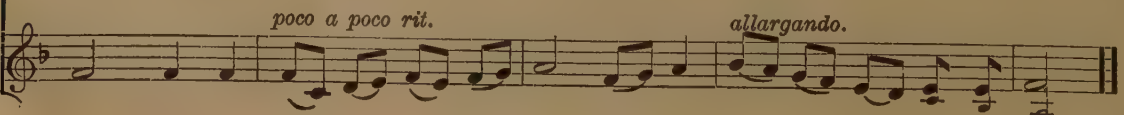
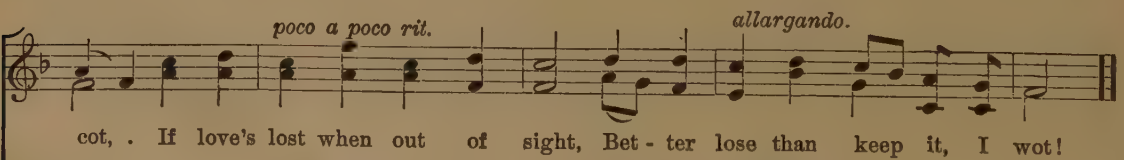
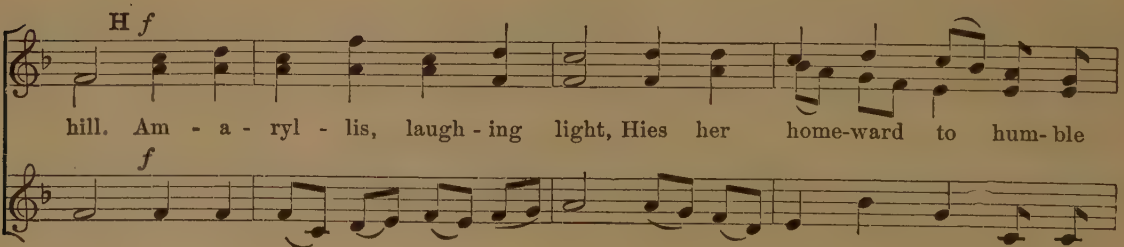
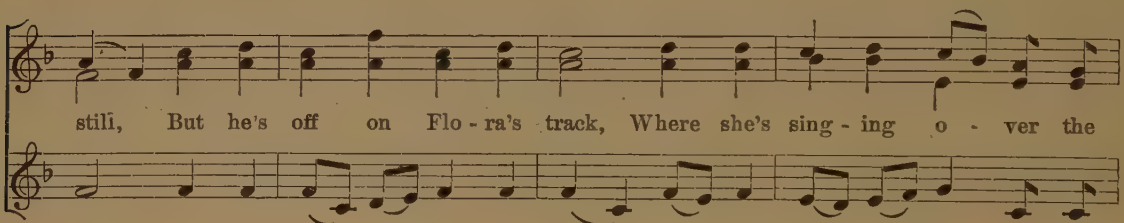
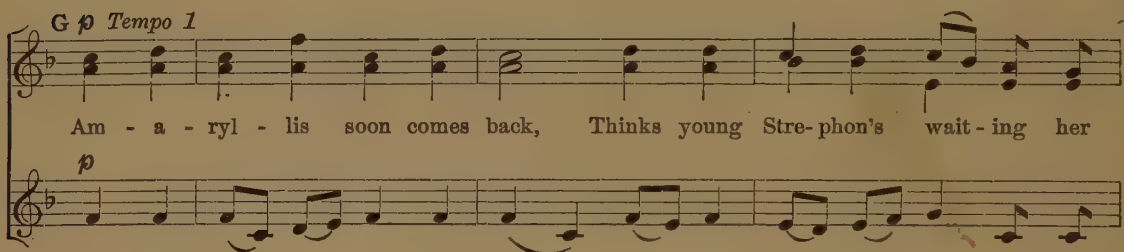
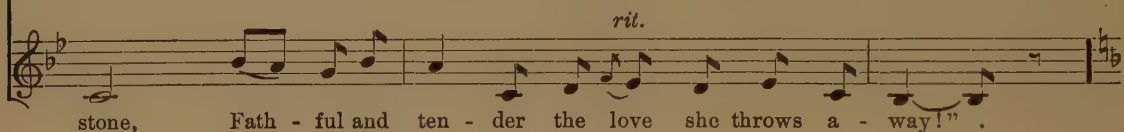
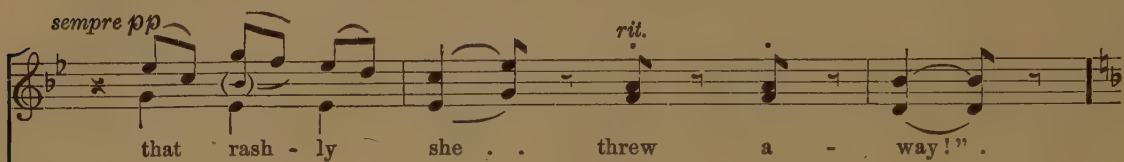
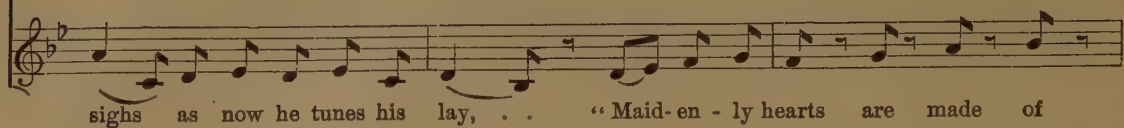
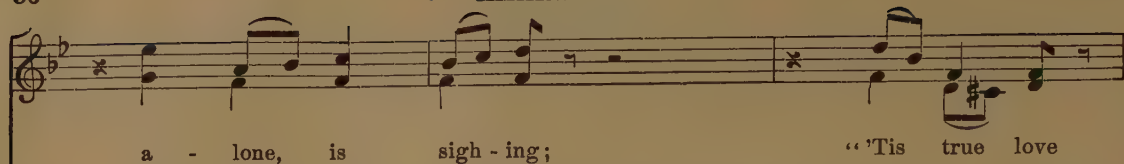
*mf* *F Meno.* *pp* *very lightly and daintily.*

comes to woo?"

Now Stre-phon all sad-ly

*mf* *mf marcato.*

Stre-phon is left here all a-lone, Sad-ly he





# HOLY IS HIS NAME.

LARGO FROM "XERXES."

Thomas Williams.

Largo.

SOPRANO I AND II.

S. S. A.

G. F. Handel.

Arr. by Glen Carle.

43.

ALTO.  
13

13

I. Fa - - - ther in heav'n,

Thy chil - dren hear,

Our weak - ness heed;

As they a - - - dor - ing bow, O Thou Al-might - y One, Our weak - ness heed;

Strength-en our  
Like un - to

With hope in - spire our hearts, Flam - ing our souls with love, Like un - to

faith,

Thine. B

Thine. Then . shall Thy works a-bound, Men . shall pro-claim that God our Lord is

And ho - ly is His name.

God a-lone, And ho - ly, ho - ly is His name, . And ho - ly His name.

Ho - ly His name.

*molto allargando.*

God our Lord . is God a-lone, And ho - ly, ho - ly is His name.

*molto allargando.*

# CALM IS THE NIGHT.

Bertha Remick.

S. S. A.

Carl Bohm.

Arranged by Bertha Remick.

*Poco tranquillo.* Calm is the night, . . . . Ten - der the light, . . . . .

SOPR. I &amp; II.

*p a tempo.**mf**mf*

44.

Calm . . is the night,

Ten-der the light,

ALTO.

Calm . is the night,

Ten - der the light,

*rit.* hill . . and*a tempo.**p*

fear, . . . .

Dream - ing o'er hill and

lea. .

Soul,

have no fear, . no fear, . .

Soul, have no fear, soul, have no fear, . .

Heart,

feel no tear,

Heart, feel no tear, Heart, feel no tear, Faith can the path - way see, the

path - - way see, . . .

Faith can the path - way see.

Faith can the path-way, the path - way see.

**B**

Day may be sad, . . . . Work and be glad, . . . .

Day . . may be sad,

Work and be glad, . Help comes from

Day . . may be sad,

Work . and be glad,

Help comes from

*rit.* a - bove, . . . *con moto.* Might - - y in strife, . . . *ff*

Heav'n a - bove, . . . Might-y in strife, might-y in strife, Thro' *ff*

*rit.* Heav'n a - bove, . . . *f con moto.* Might - y in strife, in strife, Thro' *ff*

life, . . . . .

death in - to life, in - to life, Guid - ed by God's own love, by God's own love, .

death in - to life, . . . by God's own love, ,

*D p* *rit.* own *a tempo.* 3

guid - ed by God's . . . . . own love. . .

*p* *rit.* *a tempo.* 3

guid - ed by God's own love, . by God's own love. . .

THE VIOLET.

Hans G. Nageli.

Adapted by Frederick H. Martens.

S. S. A.

Arranged by N. Clifford Page.

*Andantino graziosamente.*

SOPRANO I AND II.

45.

1. Vi - o - let, why droop-ing, O'er the green moss stoop-ing, Si - lent hang your
2. All my soul is wing-ing, Where her sweet voice ring-ing, Flutes the night-in -

*p* ALTO.

Si - lent  
Flutes the  
*rit.*

head? Why so pen-sive seem-ing, As if all your dream-ing Were of sad-ness bred?  
gale: Songs of ten-der sad-ness Ban-ish-ing my glad-ness, Ech - o thro' the vale.

*rit.*

hang your head?  
night-in-gale:



## CAVALRY SONG.

S. S. A.

Fritz Spindler, Op. 140, No. 3.

Adapted and arranged by N. Clifford Page.

Frederick H. Martens.

*Allegro moderato.*  
♩ SOPRANO I AND II.

46.

3 *mf*

The dawn is on the plain, 'Tis "Mount and ride" a - gain; The

3 ALTO. *f*

Following 5 measures ad lib. in Alto. We ride, The

guid - ons flut - ter gay A - bove us on our way, With

guid - - ons flut - ter . . gay A - bove us on our way,

*cresc. a poco.* *mf* With clink - ing bit and spur we ride, *f*

sa - bre rat - tling at our side, Hur - rah! . . . Hur - rah! Hur -

*mf* *cresc.* *f*

On! on! With clink - ing bit and spur we ride,

4 *A p* *mf*

rah! Hur - rah! Our chargers bay and pied, And dap - pled grey, we ride; With

4 *mf*

Following 5 measures ad lib. in Alto. We ride; With

*cresc. a poco.*

toss - ing manes, they neigh, To greet the per - fect day! Would you a no - ble

toss - ing manes, they neigh, To greet the per - fect day! a no - ble

*mf* Then watch the gal - lant cav - al - ry! *f*

char - ger see, Hur - rah! . . . Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur -

*mf* *cres. a poco.* *f*

char - ger see, Then watch the gallant cav - al - ry!

*ff* *ff* *B* *ff* If horse and foot you test,  
rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Do you know

it is ex - press'd: The cav - al - ry,  
which is best? In short . . . . . The cav - al -  
*ff*  
In one short phrase it is ex - press'd: The cav - al - ry,

the cav - al - ry, *Cmf* *p* 2 "Dis -  
ry, . . the cav - al - ry, the cav - al - ry! But hark! The call! *mf* *p* 2 *p*  
the cav - al - ry, "Dis -  
*Slower and quietly.*  
mount!" the call we glad - ly heed, *mf* *p* Rest, . . . . . oh rest. . . . . And

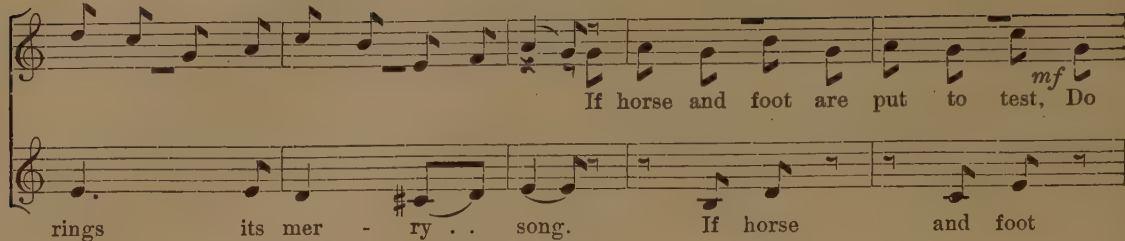
For rest both men and char - gers need. *mf* *p* II  
mount!" the call we glad - ly heed, For rest both men and char - gers need. And  
e'en the best of cav - al - ry Sleep . . . . . and rest. . . . . *D* *poco.*

Must sleep at times like in - fan - try. But *mp* *pp* *p*  
e'en the best of cav - al - ry Must sleep at times like in - fan try. *pp*

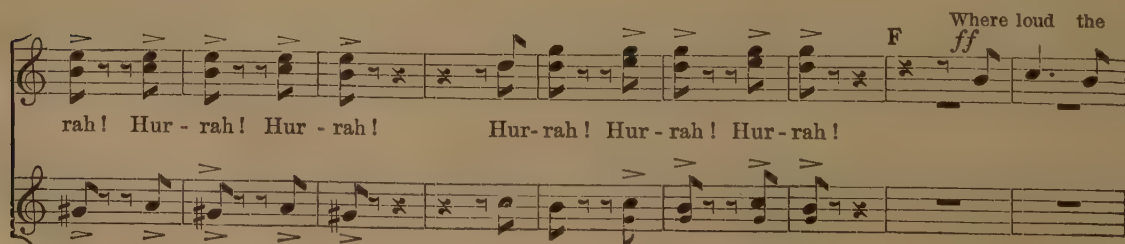
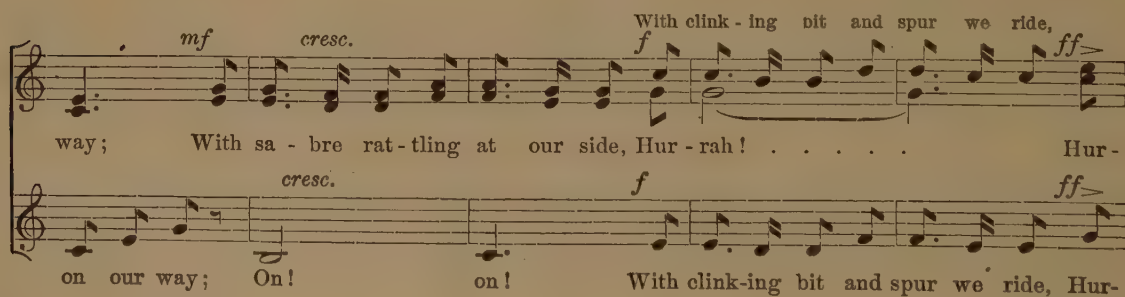
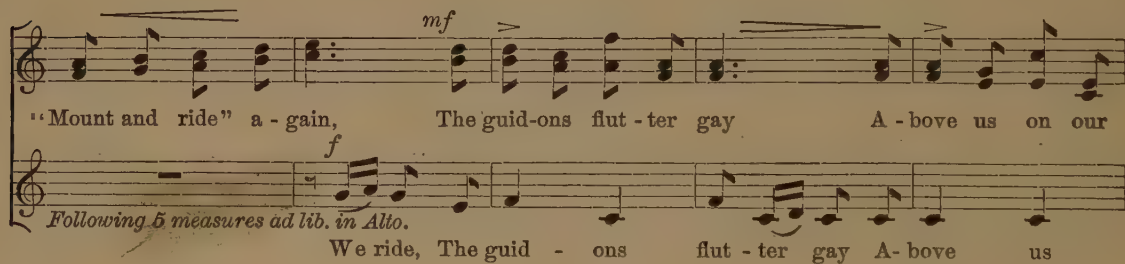
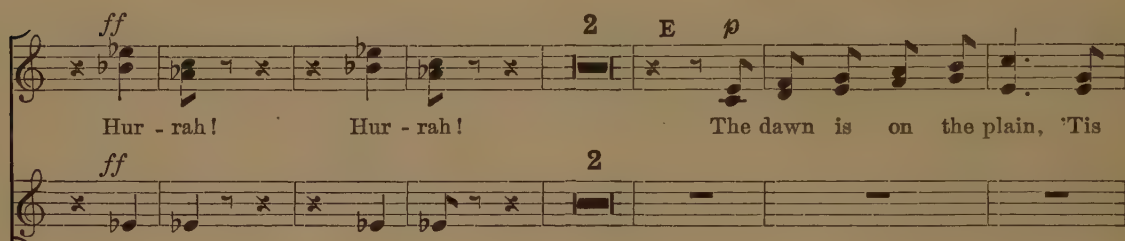
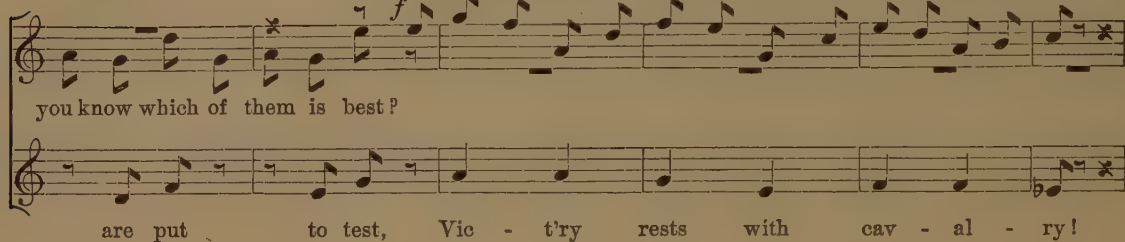
*animato.* And "Boots and sad - dles!" *mf*  
now a - gain the bu - gle rings 'Tis "Mount and ride" a - gain it sings, *mf*  
But now a - gain 'Tis "Mount and ride," Thus *p*

## CAVALRY SONG.

Up and on!" Thus rings its mer - ry song.



In one short phrase it is ex-pressed: The dash-ing cav-al-ry!



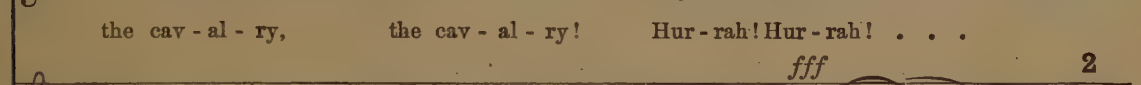
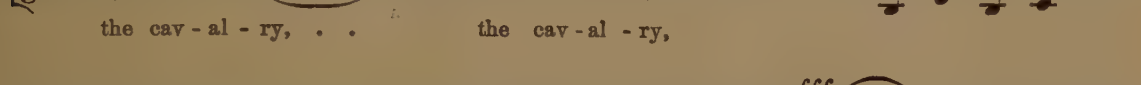
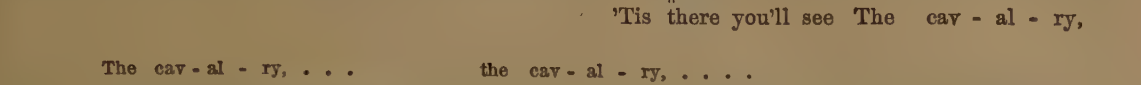
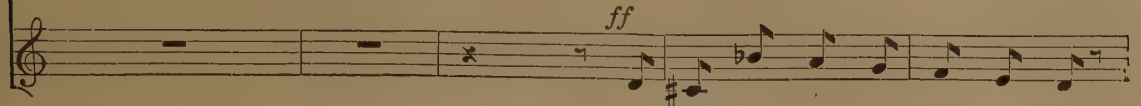


# CAVALRY SONG.

43

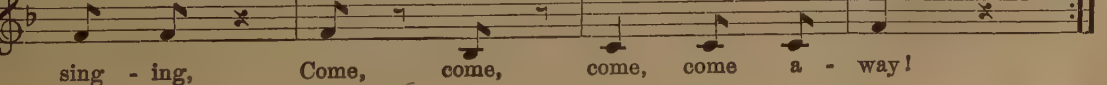
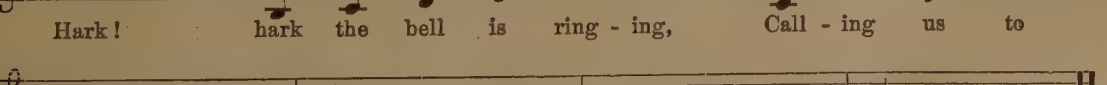
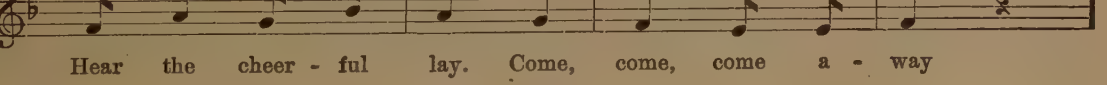
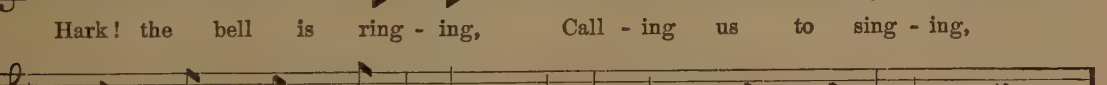
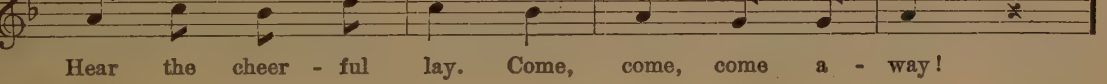
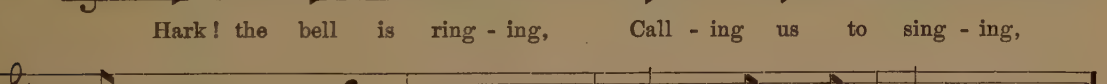
bu - gle blares,

'Tis there you'll see .



## THE BELL IS RINGING.

ROUND.



## AFAR IN THE WOOD.

S. S. A.

Halldan Kjerulf.  
Arranged by Glen Carle.

1. A - far in the wood where the pine trees wave,  
2. A - far in the wood where the pine trees wave.

Andante grazioso.  
SOPRANO I AND II. *mp*

48.

1. A - far in the wood where pine trees wave, Warm noon is gen - tly  
2. A - far in the wood where pine trees wave, I feel my sor - row

ALTO. *mp*

1. A - far where the pine trees wave, Warm noon is gen - tly  
2. A - far where the pine trees wave, I feel my sor - row

A  
*poco riten. a tempo.*The leaf - - - lets trem - ble, And  
I wan - - - der on, And I

gleam-ing, The leaf - lets trem - ble, trem-ble here and there, And  
light - en, I wan - der on and on from shade to shade, And

*poco riten. a tempo.*

gleam-ing, The leaf - lets trem-ble here and there, . . . . . And like a  
light - en, I wan - der on from shade to shade, . . . . . And think of

like a sweet song on the air, The cool wind sets me dream-ing, . . . . .  
think of home, I think of home, Till hope be - gins to bright-en, . . . . .

like a sweet song on the air, The cool wind sets me . .  
think of home, and think of home, Till hope be - gins to . .

sweet song on the air, The cool wind  
home, and think of home, Till hope be

The . cool wind sets me . dream - ing.  
Till hope be - gins to . bright - en.

dream - - ing, The cool wind sets me dream-ing.  
bright - - en, Till hope be - gins to bright-en.

sets me dream-ing,  
gins to bright-en,

## HAPPY CHILDHOOD.

(LE NOZZE DI FIGARO.)

Frederic Manley.

S. S. A.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.

Adapted and Arranged by N. Clifford Page.

SOPRANO I. *Andante*  $\text{♩} = 80$ .

49.

1. Peace and joy, O love-ly blossoms of childhood, Do ye fade like fair  
 2. Peace and joy, Ye live with childhood for - ev - er In the na - ture whose

SOPRANO II

ALTO.

blos-  
soms  
child-hood

flow - ers of the wild-wood, Leav - ing but the with-er'd pet - als of beau-ty  
 faith makes con - stant sum - mer. There your beau - ty blooms un - fad - ing, im - mor - tal,

pet - als  
fad - ing,

*A* *cresc.* *f* *dim. e rit.* *p* FINE.  
 Whose de - light and fra - grance nev - er - more, can nev - er - more be ours.  
 For all love - li - ness lives ev - er - more, where faith . keeps man a child.

*cresc.* *f* *dim. e rit.* *p* FINE.  
 nev - er - more,  
 ev - er - more,

*B* *mp* *Slower, with tender feeling.*

Yet, O heart, . . Nor years, nor sad - ness, Can de - stroy our child - hood's

O heart, no years

*rit.* *C* *Tempo I*  
 ros - es, Where sweet faith a - bides in gladness, Faith whose light is im - mor - tal

*rit.* *Tempo I*

*cresc.* *f* *dim. e rit.* *Tempo. 3* *molto rit.* *D.C.*  
 day, Faith whose joy . . keeps souls in end - less May.

*cresc.* *f* *dim. e rit.* *Tempo. 3* *molto rit.*



## CRADLE SONG.

Poem by Frederick H. Martens.  
Andantino.

S. S. A.

A. Arensky, Op. 57, No. 1.  
Arranged by N. Clifford Page.

SOPRANO I AND II.

50.

Wold and mead - ow soft - ly veil - ing, Gloam - ing comes a - creep,

ALTO.

Ros - y clouds are westward pal - ing, Sleep, . . my dear one, sleep, sleep, my dear one, sleep!

Sleep, my dear one, sleep, .

Night-in-gales with gold - entrill - ing, Dusk in mus - ic steep, All the lis - t'ning

ros - es thrill - ing; Sleep, . . . my dear one, sleep, sleep, . . .

Sleep, my dear one, sleep, . . . sleep! . . . . .

. . . my dear one, sleep! . . . O'er you an - gels with - out num - ber Watch - ing,

ward will keep, Spread - ing white wings o'er your slum - ber, Sleep, . . my dear one, sleep,

Sleep, my dear one, sleep, . . .

**D**

*pp* *ppp* *poco rit.*

Sleep, my dear one, sleep, . . . . sleep, my dear one, sleep!

*pp* *ppp* *poco rit.*

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.

Ben Johnson (1573-1637).

S. S. A.

Old English Air.

Arranged by N. Clifford Page.

Andantino.

SOPRANOS I AND II.

51.

1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine.
2. I sent thee late a ros - y wreath, Not so much hon' - 'ring thee,

ALTO.

*p*

*mf* **A**

Or leave a kiss with - in . the cup, And I'll not ask for wine. The  
As giv - ing it a hope that there It could not with - er'd be. . But

*mf*

thirst that from the soul doth rise Doth ask a drink di - vine; . .  
thou there - on did'st on - ly breathe And send'st it back to me; . .

*poco rit.*

But might I of Jove's nec - tar sip, I would not change for thine. . .  
Since when it grows and smells I swear, Not of it - self but thee. . .

*poco rit.*

# COME, HAPPY SPRING.

(CARO MIO BEN.)

S. S. A.

G. Giordani.

Arranged by Humphrey Mitchell.

Come, hap - py spring,

52. *Larghetto.* 6 SOPRANO I AND II. *mp* Come, oh spring, Spread fra-grant

6 ALTO. *mp*

wing, Bid win - ter's gloom a - far de - part.

A

Bid win - ter part. Come, hap - py spring, Bid winter's gloom de -

Come, hap - py spring, on fra-grant wing, Bid win - ter's gloom a - far de -

spring, part, Come, spring, on fra-grant wing and bid win - ter's

part, come, happy spring, bid win - ter's gloom de - part. Soft winds and showers, sun - shine and

bid drear - y win - ter's gloom de - part.

flowers Soft wind and showers, sun - shine and

Bring new born hope to my long - ing heart;

flowers,

Bring hope to my heart! Come, hap - py spring, Spread fra-grant wing, Bid win - ter's



Bid win - ter's gloom de - part; Come, hap - py spring, and bid win - ter's  
gloom a - far de - part; Bid win - ter's  
Bid drear - y win - ter's

*f* gloom a - far de - part, . . . . . *mp ten.* far hence de - part.

*f* *mp ten.*

SLEEP, HOLY CHILD.

OLD FRENCH NOËL.

English version by  
Frederick H. Martens.

S. S. A.

Harmonized by F. A. Gevaert.  
Adapted by J. Remington.

*Andantino.*

*pp* SOPRANO I AND II.

Sleep, sleep, sleep, oh Ho - ly

53.

1. Ly - ing a - mid the ox - en mild, Sleep, sleep, . .
2. Ros - es and lil - ies 'round Thee piled, Sleep, sleep, . .
3. Dreams by the shep - herd's songs be - guiled, Sleep, sleep, . .

ALTO.

*ppp*

Child! 'Round Thee as they wing, Guard - ian an - gels sing, Hom - age pay to  
sleep. Oh, . . . . . sleep, Ho - ly Child,  
Thee, To in - fant love's . . sweet King. . . . . Sleep, *dim.* *poco rit.* *ppp* sleep!  
Sleep, . . sleep, sleep, . . Sleep, oh Ho - ly Child!  
*pp* *dim.* *poco rit.* *ppp*

# THE FALLIN' O' THE RAIN.

Song for SOPRANO, with ALTI *ad lib*, or  
S. A. A.

Rev. James B. Dollard.

Carl Engel.

54.

*Andantino.* 3

SOPRANO. *mp*

1. Good - bye to Coun - ty Car - low, 'tis the  
3. But soon I'll breathe the heath - er breath on

(The accompanying voices are *ad libitum*.)

3

ALTO I AND II. *mp*

lone - some place to me, Sure ev - 'ry week is like a month, and  
brown Knockbrock - en's side And see a sil - ver - shin - ing stream a -

ev - 'ry month like three. The mist is com - ing wet and cold, but  
cross the val - leys glide; No rest shall taste these wea - ry limbs, or

now I won't com - plain, I'm go - ing home and lit - tle reek the  
sleep the throb - bin' brain, Till Su - ir's flood shows gleam - in' thro' the

fal - lin' o' the rain, the fal - lin' o' the rain. 2. I  
fal - lin' o' the rain, the fal - lin' o' the rain.

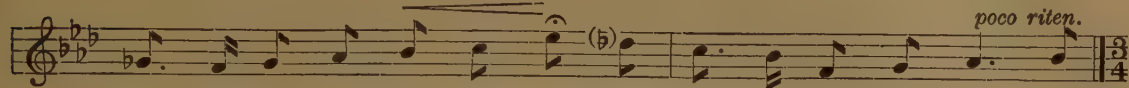
fal - lin' o' . . . the rain.

\* If desired, the second verse may be omitted; then the third verse is to follow the first immediately.

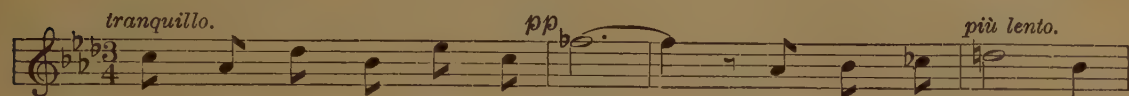
SOLO OR SELECTED VOICES.

*mf a tempo.*

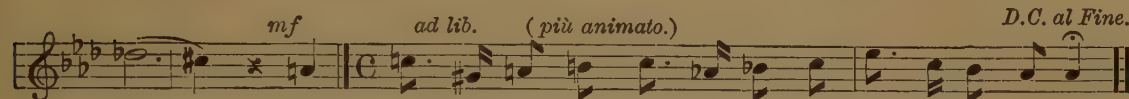
won - der if 'tis but a dream a hun - dred times a day, And



draw my hand a - cross my eyes to drive it all a - way; Then



faint and dim I see the hills . . be - yond this wea - ry



plain, They call my wild heart ev - er thro' the fal - lin' o' the rain.

## ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT.

S. S. A.

David Owen.

Old Welsh Melody.

Arranged by N. Clifford Page.

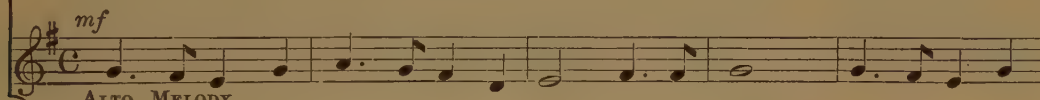
SOPRANO I AND II

(Humming.)

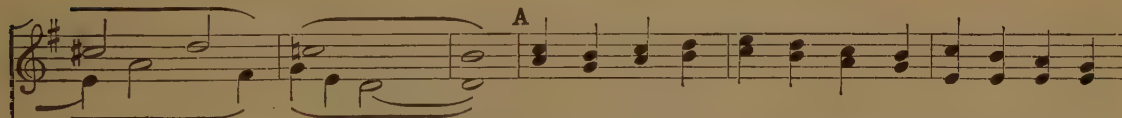


55.

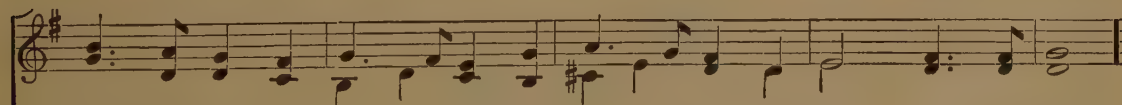
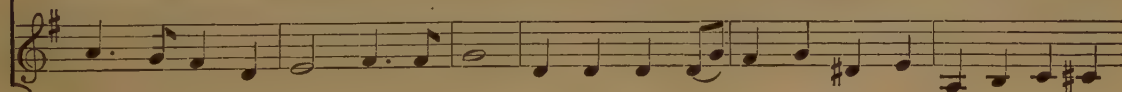
1. Sleep, my child, and peace at-tend thee, All thro' the night; . . Guard-ian an - gels
2. While the moon her watch is keep-ing, All thro' the night; . . While the wea-ry
3. Hark, a sol - emn bell is ring-ing, Clear thro' the night; . . Thou, my love, art



ALTO. MELODY.



God will send thee, All thro' the night. Soft the drow - sy hours are creep-ing, Hill and vale in  
world is sleep-ing, All thro' the night. O'er thy spir - it gen - tly steal-ing, Vi-sions of de -  
heav'n-ward winging, Home thro' the night. Earth-ly dust from off thee shak - en, By good an-gels



slum - ber steep-ing, I my lov - ing vig - il keep - ing, All thro' the night.  
light re - veal - ing, Breathes a pure and ho - ly feel - ing, All thro' the night.  
art thou tak - en, Soul im - mor - tal thou shalt wak - en, Home thro' the night.





# DARKEY LULLABY.

(HUMORESKE.)

S. S. A.

Text by Frederick H. Martens.

*Poco lento e grazioso.*

SOPRANO I. (SOPRANO I AND II to exchange on repeat.)

Anton Dvorak, Op. 101, No. 7.

Arranged by N. Clifford Page.

56.

1. When de shad - ders spread a - roun' An' twink - lin' stars am look - in' down, Hits  
 2. When de day am sho - ly done, An' gone de sun - shine wid de sun, Hits

SOPRANO II.

*pp*

ALTO.

*Hum.*

time fo' lit - tle hon - ey boy ter dream.  
 time fo' lit - tle hon - ey boy ter dream.

Owl he call frum out de tree, An'  
 Owl he call frum out de tree, "On

what he sez hit soun' ter me  
 mam - my's bres' hits time yo' be

Like "Hon - ey boy, yo' close yo' eyes!"  
 A - sleep - in' whar so snug yo' lies!"

A SOPRANO I AND II.

"Close yo' eyes!" de squinch-owl am cry - in', Jes' close yo' eyes an' doan peep. De

stars am wink - in' down on yo' ly - in', Wif mam-my's arms roun' yo',

*poco rit.*

*B a tempo.* *pp*

sleep, chile, sleep!

*Humming*

*a tempo.*

Pick - a - nin - nies can't go roun' An' play when once de sun go down, Fo'

*SOPRANO I.*

Time ter come ter her an' res', A -

*SOPRANO II.* *pp*

*ALTO.*

den hits time in mam - my's arms ter creep;

*Hum.*

*poco a poco rit.*

ly - in' there up - on her bres', So jes' yo' close yo' eyes an' go ter sleep.

*poco a poco rit.*

*Tempo, ma poco animato.*

*C pp* *SOPRANO I.*

*Hum.*

*Hum.*

*mf* *SOPRANO II.* *pp*

"Time he go ter res'!" sez de whip - per - will.

*Hum.*

*pp* *ALTO.* *mf*

*Hum.*

"Time he go ter res'!" sez de ole squinchowl.

*pp*

*rit.*

*p*

*Hum.*

*Hum.*

*mf* *rit.*

"He doan' know what's bes'!" sez de whip - per - will. *Hum.*

*p* *mf* *rit.*

*Hum.*

"He doan' know what's bes'!" sez de ole squinch-owl.

**D**  
*mf a tempo.*  
 "Chile, he ain' no bird!" sez de whip - per - will. *Hum.*  
*p a tempo.*  
*pp*  
*Hum.*  
*p a tempo.*  
*mf*  
*Hum.* Chile, he ain' no bird!" sez de ole squinch-owl.

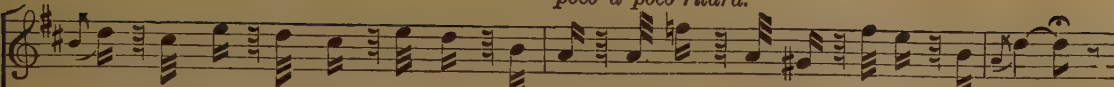
*mf*  
 "Not as I have heard!" sez de whip-per-will. *Hum.*  
*mf*  
*p pp*  
*poco rit.*  
*mf*  
 "Not as I have heard!" sez de whip-per-will. *Hum.*  
*mf*  
*p*  
*mf*  
*poco rit.*  
*p*  
 "Not as I have heard!" sez de ole squinch owl.

**E**  
*p Tempo I*  
 Hon - ey, 'jes yo' take his word, De squinch owl am a wise ole bird, He  
*Hum.*  
*Hum.*

knows what hours de chil - lun ought 'er keep. Hon - ey boy, jes' dream a-way Till  
 Sop. II.  
 ALTO.




*poco a poco ritard.*



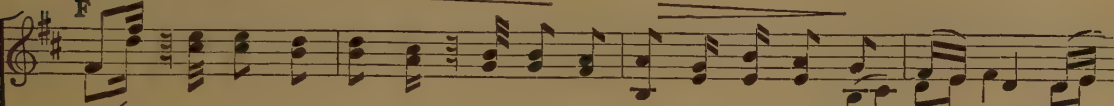
sun - shine mak' a - nud - der day, So jes' you close yo' eyes and go ter sleep.

*poco a poco ritard.*




SOPRANO I AND II.

**F**




"Close yo' eyes" de squinch owl am cry - in', Jes' close yo' eyes an' doan peep, De

**ALTO.**

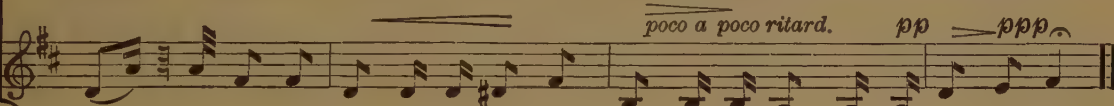


*poco a poco ritard.* *pp* *ppp*



sters am wink-in' down on yo' ly - in' Wif mam-my's arms roun' yo', sleep, chile, sleep!

*poco a poco ritard.* *pp* *ppp*



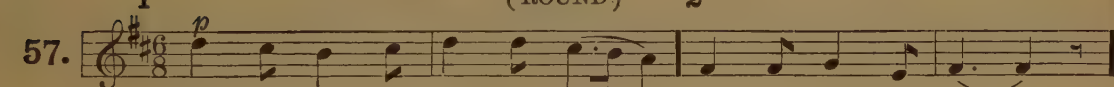
## SUMMER IS A-COMING IN.

(SUMER IS I CUMEN IN.)

*Ancient English.*

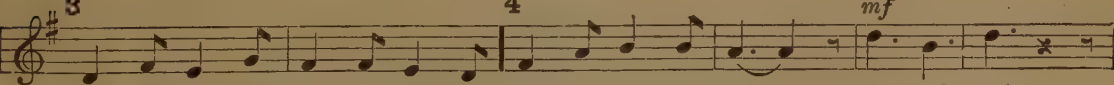
**1** (ROUND) **2**

57. *p*

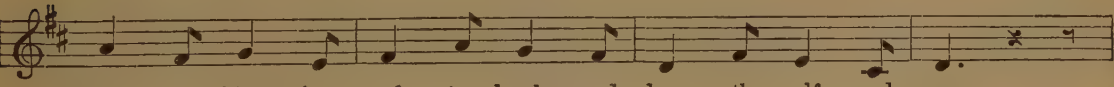


Sum - mer is a - com - ing in, . . Loud - ly sing cuck - oo, . .

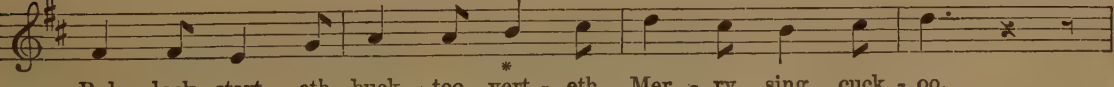
**3** **4** *mf*



Grow - eth seed and blow - eth mead, and sping - eth wood a - new. . Sing cuck - oo!

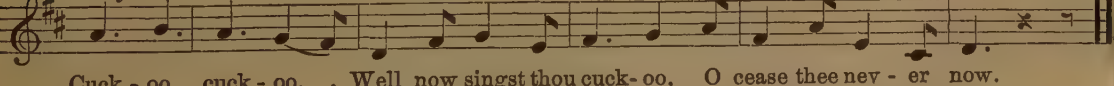


Ewes are bleat - ing af - ter lambs and low - eth calf and cow,



Bul - lock start - eth, buck too vert - eth, Mer - ry sing cuck - oo.

*mf* *dim.*



Cuck - oo, cuck - oo, . Well now singst thou cuck - oo, O cease thee nev - er now.

The words and music of this round date back to the 13th Century. It is the most ancient English harmonized composition known.

\* *Verteth*, an old English word meaning, "seeks the green fern."

## DO YOU KNOW THAT FAIR LAND?

\*(INTRODUCTION AND ROMANCE) FROM "MIGNON."

English text by  
Frederick H. Martens.

S. S. A.

Ambroise Thomas.  
Arranged by Bertha Remick.

4 *Andantino*. SOPRANO AND ALTO.

58.

sky, And his short and joy-less beams . . . . . bring to  
sky, a - lien sky, And his joy - less beams but bring to  
mind bright-er suns gone by. A  
mind suns . now gone by. There's a land where ev - er bright the  
sun Gilds hap - py hours that care-free run! There's a land where mirth and song Speed the

*Piano begins here if  
Introduction is omitted.*

days in de-light a - long! Do you know that land?

*Andantino* (♩ = 120).B SOPRANO (selected).  
*p dolce.*

Do . you know that . fair land where the or - ange grows? Land where fruits are of

*pp*

gold, . and so red the rose? Where the breeze soft-er breathes, where birds light-er wing,

2D SOPRANO AND ALTO (*ad lib* for eighteen measures.)

ALTO. *p*.  
Humming.

*sempre dolce.*

Where the year a - round the flow'rs fra - grant spring? Where in love - li - ness

\*The Introductory movement may be sung by Soprano II and Alto, or it can be omitted entirely, beginning as noted later.

*poco cresc.*

ra - dant 'neath the az - ure skies, Spring-time with-out an end o - ver all ev - er

*dim.* *Presto un poco.*

C Spring - time ra - dant o - ver all

lies? . A - las! . to that land which I love, No more I will e'er re -

lies. . Ah! . for that land I

*poco rit.* *Tempo I.*  
ALL THE SOPRANO I.

turn, From my ex - ile here! Oh land, dear land, for thee I am yearn - ing, Now

*poco rit.* *f*

fond - ly yearn. For thee yearn, . . Now

*f* *dim. e rit.* *Allegretto.* 4

falls my read-y tear! Oh, there 'neath your blue and sun - ny sky, I'd live, live and die!

*f* *dim. e rit.* 4

falls my read-y tear! Oh, there 'neath blue . and sun - ny sky, live and die!

## HASTE THEE, NYMPH.

John Milton.

ROUND.

F. Arnold.

1

*Allegretto.*

59. Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee Jest and youth - ful jol - li - ty,

2

Quips, and cranks, and wan - ton wiles, Nods and becks, and wreath - ed smiles.

3

Sport that wrin - kled care de - rides, And laugh - ter hold - ing both his sides.



# ELSA.

FROM "LOHENGRIN."

S. S. A.

Elsa, falsely accused of her brother's murder by Telramund and Ortrud, claims to her title, is summoned before Henry I, King of Germany, to answer the charge. In her Dream Song she tells of a Champion who is to be sent by Heaven to prove her innocence, and defend her.

English translation by  
Frederic Manley.

*Andante moderato.*

Richard Wagner.

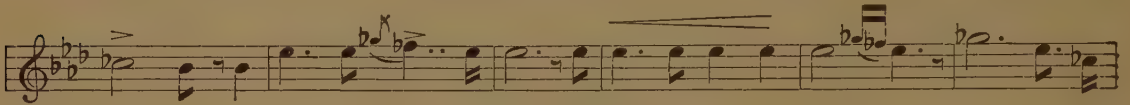
Arranged by Bertha Remick.



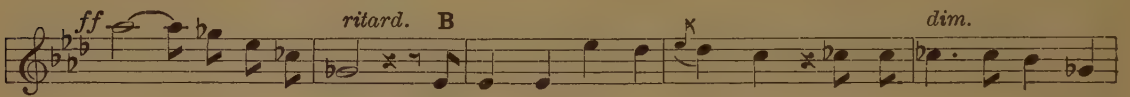
Oft, when my hopes be-tray'd me, I un-to God have flown, Be-



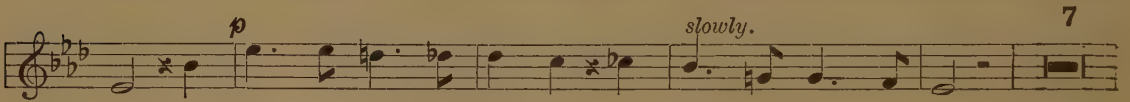
sech - ing him to aid me, In sor - row all a - lone. There liv'd for me no



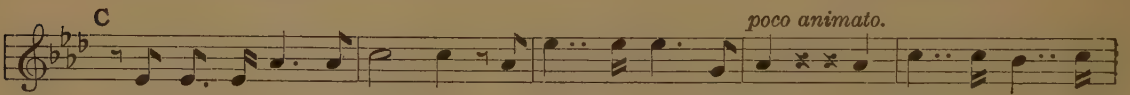
glad - ness, My ways with grief were strewn. My cries of dark - est sad - ness Rose un - to



God's e - ter - nal throne. The plain - tive ech - oes an - swer'd from the hills and val - leys



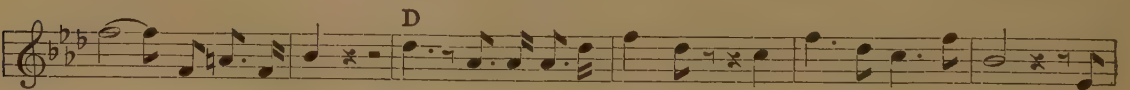
deep, Their peace on me de - scend - ed, I sank in tran - quil sleep.



Then lo! be - fore me gleam - ing In mail of sil - ver sheen A Knight whose eyes were



beam - ing, Like stars in heav'n's se - rene; A horn of gold a - dorn'd him, His



sword like noon was bright. Round him a radiance streaming, Fill'd all the world with light. In



soothing words and ten - der He did pledge his sword to me, Un - to him my fate I sur -



ren - der, Heav'n guards my right thro' thee! Thou . shalt my cham - pion be.

Elsa's dream came true. Lohengrin, from a distant land, appeared, and won in the fight for her cause. It is their wedding day, and Elsa and her attendants approach the cathedral.

*Largo e solenne.* SOPRANO I AND II.

4 *E* *p*

El - sa, be thou bless - ed, Thy sor - row now will cease, . May

4 *Alto.*

*mf* God thy path - way light - - en, And bring thee days of peace. . .

*mf* light - en, And bring thee days of peace. She comes . . . . . with joy all

*mf* She comes with joy all glow - - ing, With

comes with joy all glow - ing, With life and love con - tent, . . . she glow - ing, With life and love con - tent, All hail, thou pur - est

life and love con - tent . . . she comes, she comes, All *cresc.*

comes, Hail, El - sa! All hail, thou pur - est maid - en, all *cresc.*

maid - en, Hail, El - sa of Bra - bant, all hail, . . . . . hail, *più cresc.*

hail, all hail, thou pur - est maid - en, Hail *molto cresc.*

hail, thou pur - est maid - en, hail, El - sa of Bra - bant, . . . all *più cresc.*

hail, *f* hail, . . . all hail, . . . *ff*

6 El - sa of Bra - bant, hail, . . hail, all hail, to El - sa of Bra-bant!

6 *f* *più f* *ff*

hail, hail,

## MORNING SONG.

S. S. A.

J. Massenet.

M. Louise Baum.

Arranged by Humphrey Mitchell.

SOPRANO I.

*Allegro. mf*

61.

O - pen your blue eyes to the morn - ing, For day is here!

SOPRANO II. *mf*

ALTO.

While the mer-ry lark, slum-ber scorn-ing, Is flut-ing clear.

The dawn has kiss'd the dew-y

And lit the lea.

Now ev - 'ry blush-ing bud un-clos - es,

ros - es,

A

O come with me,

O come with me! . .

O - pen your blue eyes to the morn-ing,

O wake and see!

Let us roam all the heav-ens un - der,

The live-long

day.

Sweet earth shall show us ma - ny a won - der, This bliss-ful May!

B

Till our



That rings . . . .

hearts ech - o all the song . . that rings a - bove, that rings

*rall.*

While the sun de-clares in his glo - ry That life is love! .

glo - ry That life . . is love! . .

## LIKE AS A FATHER.

CANON.

Cherubini.

1

Like as a fa - ther pi - tieth his chil - dren, So the Lord hath mer - cy,

62. 3

fear Him; like as a fa - ther pi - ti-eth, pi - tieth his chil - dren,

3

like as a fa - ther pi-tieth his chil - dren, so the Lord hath

so the Lord hath mer - cy, so the Lord hath mer-cy on them that fear, on them that

\* fear Him.

the Lord hath mer - cy, the Lord hath mer - cy on them that fear Him; 2

mer - cy, the Lord hath mer - cy on them . . . . that fear Him. 1

\* The small notes provide stopping point.

# GLORY TO ISIS!

(Abridged.)

FROM "AIDA" ACT III.

S. S. A.

Giuseppe Verdi.

Arranged by N. Clifford Page.

Words adapted by M. Louise Baum.

SOPRANO I AND II. *Allegro maestoso.*

63.

*ff*

Glo - ry to I - sis! who from all ward-eth a-way dis - as - ter! To

*ALTO. ff*

E - gypt's roy - al mas - ter, to E - gypt's roy - al mas - ter, Glad - ly

*2D ALTO ad lib.*

*A*  
*SOP. I. mp*

now raise we a loy - al song. The lau - rel with the lo - tus bind, En -

*SOP. II. mp*

*ALTO.*

lo - tus, En -

wreathing the vic - tor's fore-head fair, While flow - ers sweet per - fume . . . the air,

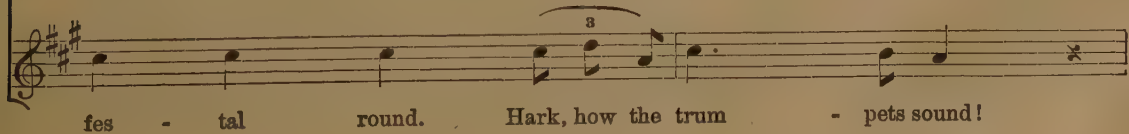
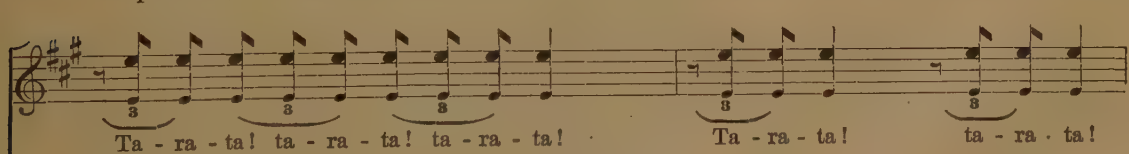
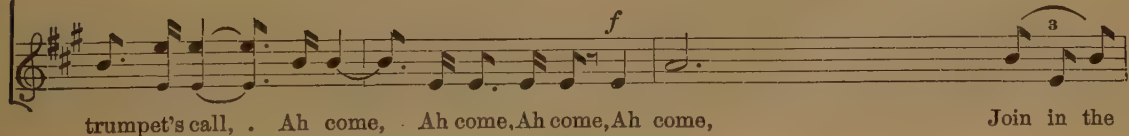
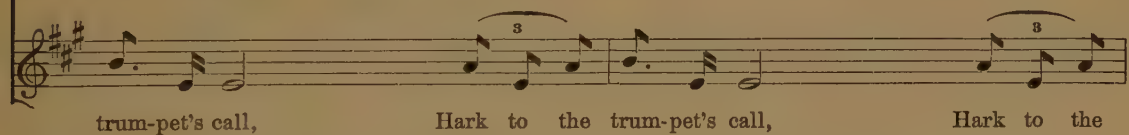
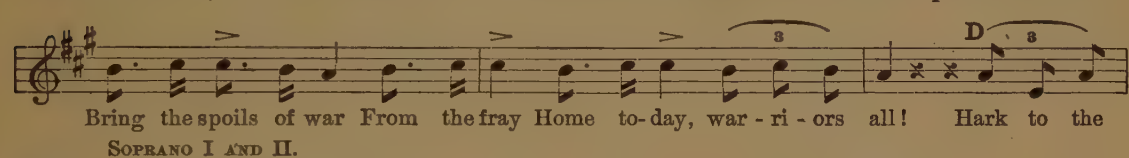
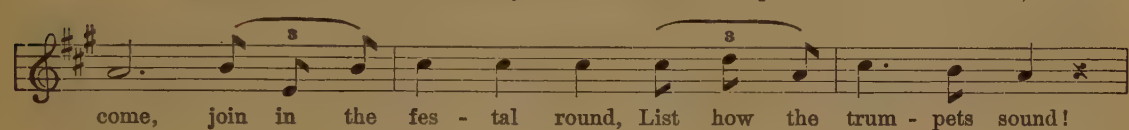
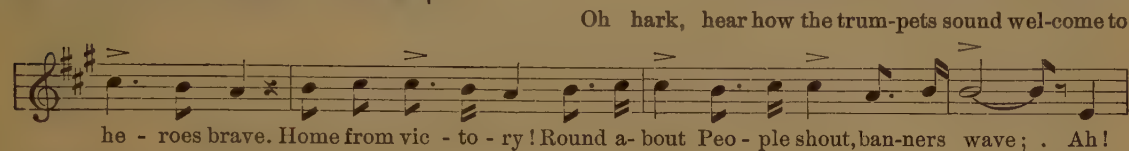
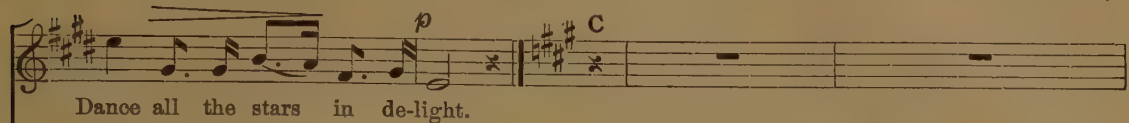
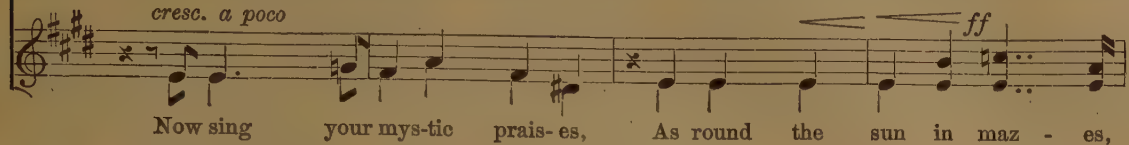
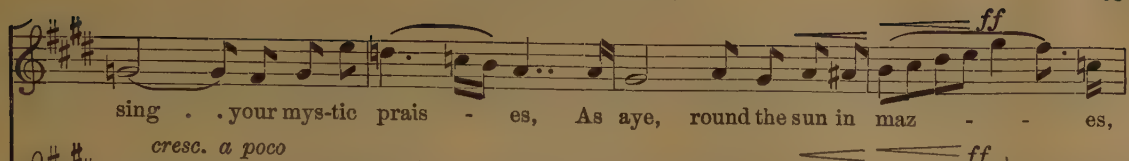
While flow - ers sweet per - fume the air,

*mf B* *cresc. e poco*

Veil - ing the weap - ons un - kind. Then, sons . . . of E - gypt, dance ye all, and

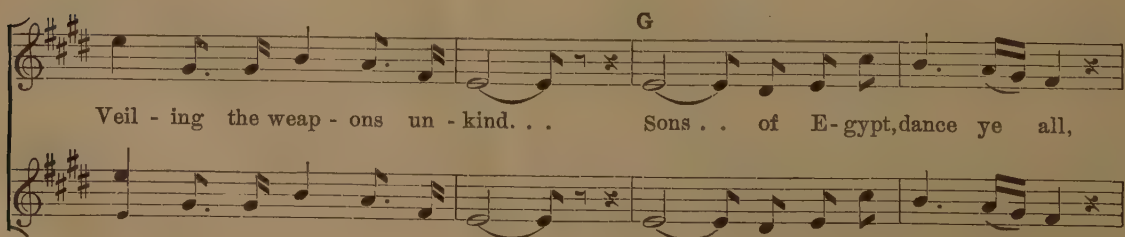
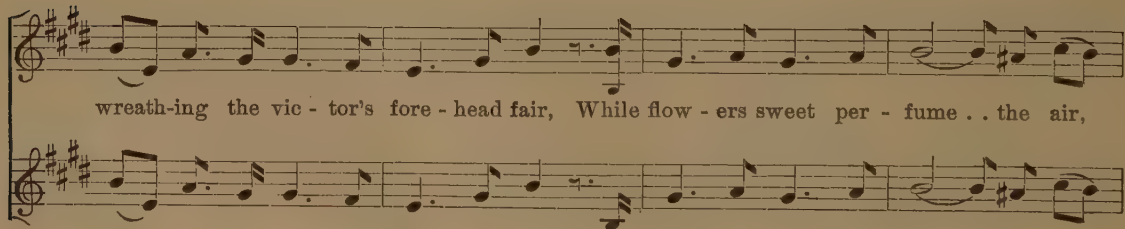
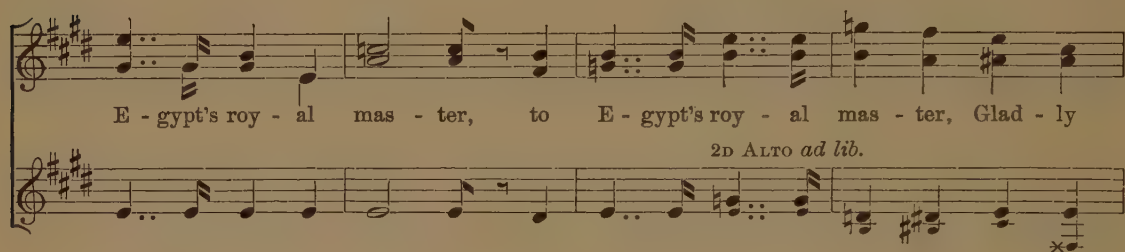
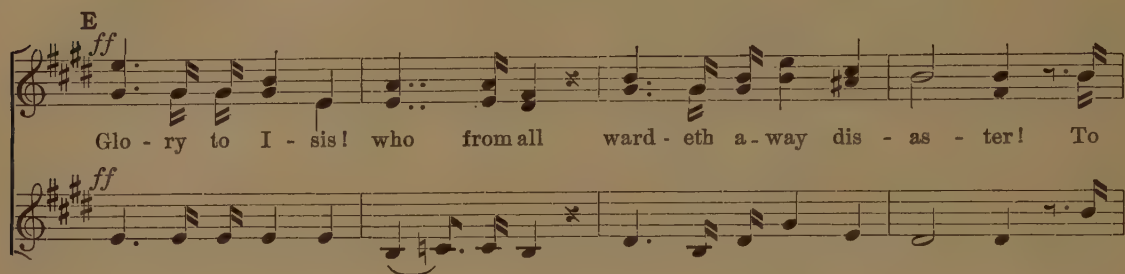
*mf*

Ye sons of E - gypt, danc - ing





## GLORY TO ISIS!



Sing . . your mys - tic prais - es, As aye round the sun in maz - - - es,

Dance all the stars in de-light. Glo - ry to E - gypt, praise and glo - ry! . .

*fff* 2

## ANNIE LAURIE.

S. S. A.

*Douglas of Finland.**Lady John Scott.**Arranged by J. Remington.**Moderato. (The 1st strain (8 measures) may be sung by various groups.)*

64.

1. Max - wel - ton's braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's the  
 2. Her brow is like the snaw-drift, Her throat is like the  
 3. Like dew on th' gow - an ly - ing Is th' fa' o' her fair - y

dew, And 'twas there that An - nie Lau - rie Gave me her prom - ise true; .  
 swan; Her . . face it is the fair - est That e'er the sun shone on. . .  
 feet, And like winds in sum - mer sigh - ing, Her voice is low and sweet.

A SOPRANO I AND II.

Gave me her prom - ise true, Which ne'er for - got . . will be, And for  
 That e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is . . . her e'e, And for  
 Her voice is low and sweet, And she's a' the world to me, And for

ALTO.

I'd . . lay . . me down an' dee.  
 N. B.

bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd . . lay me down an' dee.  
 N. B. *Soprano II sung very softly.*

## LEND ME YOUR AID.

"QUEEN OF SHEBA."

S. S. A.

Charles Gounod.

Arranged by N. Clifford Page.

*Andante con moto.*

65. *p* SOPRANO I.  
Lend me your aid, O race di-vine, . . . . .

2 SOPRANO II. *pp*  
ALTO.  
Lend me your aid, . . . . . O race di-vine, .

Fa - thers of old, . . . . . to whom I've pray'd, . . . . .

Fa - thers of old, . . . . . to whom I've pray'd, .

A  
Spir - its of pow'r, be your help mine, . . . . .

Spir - its of pow'r, be your help mine, .

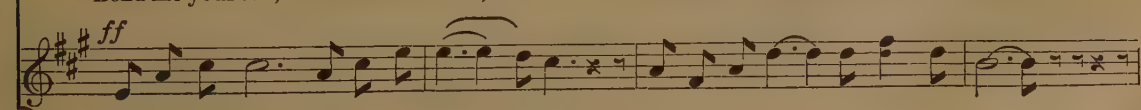
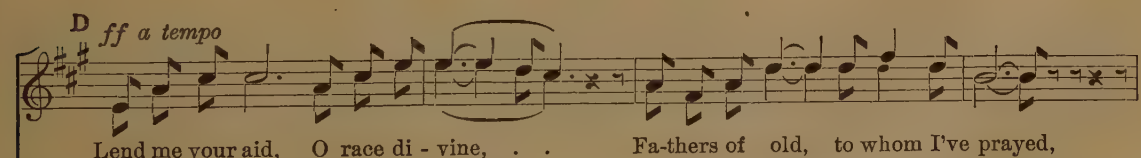
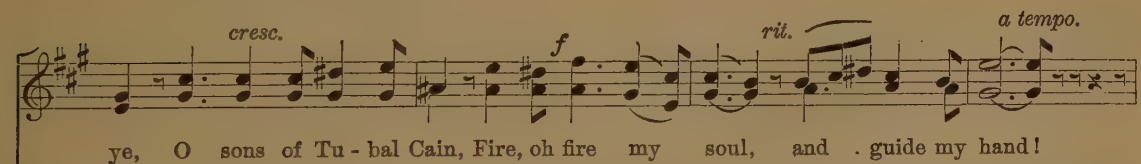
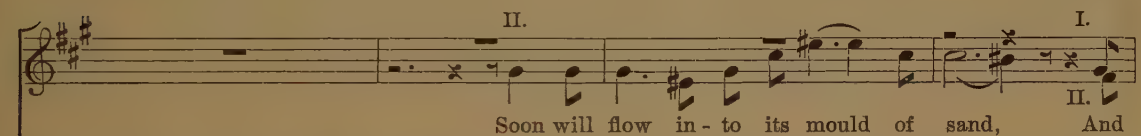
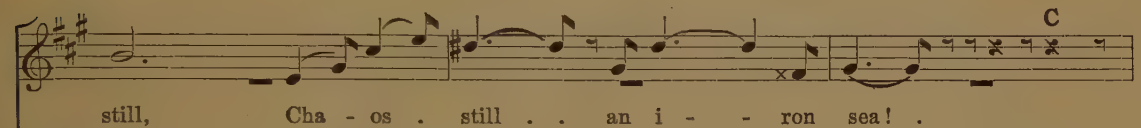
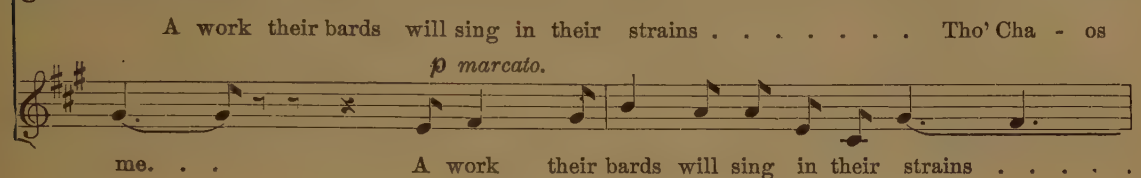
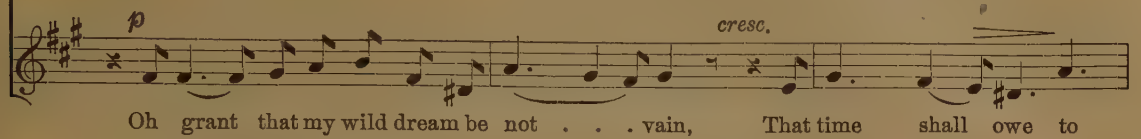
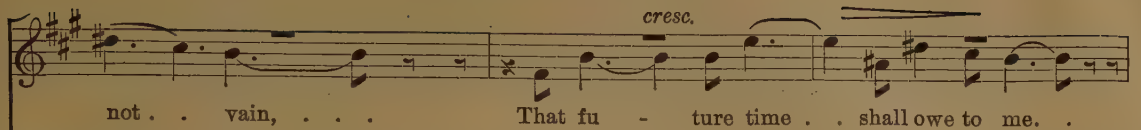
*cresc.*  
Lend me your aid, . . . . . Fa - thers of old, . . . . . to whom I've

*cresc.*  
Lend me your aid, . . . . . Fa - thers of old, . to whom I've

B  
*un poco animato.* *p* SOPRANO II.  
pray'd, O lend . your aid! . Oh grant that my wild dream be

pray'd, fa - thers of old O lend . your aid! .





UNISON.

Spir - its of pow'r, be your help mine. . . . . Lend me your aid, . .

Fa - thers of old, to whom I've pray'd, Lend me your aid, O lend your aid!

\*Choice of small notes for Soprano II and Alto or unison to end.

## THE HUNTER AND THE LION.

Frederick H. Martens.

S. S. A.

Old French Melody.

Harmonized by N. Clifford Page.

SOPRANO I AND II.

*Allegretto giocosamente.*

66.

See the li - on in hur - ried flight, As the hun - ter scours the plain!  
Why, oh why, on the sand - y ground Does the li - on make no stand?

Oh . . . . .

Hun - ter run - ning with all his might And the li - on with all his main.  
Round the li - on the sands a - bound Yet the li - on he has no sand!

Oh . . . . . Oh . . . . .

Hun - ter with his might, . . . Li - on with all . his main!  
Round him sands a - bound! . . . Yet . . he has no sand!

Hun - ter runs . with all his might And li - on with his main. .  
Round the li - on sands a - bound And yet he has no sand. .

# LONG, LONG AGO.

Moderato.

S. S. A.

T. H. Bayly.

Arranged by Bertha Remick.

SOPRANO I AND II.

67.

1. Tell me the tales that to me were so dear; (Long,) Long, long a - go, (Long,)
2. Do you re-mem-ber the paths where we met; (Long,) Long, long a - go, (Long,)
3. Tho' by your kind-ness my fond hopes were raised; (Long,) Long, long a - go. (Long,)

ALTO.

Long, long, a - go; (Sing, ah,) Sing me the songs I de-light-ed to hear (Long,  
 Long, long, a - go; (Yes,— ) Ah, yes, you told me you ne'er would for-get, (Long,  
 Long, long, a - go; ( Ah,— ) You, by more el - o - quent lips have been prais'd, (Long,)

Long, long a - go, long a - go, (a - go.) Now you are come, all my  
 Long, long a - go, long a - go, (a - go.) Then, to all oth - ers my  
 Long, long a - go, long a - go, (a - go.) But, by long ab - sence your

Now you are . .  
 Then to all . .  
 But, by long . .

grief is re-moved, Let me for-get that so long you have roved, (Ah,)  
 smile you pre-ferr'd, Love, when you spoke gave a charm to each word, (For)  
 truth has been tried, Still to your ac-cents I lis-ten with pride, (Ah,)

(Ah, . .) Let me for-get you have roved,  
 (Ah, . .) Love gave a charm to each word,  
 (Ah, . .) Still I . . lis-ten with pride,

Let me be-lieve that you love as you lov'd, (Long,) Long, long a - go, long a - go, (a - go.)  
 Still my heart treasures the prais-es I heard, (Long,) Long, long a - go, long a - go, (a - go.)  
 Blest as I was when I sat by your side, (Long,) Long, long a - go, long a - go, (a - go.)



## SONG OF THE RHINE-NYMPHS.

(FROM "GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG.")

(THE DUSK OF THE GODS.)

Text by Wagner.

*Animato, ma moderato il tempo.*

SOPRANO I AND II.

S. S. A.

Richard Wagner.

Adapted by Glen Carle.

68. **10** *mf* The sun - god

**ALTO. 10** *mf*

send - eth rays of splen - dor; Night reigns in . . the wa - ters,

**A** Once they did beam, When brave and bright our fa - ther's gold yet in them

glit - tered. Rhine-gold! bright - est gold! How clear - ly once thou

shone - - - est, . Thou beau - teous star . . of wa - - ters!

shone - - - est, beau - - teous star . . .

In the depths of the river Rhine dwelt the three Rhine-nymphs, *Wogllinda*, *Wellgunda*, *Flosshilda*. Their duty was to guard the gold hidden in the rocks. *Alberich*, a cunning dwarf, stole the treasure, making it into a ring. Ever after the nymphs bewailed their loss until *Brünnhilde*, the Valkyrie, gave back the ring to them.

## 71

B

✱

\* \*

Wei - a - la - la wei - a - la - la lei - a lei - a wal - la - la - - - la

lei . . la la la lei . . la la la la . . . . . la

la . . . . . lei . . wal - la la la la wei - a la wal - la la

wei - a    la . . la    lei    wal - la    la . . la    la    lei - a    lie - a    lei - a

lei - a la . . . la la . . . la . . .

(*tr*)

la . . . . . la . . . . . la . . . . . la. . . . .

la            la            la    .    la    .    la    .    .

la . . la.

\* \* Lī-a-vahl-la-li.

# LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG.

S. S. A.

J. L. Molloy.

G. Clifton Bingham.

(Violin *ad lib.*)

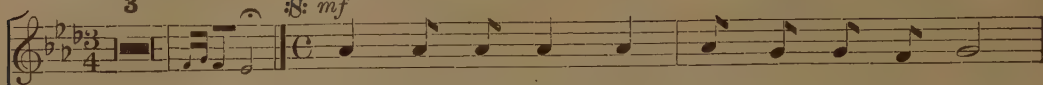
Arranged by J. Remington.

*Andante con moto.*

SOPRANO I.

69.

3

S: *mf*

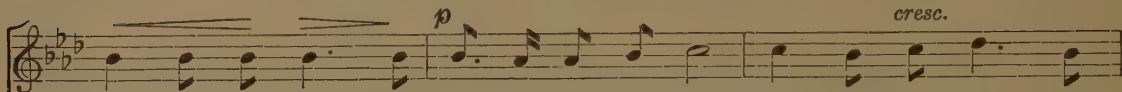
1. Once in the dear dead days be - yond re - call,  
2. E - ven to - day we hear love's song of yore,

SOPRANO II.

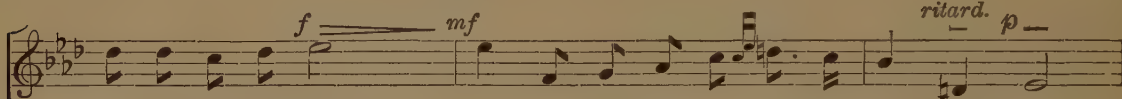
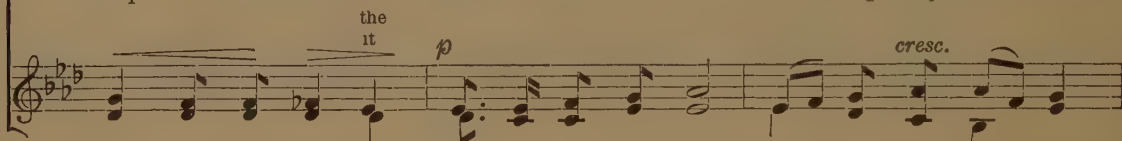
3

S: *mf*

ALTO.



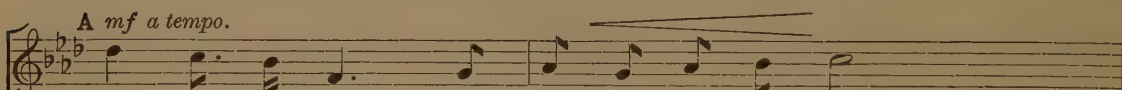
When on the world the mists be - gan to fall, Out of the dreams that  
Deep in our hearts it dwells for ev - er - more, Foot - steps may fal - ter,



rose in hap - py throng, Low to our hearts Love sang an old sweet song;  
wea - ry grow the way, Still we can hear it at the close of day;



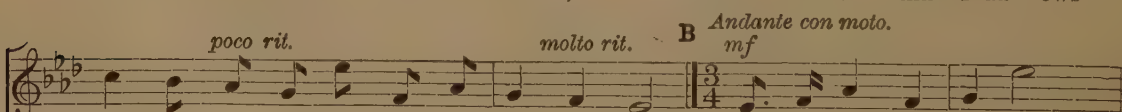
rose in hap - py throng,  
wea - ry grow the way,



And in the dusk where fell the fire - light gleam,  
So till the end, when life's dim shad - ows fall,



And in the dusk where fell the fire - light  
So till the end, when life's dim shad - ows



Soft - ly it wove it - self in - to our dream. Just a song at twi - light,  
Love will be found the sweet - est song of all,



gleam, It wove it - self in - to our dream.  
fall, Love is found the sweet - est song of all.

*Humming.*



when the lights are low, And the flick-'ring shad - ows soft - ly come and go,

Tho' the heart be wea - ry, sad the day and long, Still to us at twi - light

comes Love's old song, comes Love's old sweet song. song. . . .

*rit. mf a tempo poco animato.*

*mf mollo rit. p*

*f mf mollo rit. p*

*f mf mollo rit. p*

*pp*

*pp*

*D.S. :8: 4 2*

*D.S. :8: 4 2*

THE DAISIES.

S. A. A.

Catalan Folk-Song (Spain).  
Harmonized by N. Clifford Page.

Frederick H. Martens.

*Allegretto con grazia.* ♩ = 88.  
2 ♩: *mf* SOPRANO.

70.

1. When but lit - tle girls at play in the mer - ry month of May - ing, .  
2. Now that we are old - er grown and with wis - dom fair o'er - flow - ing, .

ALTO I AND II  
2 *mf*

1st Verse. 2d Verse.  
2 ♩: 3

1. { Romping thro' the meadows green, Plucking dais - ies we went stray - ing; . }  
{ " Little stars dropp'd from the skies, Are the dais - ies!" we were say - ing. . }  
2. { Well we know the dais - ies white Are not stars from heav - en blow - ing. . }  
{ Fool - ish fan - cies those of ours, Dais - ies are but flow - ers grow - ing. . }

2 ♩: 3

# OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

(WAY DOWN UPON DE SWANEE RIBBER.)

S. S. A.

Stephen C. Foster.

*Andante cantabile.*

SOPRANO I AND II.

Stephen C. Foster.  
Arranged by J. Remington.

71.

*mp*

II.

1. Way down up - on de Swa - nee rib - ber, Far, far a - way,  
2. All 'round de lit - tle farm I wan - dered, When I was young,  
3. One lit - tle hut a - mong de bush - es, One dat I love;

ALTO.

*p*

II.

Dere's wha' my heart is turn - ing eb - ber, Dere's wha' de old folks stay.  
Den man - y hap - py days I squan - dered, Man - y de songs I sung.  
Still sad - ly to my mem - 'ry rush - es, No mat - ter wha' I rove.

*p*

A

All up and down de whole cre - a - tion . . Sad - ly I roam,  
When I was play - ing wid my brud - der, . Hap - py was I;  
When will I see de bees a - hum - ming All 'round de comb?

Still long - ing for de old plan - ta - tion, And for de old folks at home.  
Oh! take me to my kind old mud - der, Dere let me live and die.  
When will I hear de ban - jo tum - ming, Down in my good old home?

B Arrangement No. 1. (Melody in Soprano I.)

N.B. *p* REFRAIN.

All de world am sad and drear - y, Eb - 'ry whar I roam, (I roam,)

*p*

N. B. Two arrangements of the Refrain are given, either one may be used; or both, in alternation.

# OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

75

*mf* *p* *rit. a poco.* *D.C.*

Oh! . . dar - kies, how my heart grows wea - ry, Far from de old folks at home!

*mf* *p* *rit. a poco.* *D.C.*

Arrangement No. 2. (Melody in Alto.)

## C REFRAIN.

*pp* *mf* *Humming.* *pp* *ppp* *rit. a poco.* *rit. a poco.*

All de world am sad and drear - y, Eb - 'ry whar I roam,

Oh! dar - kies, how my heart grows wea - ry, Far from de old folks at home! .

# GUARDIAN ANGELS.

Frederick H. Martens  
from the German.

S. S. A.

Robert Schumann, Op. 79, No. 22.  
Arranged by N. Clifford Page.

Slowly, with expression.  
SOPRANO I.

72.

1. When lit - tle chil - dren go to sleep, Two an - gels watch be - side them keep,
  2. But when from bed the chil - dren creep, Oh, then the an - gels go to sleep;
- SOPRANO II AND ALTO.

*p* *cresc.* *Ah! . . . . .*

*A* *poco rit.* *p* *(Hum.)*

Tuck them in till soft they lie And guard them with a watch - ful eye.  
Tho' no more they are on guard, Yet God o'er them keeps watch and ward.



## LULLABY.

S. S. A.

Johannes Brahms.  
Arr. by P. C. Warren.*Moderato*

SOPRANO I AND II.

73.

Lul - la - by and good-night, With ros - es be - dight, With

lil - ies o'er-spread Is ba - by's wee bed.

Lay thee down now and

ALTO.

Lay thee down and

rest, May thy slum - ber be blest,

Lay thee down now and

rest, May thy slum - ber be blest, . Lay thee down and

rest, May thy slum-ber be blest.

Lul - la - by and good-night, Thy

rest, May thy slum-ber be blest.

(Closed lips.) (Hm.) . . . . .

moth-er's de - light, Fair an - gels a - bove will guard thee in love; . .

. . . . . (Hm.) . . . . . They will

They will keep thee from harms, Thou shalt wake in my arms;

keep a - way all harms, Thou shalt wake in my arms; They will

They will keep thee from harms, Thou shalt wake in my arms.

keep a - - way all harms, Thou shalt wake in my arms.

## RUSTIC WEDDING.

S. S. A.

Gabriel-Marie.

Frederick H. Martens.

Arranged by N. Clifford Page.

Tempo di Gavotte (Slow Alla-Breve).

SOPRANO I AND II.

74.

II.

ALTO.

Oh, play, play, ye fid - dlers, play! All, . all are glad to - day!

Down the vil - lage street they come, the hap - - py pair! .

N.B. From the vil - lage church the wedding bells . . . do ring! .

I. mf

dim.

p

Down vil - lage street the hap - py pair! An - nette blush - ing, walks be - side

N.B. From vil - lage church . the bells do ring! The joy born of pass - ing hours,

mf

dim.

Play, ye fid - dlers, wake with song the morn - - ing air!

Play, ye fid - dlers, glad - ly all ye oth - - ers, sing!

I. mf

dim.

p

Jean, proud of his fair bride. Play, fid - dlers, play, wake morn - ing air!

Gold - en the fu - ture dows, Play, fid - dlers, play, ye oth - ers, sing!

mf

dim.

p

wake morn - ing air!  
ye oth - ers, sing!

A After D.C. this strain is sung only once through.

mf

On vil - lage green a - throng, The lads and lass - es turn, . . . Borne in the

mf

On vil - lage green lads and lass - es turn, they turn! Borne in the

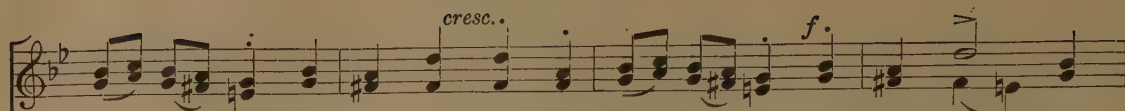
B p

dance a - long, Their feet the grass - es spurn, . . . Let the hap - py

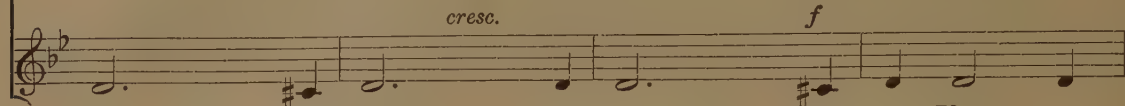
p

dance now, Their feet the grass - es spurn. Let

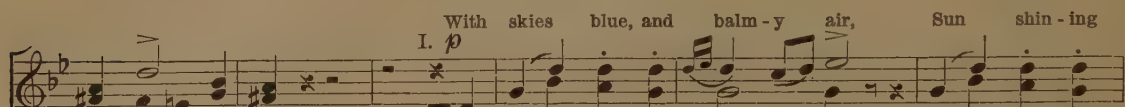
N.B. The text in *italics* for last time through (Da Capo).



bride - groom swing, His bride with - in the dan - cers' ring, And play, boys, your



groom swing bride in dan - cers' ring, Play, your



With skies blue, and balm - y air, Sun shin - ing

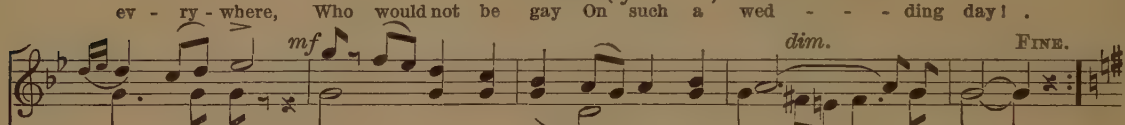
fee, boys, to earn!

Skies blue, and clear air, Sun shin - ing

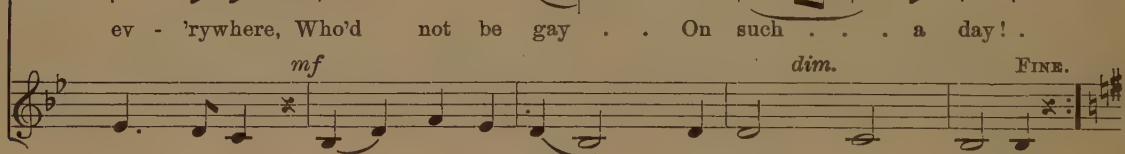


fee, boys, to earn! Ah! . . .

*Last time (after D.C.) ritard. al Fine.*



ev - ry - where, Who would not be gay On such a wed - ding day! .



ev - 'rywhere, Who'd not be gay . . . On such . . . a day! .

such a day! .

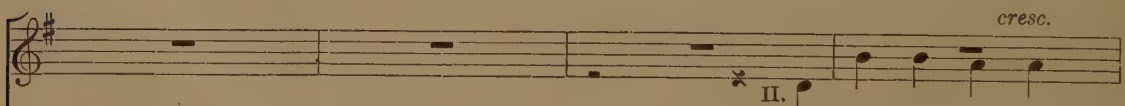


Room, make room! ye dan - cers all, for see,

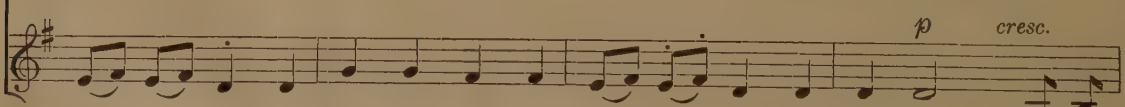
Room, make room! what dig - ni - ty, what grace!



'Tis our sei - gneur him -  
Such court - ly bows have



A meas - ure with the  
Or hon - or such be -



self has said, In hon - or of the new - ly - wed, A meas - ure with the  
ne'er been made To our An - nette, I am a - fraid; Or hon - or ne'er be -



*f* ————— *I* *V* *2* *D* *mf*  
 bride he'll tread For com - pan - y. — And now 'tis o'er, the  
 fore been paid To her sweet — face. not a - lone the  
*f* *mf*  
 bride  
 fore  
 Once more the vil - la - gers ad - vance,  
 To swing their part - ners in . . the round;  
 court - ly dance, Once more vil - la - gers ad - vance,  
 young are found, To - swing part - ners in the round;  
*dim.*  
 And ev - 'ry  
 For ev - 'ry  
*E*  
*ppp*  
 Ah, . . . . . Oh,  
*p*  
 lad his lass he gai - ly . swings, As clear - ly sing the fid - dle-strings.  
 one is danc - ing, young and old, They do their best their own to . hold.  
*cresc.* *f* *I* *2*  
 Who'd not be e - late, on such a day! day!  
 who'd not be e - late, I . pray, On such a wed - ding day! And day!  
*cresc.* *f*  
 Who'd not be e - late, On such a wed - ding day! And day!

*D. C. al Fine.*

GOOD-NIGHT.

ROUND.

1 2  
 75. *3*/*4* Good-night to you all, and sweet be your sleep: May an - gels a-round you their  
 3  
 si - lent watch keep; Good - night. good - night, good - night, good - night.

## MOONLIT MEADOWS.

S. S. A.

Alphons Czibulka, Op. 356.

M. Louise Baum.

*Tempo di Valse.*

SOPRANO I AND II.

Adapted and arranged by N. Clifford Page.

76. **12** *p*

II. *mf*

Moon - lit mead - ows shine a - far, . . . . Sil - ver

**ALTO.**  
**12**

*p*

wa - ters lie gleam - ing, . . Where the wil - lows are dream - ing, Gates of mem - 'ry

*p*

Ah, . . . . . While from cloud - land is beam - - ing

*pp* *p*

now un - bar, . . . . While from cloud-land is beam - ing

While from cloud-land is beam - ing

*pp* *A*

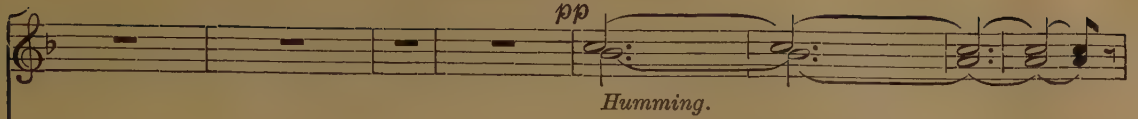
One fair star. . . Humming. Haunt - ed with

One . . . fair star, . . Ah, how the fan - cies come throng-ing, . . Humming.

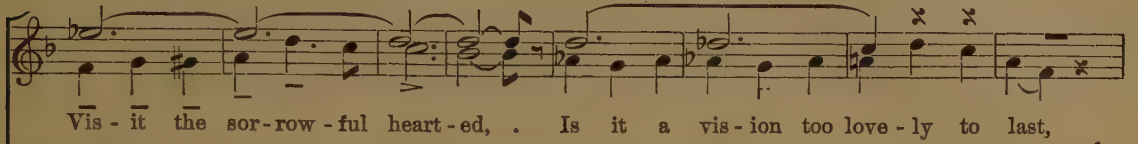
fra-grance of long - ing! . . All the mys - ter - i - ous charm of the night,

*mf marc.*

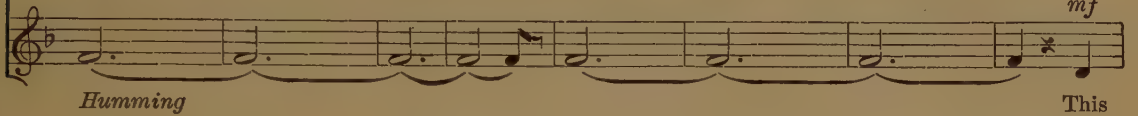
Means



beau - ty . . and de - light, . . Ech - oes of loves long de - part - ed, .



Vis - it the sor - row - ful heart - ed, . Is it a vis - ion too love - ly to last,



Ah! . . . . . Ah! . . . . .



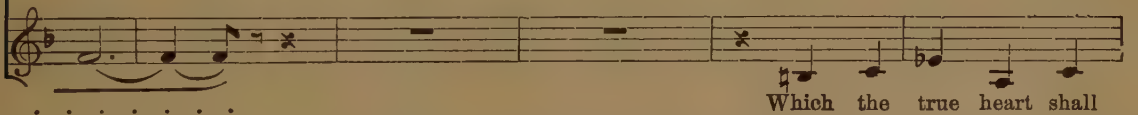
Sweet and slow, . sad and .



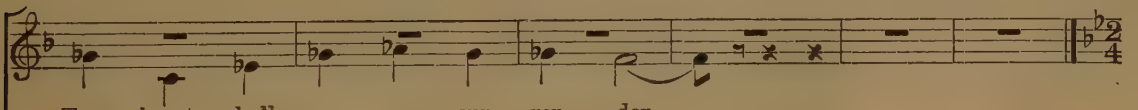
mag - i - cal dream . of the past? Ah! . . . . . Ah! . . . .



low, . . . The voice of those mem - o - ries ten - der, . . .



Which the true heart shall

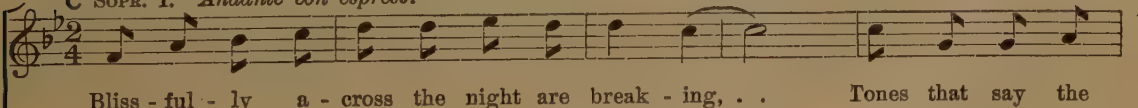


True heart shall nev - er sur - ren - der, . .



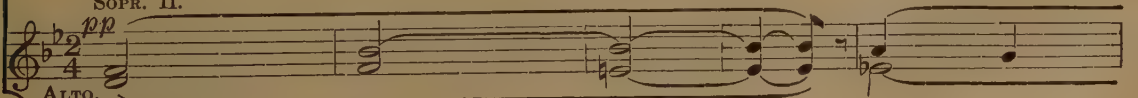
nev - er sur - ren - der, . .

**C** **SOPR. I.** *Andante con espress.*



Bliss - ful - ly a - cross the night are break - ing, . . Tones that say the

**SOPR. II.**



*Humming.*



night-in- gale is wak - ing, . . . . Mel-an- chol - ly sweet they rise, la - ment- ing long,

Ah! . . . . . Per - fume of the

*ALTO. marc.*

Flood - ing all the wood with gold - en song. . . . . Ah! . . . . .

rose we thought was van - ished, . . . . . Mu - sic of a

The breath of ros - es long since van - ish'd, . . .

joy the heart had ban - ish'd, . . . . . Tell us all our dreams are true and

A word of hope the heart had ban - ish'd.

Words of joy the heart had ban - ish'd. All our

*SOPR. I. divide* Ah! . . . *ff* *molto rit.* *mf a tempo.* *p* 3

can - not fail, . O is this thy mes- sage, night-in- gale? . . . . . To the

*ff* *molto rit.* *mf* So . . . . . to the song, . . . .

dreams are true, To the song, . . . . lis- ten

*poco rit.* *Tempo di Valse. 7* *a tempo ma poco lento.* *F*

song . . . . lis- ten long! . . . . . Moon - lit mead - ows

. . . to the song . . . . . lis- ten long! . . . .

long, . . . . lis- ten long! long! . . . . Ah! . . . . .

shine a - far, . . . . Sil - ver wa - ters lie gleam - ing, . Where the wil - lows are

dream - ing. . Ah! . . . . Wa - ters gleam, Ah! . . . . wil - lows dream.

Wa - ters gleam, . . . . wil - lows dream. . . . .

*ppp Soft as possible.* *pppp almost inaudibly.* 4

*Humming.*

*p Gradually slower and dying away.* *pp* *ppp*

Mu - sic floats a - far . . . . un - der yon fair star. . . . .

## MORNING PRAISE.

FROM "ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE."

Frederic Manley.

S. S. A.

C. W. von Glück.

Arranged by J. Remington.

*Andante tranquillo.*

SOPRANO I AND II.

77. Pure as dawn, fre - quent as dews, Let hymns and prais - es rise,

ALTO. *p*

Pure as dawn, Let hymns and prais - es rise,

*mf* Soon as the star in the day's splendor dies. Let . . them as - cend un - to

*mf* Un - to Him who

Him who holds the sea in thrall, Fa - ther of Heav - en, and Lord of all.

holds the sea in thrall,

**B** *a tempo poco animato*

Lift . . your voi - ces, Let them ring joy - ous - ly. Let ev - 'ry

*mf a tempo poco animato.*

thought of praise, Let your fervent pray'rs now rise Glad - some as birds that

Let your

*ritard.*

*e dim.*

**C** *a tempo.*

greet . the bright days. For . all light and joy . in God our gra - cious

*e dim.*

*mf a tempo.*

For all light and joy in our

King are found, So let your voi - ces with glad - ness re - sound.

*f*

*poco rit.*

King are found,



# OLD BLACK JOE.

Stephen C. Foster.

S. S. A.

Stephen C. Foster.

Arranged by J. Remington.

*Andante molto.**mf* SOPRANO I AND II.

78.

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay;  
 2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain?  
 3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free? The

ALTO.

A  
Melody SOPRANO II 2 measures.

Gone are my friends from the cot - ton fields a - way; Gone from this earth to a  
 Why do I sigh that my friends come not a - gain, Griev - ing for forms now de -  
 chil - dren so dear, that I held up - on my knee? Gone to the shore where my

*mf* Melody. 2 measures.

I.  
 II.  
 bet - ter land I know, I hear their gen - tle voic - es call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"  
 part - ed long a - go? I hear their gen - tle voic - es call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"  
 soul has long'd to go, I hear their gen - tle voic - es call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"

B  
*pp*

I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing For my head is bend - ing low, . . . I

*poco rit. e dim.**pp*

hear those gen - tle voic - es call - ing, "Old Black Joe!" . .

*poco rit. e dim.**pp*

## LULLABY.

FROM "JOCELYN."

S. S. A.

\*(Violin part *ad libitum*.)

Benjamin Godard.

Arranged by N. Clifford Page.

English version by  
Frederick H. Martens.*Andante con moto.*SOPRANO II. (*A few voices only.*)

79. *pp* *rit.*

ALTO. (*A few voices only.*) (*Humming.*)

RECIT.

*p*

SOLO OR SELECTED VOICES. (SOPRANO I.)

1. Kind Heav'n this se - cret ref - uge grants us in our  
2. 'Tis God who guards us safe in qui - et for - est

*a tempo.*

flight. . Mis - for - tune draws us close En - com - pass'd by the  
ways. . The waves, that on - ward flow Soft glid - ing, scarce - ly

SOPRANO II.

*ppp*

ALTO. (*Hum.*)

night, The hours of dark - ness pass the while we are dream - ing, Or our  
know Where their vague cur - rents go; and day fol - lows day; While we

(*Hum.*)

*poco rit.*

pray'r ris - es where the stars are ra - dant beam - ing. . .  
pray that His bless - ing rest up - on us al - way. . .

*poco rit.**pp*
*Andante molto espressivo.*

A ALL THE SOPRANO I.

Sleep, so your tale of dreams be told, . . . That an - gels weave of glam - our's seem - ing,

ALL SOPRANO II AND ALTO.

(*Hum.*)

# LULLABY.

87

*cresc.* *dim. e ritard.*

A - long a fil - a - ment of gold, . . . . Ah sleep, . . May .

*cresc.* *dim. e ritard.*

*portando. a tempo. B p*

joy touch all your dream - ing! Sleep, sleep, till dawn-ing wake the day!

*pp pp pp*

*mf ril. p 1 pp D.C. 2 pp ppp*

God e - ter - nal, watch o'er him, I pray! . . pray! . . . .

*p mf ril. pp D.C. pp ppp*

# SERENADE.

S. S. A.

Gabriel Pierné.

English version by M. Louise Baum.

Arranged by N. Clifford Page.

*Allegretto.*

4 *p* SOPRANO I.

80. With sil - ver stars a - light, . . . De-scends the sum-mer night,

A SOPRANO II.

The wind doth soft - ly go . . Where li - lacs blow. . . . 'Mid leaves all

*pp*

cool and deep . . . . . The nest - led bird - lings sleep, .

ALTO.

'Mid leaves all cool and deep . . . The nest - led



## SERENADE.

**B**

Sop. I. *p* With sil - ver

Come, the wood - lands calm are breath - ing balm. . . Ah

bird - lings sleep, . Sil - ver - y stars a - light,

stars a - light, . . . . . Come, O love of

come . . . . . Slow de - scends the sum - mer night, Come, O

Glow . . . thro' clear sum - mer night, . . . . . Come for

mine, I am thine own, Be mine a - lone! . .

*cresc.* *f* *p* **C**

love, be mine a - lone! . .

I . am thine own, Be mine a - lone! . . We'll set our fan - cies

*Softly like an echo.* *pp*

Sop. II.

We'll set our fan - cies roam - ing, . . On wings of fra - grance and of

roam - ing, . . . . . On wings of fra - grance and of song. . . . .

Ah! . . . . . Ah! . . . . .

song That ech - oes a - far, Ah! . . . . . Ah! . . . . .

Ah! the song shall ech - o long! . .

**D** *p* SOPRANO I.

SOPRANO II.

Ah! a - las, . all in vain is my call! Si - lence reigns un - brok - en o'er

Come, the air is sweet, the hour is fleet! Ah come! . . . . .

*cresc.* *f* *dim.*

all! . . . Come, . . . winds are sweet, The hour is

fleet, the hour is fleet! With sil-ver stars a - light . . .

*ril.* *a tempo.* *p*

The hour is fleet! With sil-ver

De-scends the sum-mer night, . . . The wind doth

stars a - light . . . . . De-scends the sum-mer night, . . .

soft-ly go . . . . . Where li-lacs blow. . . . .

The wind doth soft-ly go . . . . . Where li-lacs blow, li-lacs

'Mid leaves all cool and deep, . . . . . The nest-led bird-lings sleep, .

*F* *I. mf* *pp*

blow. 'Mid leaves all cool and deep, . . . The nest-led

*II. p* *cresc.* *I. p* With sil-ver stars a - light, . . .

Come, the for-est calm is breathing balm. . . Ah come! . . . . .

bird-lings sleep, . . . Sil-ver-y stars a - light, Glow . . . thro'

## SERENADE.

Come, O love of  
*cresc.*

Slow de - scends the sum - mer night. . Come, O  
*cresc.*

clear sum - mer night. . . . . Come for  
mine! I am thine own! Be mine a - lone! . . .

love be mine a - lone! . . . *f* *p* **G**

I am thine own! Be mine a - lone! . . . *f* *p* *p*

*Softly like an echo.* We'll set our fan - cies

*pp* We'll set our fan - cies roam - ing On wings of fra-grance and of

roam - ing On wings of fra-grance and of song. . . . .

To worlds of fan - cy hom - - ing, . . . . .

*pp* song. . . . . *ppp* *molto rit.*

Where lov - ers love for  
*molto rit.*

To worlds of fan - cy roam,

*a tempo.* long! . . . O . . . come, . . . O . . . come! . . . *rit. ppp*

*a tempo.* *rit. ppp*

## THE BELL DOTH TOLL.

(ROUND.)

81. **1** The bell doth toll, Its ech - oes roll, I know the sound full well;

**2** I love its ring - ing, For it calls to sing - ing, With its

**3** bim, bim, bim, bom bell, Bim, bom, bim, bom bell.



# LAST NIGHT.

S. S. A.

Melody in Alto; voices may interchange if desired.

2d Verse: Soprano II and Alto exchange.

3d Verse: Soprano I sing Alto, Soprano II sing I, Alto sing Soprano II.

Halldan Kjerulf.

English text by Theodore Marzials.

Arranged by N. Clifford Page.

82.

Andantino. SOPRANO I AND II. *pp*

Humming.

1. Last night the night - in - gale woke me, Last night when  
 2. I think of you in the day time, I dream of  
 3. Oh, think not I can for - get you; I could not

all was still, . . . It sang in the gold - en moon - light; From  
 you by night; . . . I wake . and would you were here, love; And  
 tho' I would; . . . I see you in all . . . a - round me, The

*ppp ritard.**A a tempo.**ritard.**a tempo.*

out . . . the wood - land hill. I o - pen'd my win - dow so  
 tears . . . are blind - ing my sight. I hear a low breath in the  
 stream, . the night, the wood. The flow - ers that slum - ber so

gent - ly, I look'd on the dream - ing dew, . . . And oh! the bird, my  
 lime tree, The wind is float - ing through, . . . And oh! the night, my  
 gent - ly, The stars a - bove the blue; . . . Oh heav'n it - self, my

D.C.

(INTRO.)

FINE.

dar - ling, Was sing - ing, sing - ing of you, of you. .  
 dar - ling, Was sigh - ing, sigh - ing for you, for you. .  
 dar - ling, Was pray - ing, pray - ing for you, for you. .

# MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

S. S. A.

(Melody in Alto.)

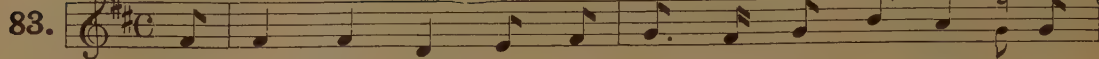
Stephen C. Foster.

*Andante moderato.*

ALTO.

Stephen C. Foster.

Arranged by J. Remington.



1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis  
 2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On the  
 3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher-



sum-mer, the dark-ies are gay; . The corn-top's ripe and the  
 mead-ow, the hill and the shore; . They sing no more by the  
 ev-er the dark-ey may go; . . A few more days, and the



mead-ow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu-sic all the day. . The  
 glim-mer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab-in door. . The  
 trou-ble all will end, In the field where the su-gar canes . grow; . A

SOPRANO I AND II.

A *pp*

(Humming.)

ALTO.



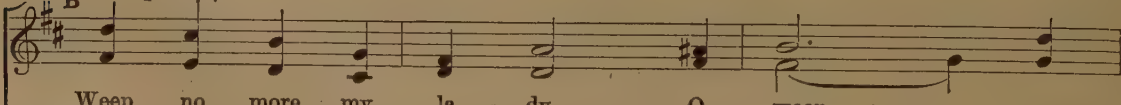
young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry, all hap-py and bright; . By'm  
 day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, With sor-row, where all was de-light; . The  
 few more days for to tote the wea-ry load, No mat-ter, 'twill nev-er be light; . A



(Humming.)



bye hard times comes a-knock-ing at the door, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!  
 time has come when the dark-ies have to part, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!  
 few more days till we tot-ter on the road, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!

B *sempre. pp*

Weep no more, my la-dy, O weep . . . . no



Weep no more, my la-dy, . . O weep no more to -

more to - day! We will sing . one song, one . . song, *Humming*

day! . . . We will sing one song for the old Ken-tuck - y home, For the

*rit.* *ppp*

*(Humming.)* far a - way!

*rit.*

old Ken - tuck - y home, far a - way! . . . . .

# RECITATIVE AND PRAYER.

FROM "OTELLO."

English version by  
Frederick H. Martens.  
*Adagio.*

S. S. A.

Giuseppe Verdi.  
Arranged by Bertha Remick.

ALTO SOLO OR SELECTED VOICES.

6

RECITATIVE.

84. 

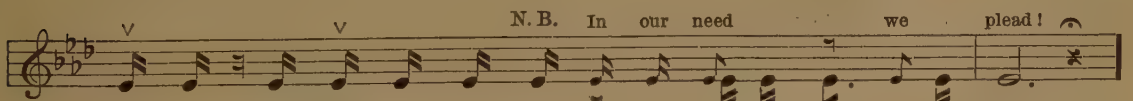
Oh, Pow'r a - bove! Hear our pe - ti - tion!



And of Thy mer - cy's plen - i - tude grant to us re -



mis - sion Of ev - 'ry mor - tal er - ror, both of o -



N.B. In our need we plead!

mis - sion and of com - mis - sion, in our need we plead!

A PRAYER.

*p* SOPRANO I AND II.



Hear Thou the pray'rs that up to Thee are wing - ing, mor - tal

*p* ALTO.

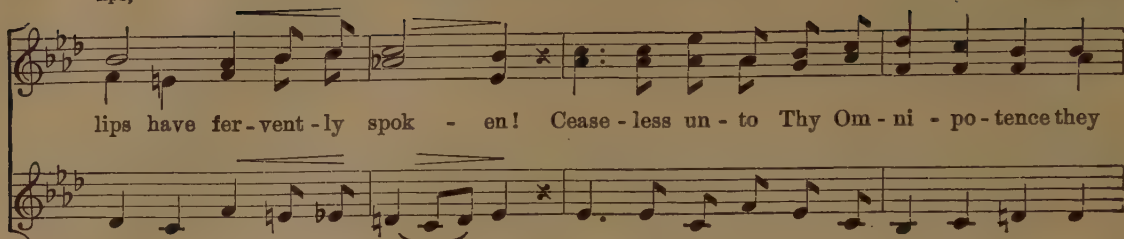


N. B. The small notes give rhythm of original, but the English version is recited to better effect on the rhythm of large notes.

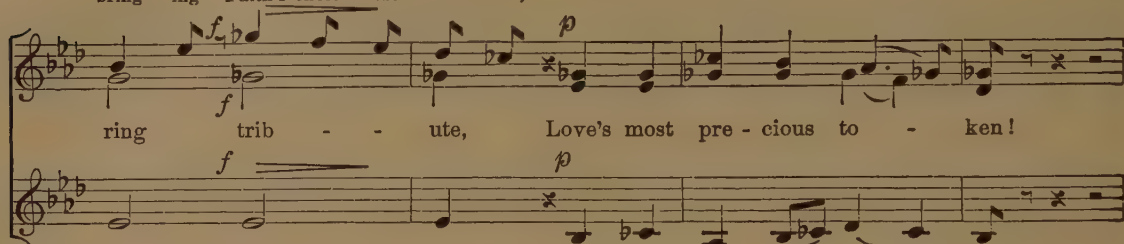
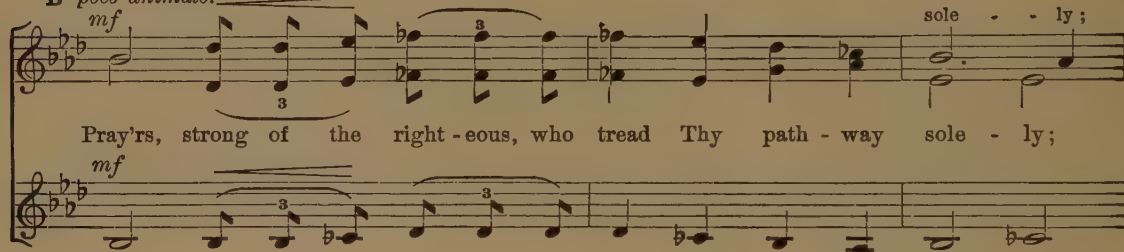
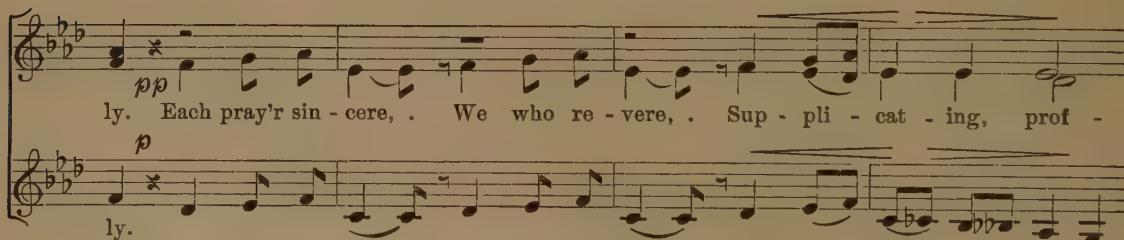
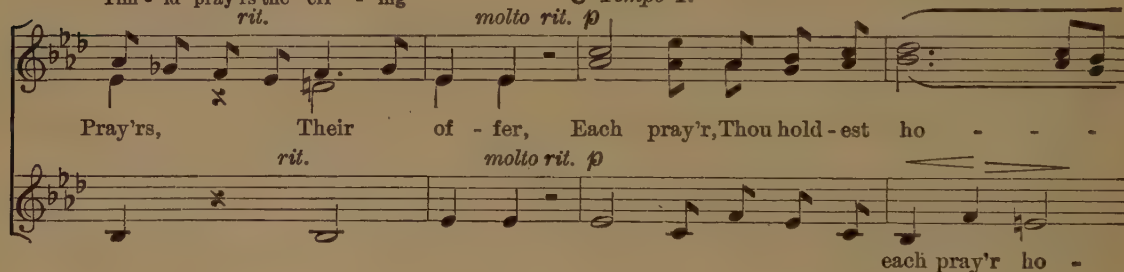
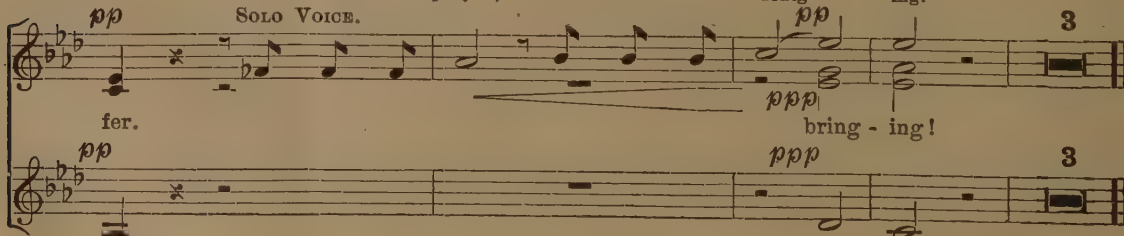


lips,

they're



bring - ing Faith's choic - est trib - ute,

**B** *poco animato.*Tim - id pray'rs the err - ing  
*rit.***C** *Tempo I.*Hear Thou our pray'rs, Faith's trib - ute bring - ing!  
SOLO VOICE.

## IT WAS A DREAM.

English words by  
Frederick H. Martens.

S. S. A.

Eduard Lassen.

Arranged by N. Clifford Page.

*Slowly, with great expression.* SOPRANO I AND II.

85.

1. I saw the na - tive land I lov'd and knew, Where  
for - eign lands a stran - ger, far I stray'd, I  
moth - er tongue she used, and spoke to me. Those

*p* ALTO.

O'er . . . my land, . . . where  
Far . . . I stray'd, . . . and  
Ten . . . der words . . . she

tall the crest - ed oak - tree grew, . . . O'er vi - o - lets' ten - der  
came to know a love - ly maid, . . . Soft - eyed . . . and un - a -  
ten - der words "I love but thee!" . . . How sweet . . . their mel - o -

tall . . . oaks grew, O'er vi - o - lets' ten - der  
knew . . . a maid, Soft - eyed . . . and un - a -  
spoke . . . to me, How sweet . . . their mel - o -

blue,  
fraid,  
dy,

blue, o'er vio - lets blue, . It was a dream. . 2. In  
fraid, and un - a - fraid, . It was a dream. . 3. My  
dy, . their mel - o - dy, . . . It was a dream.

blue, . vio - lets blue, It was a dream.  
fraid, . un - a - fraid, It was a dream  
dy, . mel - o - dy, It was a dream.

## A BOAT TO CROSS THE FERRY.

ROUND.

1 2  
86. A boat, a boat, to cross the fer - ry; For we are

3  
bound to Can - ter - bur - y, To laugh and dance and to be mer - ry.

## WHO IS SILVIA?

Wm. Shakespeare.

S. S. A.

Franz Schubert.

From "The Two Gentlemen of Verona."

Arranged by Clifford Carle.

Moderato.

4 *mp* SOPRANO I AND II.

87.

1. Who is Sil - via? what is she, . That all our swains com-  
 2. Is she kind as she is fair? For beau - ty lives with  
 3. Then to Sil - via? let us sing, That Sil - via is ex -

4 ALTO.

mend her? Ho - ly, fair . and wise is she; . The  
 kind - ness; Love doth to . her eyes re - pair, . To  
 cell - ing; She ex - cels . each mor - tal thing, Up -

Our swains com-mend her?  
 It lives with kind-ness;  
 She is ex - cell - ing;

Heav'n such grace did lend . her,  
 help him of his blind - ness,  
 on the dull earth dwell - ing;

*A p*

That she . might ad - mir - ed . .  
 And be - ing helped in - hab - its . .  
 To her . . let . . us gar - lands

*p*

Such grace was lent her,  
 To help his blind-ness,  
 Up - on earth dwell - ing;

That she might ad - mir - ed be.  
 Be - ing helped in - hab - its there.  
 To her let us gar - lands bring.

*mf*

3

be, . That she . . might ad - mir - ed be.  
 there, And be - ing helped in - hab - its there.  
 bring, To her let us gar - lands bring.

*mf*

3

That she might, that she might ad - mir - ed be.  
 Be - ing helped, be - ing helped in - hab - its there.  
 Gar-lands bring, to her let . . us gar - lands bring.

# THE VIOLET AND THE ROSE.

M. Louise Baum.

S. S. A.

Erik Meyer-Helmund, Op. 5, No. 5.

Arranged by N. Clifford Page.

*Moderato con espress.*

88.

*mf* SOPRANO I.  
A fool - ish vio - let loved the sum - mer wind,

*mf* SOPRANO II.  
ALTO.

*f*  
That sighed and whis - pered to the ros - es; The wind would woo

*p*  
The wind would

a blush - ing bud, Un - til her heart un -  
bud, Un - til her heart, her

*pp*  
woo . . . a blush - ing bud, . . . Un - til . .

*A mf*  
clos - es! But when all ten - der - ly the twi - light comes,  
heart un - clos - es!

*mf*  
. . her heart un - clos - es!

And nois - y day at last is ban - ished, The

And nois - y day at last, at last is ban - ished,



rose a - waits and sighs him vain - ly, Her lov - er wind has van - - ished :  
van-ish'd, van - - ished!

rose waits and sighs him vain - ly, Her lov - er wind has van - - ished!

**B a tempo.** *pp* (like an echo.)  
Ah! . . . . (Humming! Humming!)

*mp* Her gen - tle tears be - dew the vi - o - let *p* That bends be - neath her fra - grant

Be - neath her bow'r. All star - ry bright with tears of mine, O

bow'r. . . . . All star - ry bright with

vi - o - let, I see thee shine!"

tears of mine, I see thee shine! . *molto ritard.* All star - ry bright I see thee,

**C a tempo.**

And when the wayward wind next morn - ing comes, And finds the vio - let crowned with  
vio - - let

And finds the vio - let crowned with

splen - dour; It woos the flow'r  
and finds the vio - let crowned with splen - dour, *pp*

splen - dour, . . . . It woos the

once left un - seen, With whis - per low and and  
un - seen, With whis - per low and and

*pp* flow'r . . . once left un - seen, . . . With whis -

**D**

ten - - - der, It bends to kiss her there, and steals a - way  
ten - der,

- per low and ten - der,

*cresc.* *f* The lu - cent gems, O faith - less lov - er,  
*cresc.* O . faith - less lov - er, *p*

*mf* O faith - less lov - er,

*p ritard. molto.* And now the vio - let's droop - ing brow . . . The drift - ing rose - leaves cov - er!

*p ritard. molto.* (Humming . . . . .) ' rose - leaves cov - er!

SPRING.

Samuel Farrar.

ROUND.

J. Stainer.

1 *Allegretto.* (♩ = 100.)

89. The win - ter has pass'd with its frowns a - way, And the

**2** beau - ti - ful Spring is com - ing; The chil - dren are out in the field at play. And the

**3** bees round the flow - ers are hum - ming; It seems as if Spring, with her

balm - y breath, Hath wak - en'd all things from a sleep of death.

## SLEEP, NOBLE HEARTS.

(A MEMORIAL SONG.)

Frederic Manley.

Adagio.

S. S. A.

Felix Mendelssohn.

Arranged by Humphrey Mitchell.

90.

SOPRANO I AND II.

1. Sleep, no - ble hearts, your coun - try's love is o'er you; Sleep in the  
 2. Sleep, side by side, dear sons of one great Moth - er; Rest, for the

p ALTO.

land  
drumsyou  
will

A

mf

land you gave your lives to save: Long as the stars en - dure, we will a -  
 drums will stir your blood no more: Sleep, for the night that part - ed friend and

mf

land  
drums

that your lives did save:  
 stir your blood no more:

B

dore you, Com - ing with May to deck each he - ro's grave. Spring lights the  
 broth - er, Long since is gone to curse our land no more! Sweet as the

Deck - ing with May ev - 'ry he - ro's grave.  
 Long since is gone curs - ing us no more!

Spring lights the earth with joy - ous beau - ty.  
 Sweet as the dawn on lil - ies break - ing,

mf

earth with glad, re - sur - gent beau - ty, Pour - ing her  
 light of dawn on lil - ies break - ing, Peace with her

mf

f

Pour - ing her  
 Peace with her

poco riten.

fra - grance of leaf and bud a - bout you, Oh, True and Brave Who died for home and  
 bless - ing of friend - ship true and ten - der, from sea to sea Thro' all our land is

poco riten.

And Sleep, in he - her heart, in side her heart side, . . . *a tempo.*

du - ty: . . . And in her heart The Au - gust one who  
wak - ing. . . Sleep side by side, Dear sons of one great

*a tempo.*

du - - ty: And  
wak - - ing. Sleep

*mf* <sup>C</sup>

bore you, Change - less and bright her spir - it blos - soms shine; O - ver your  
Moth - er, Sleep in the land you gave your lives to save. Sweet be your

*mf*

Change-less her spir - it blos - soms bright - ly shine;  
Sleep in the fair land that your lives did save.

*p* *mp* *pp*

grave, Death - less they wave, Blos - soms of love from mem - 'ry's sa - cred shrine.  
rest, Hon - or'd and blest, Blest in the love that shines be - yond the grave.

*p* *mp* *from that* *pp*

## THREE BLIND MICE.

ROUND.

1 FINE.

91. *Three blind mice, . Three blind mice, . Three blind mice!*

2 *See how they run, . See how they run, . See how they run! . They*

3 *all ran af - ter the farm - er's wife, She cut off their tails with a*

*D.C. al Fine.*

*carv - ing knife; Did ev - er you see such a sight in your life as*



## SWEET DAY IS SOFTLY DYING.

S. A. A.

Old French Melody.

Arranged by N. Clifford Page.

Frederic Manley.

*Moderato cantabile.*

SOPRANO.

*p*

92.

ALTO I AND II.

*p*

Sweet day is soft - ly dy - ing Up -  
(Soft) sound of sil - ver voice - es From

Sweet day is . . soft - ly dy - ing  
Soft sound of . . sil - ver voice - es

on the hills of gold; Night winds are soft - ly  
brooks that laugh a - long, Sweet noise, where earth re -

Up - on the hills of gold; . . Night winds are . . .  
From brooks that laugh a - long, . . Sweet noise, where .

sigh - ing Through wood - lands drear and cold:  
joie - es When winds wake woods to song;

soft - ly sigh - ing Through wood - lands drear and cold:  
earth re - joie - es When winds wake woods to song;

Still a host of min-strels soon will sing Cheer-ful and bold. . The  
Hear the crick - et's cheer-ful car - ol ring O - ver the hill! . . The

dark will soon be thrill-ing The hills and mead-ows ring. Soft  
Joy of Na-ture's mu - sic Is nev - er, nev - er still! . . . .

*poco rit.**I a tempo.**2 pppp**a tempo.**pppp*

## O THOU, MY NATIVE LAND.

S. A. A.

M. Louise Baum.

*Slowly, solemnly.*

Hugo Wolf.

Arr. by P. C. Warren.

SOPRANO.

93.

1. O thou, my na - tive land, far fam'd . . in sto - ry,  
 2. O thou, my coun - try's name, fair realm . . of won - der,

ALTO I AND II.

Where o - cean un - to o - cean calls, A - cross the moun -  
 Where u - ni - ty and free - dom bide, Where might - y chants .

- tain's green and tow'r-ing walls . Of glo - ry.  
 . . of broth-er-hood out-ride . . The thun - der.  
 glo - ry.  
 thun - der.

Where sis - ter  
 Where man is

Where sis - ter lakes . . . . .  
 Where man is man . . . . .

down To their might - y leap, . . . .  
 worth may tri - um - phant rise, . . . .  
 lakes go sing - ing down To their might - y leap, . .  
 man and na - tive worth May tri - um - phant rise, . .

. . . go sing - ing down, . . . . .  
 . . . and na - tive worth, . . . . .

B

2

And thro' his plains the Fa - ther of wa - ters calm - ly doth gulf - ward sweep.  
 Where o'er u - ni - ted peo - ples a star - ry ban - ner in splen - dor flies.

2

## MAY DANCE.

S. A. A.

Paul Lacome.

Frederic Manley.

Arranged by N. Clifford Page.

*Allegro.*

94.

8 *SOPRANO.*

Come where the vi - ols are sing - ing, . . and mer - ry

8 *SOPRANO II. ALTO.*

laugh - ter of beau - ty is ring - ing, . . Where the lad - dies . . . and the

Where the lad - dies . . .

las - sies . . . dance as light - ly as leaves in the breeze . .

. . and the las - sies . . . dance as leaves in the breeze . .

Youth and the May - time to - geth - er, . . . . . Danc - ing the same joy - ous

Youth and May to - geth - er, . . . Dance a joy - ous

meas - ure, . Thro' the mer - ry day . . . . . in the month of May, . . . . .  
Thro' the mer - - ry day,*Alto marcato. mf*

All thro' the mer - ry month of

*cresc.* *mf* *p*

.. Mak-ing all the world, the world so . . . gay. . . . Thro' the mer-ry  
 Mak - ing the world so . . . gay. . . .

May, Mak - - ing the world so gay. . .

*cresc.* *f*

day . . . . in the month of May, . . . Mak-ing all the world, the world so  
 Thro' the mer - - - ry day, . . . .

*p* *mf* *f*

All thro' the mer - - ry month of May,

*ff* *rit. ff* *B*

gay. Tra - la - la! Tra - la - la! . . And with laugh - ter that chas - es our

*ff* *rit. ff*

*mf*

sad - ness . . each pret-ty maid moves in light rhyth-mic glad-ness, . . Soft - ly

*cresc.*

sway-ing . . . . to the play - ing . . . . of the youths with the

*p* *p*

Soft - ly sway - ing . . . . to the play - ing . . . . of the

*f*

tam - bours a - ring - ing, round them sing - ing Tra - la . . . .

*f*



1 *ff rit. a tempo.* To TRIO. 2 *ff for ending only.* FINE.

Tra - la - la! . . . Tra - la - la! . . . . .

**C TRIO.**  
*Meno mosso. pp \* (Humming.)*

*mf* See how the soft shad - ows all a - bloom. Dance with the  
*ppp.* (Humming.)

sun thro' the trees, . . . (Humming) . . . . .

Ah! . . . See ev - 'ry cloud with its glow - ing . plume,  
*D mf* (Humming.)

Swal-lows are wheeling in air - y . . flight. .  
Ah! . . . . .

Dan-ces in time with the breeze. . . Swal-lows are wheeling in air - y flight. .

*pp* Fill'd with May. . O - ver the fields where soft eve-ning light gent-ly  
Fill'd with the laugh-ter of May. .

Fill'd with laugh-ter of May. . where the light . . . . . gent-ly  
*mf*

falls on gold of day. . . . . O - ver the fields where

falls on the gold of . . day. . . O - ver fields . . . . . where

\*The melody is distributed among different voice parts, but is indicated by dashes over notes; other voices to be accordingly subdued.

D.S. *al Fine*.

soft eve-ning light . gent - ly falls on the gold . . of day. . .

## MURMURING ZEPHYRS.

B. R. Sharon.

S. S. A.

Adolf Jensen.

*Poco mosso, con summa dolcezza.*

Arranged by Bertha Remick.

95. Mur - mur - ing breeze, ah, ze - phyr mild, . Through the

world now cease to .. wan - der, . Sing a song . with the

elm - tree . yon - der, sing a song with the elm - tree yon - der;

SOPRANO I AND II. A. *pp* For she sleeps, my fair - est child, For she sleeps, my

ALTO. *pp* For she sleeps, my

fair - est child. Gen - tle breeze, ah, ze - yhyr calm, Give her

rest and peaceful sleep-ing, She must cease her pain . . and weep-ing, Soon her heart will

feel thy balm. Peace-ful sleep, peace-ful sleep! Mur - mur,

*p* *riten.* *pp a tempo.*

ze - phyr, mur - mur . ah, ze - phyr, . ah,

*p* *pp (MELODY.)*

sing, sing, ze - phyr, . Ah, sing, . ah, . sing,

*p* *dim.*

For she sleeps, my fair - est child, .

*pp* *D* *pp*

For she sleeps, . my fair - est child!

*poco rit.* *fair - est* *a tempo.* 3

## THE LAMB.

William Blake.

S. S. A.

G. W. Chadwick.

*Andantino.**pp* SOPRANO I AND II.

96.

1. Lit - tle lamb, who made thee? Dost thou know who made thee? Gave thee life and  
 2. Lit - tle lamb, I'll tell thee; Lit - tle lamb, I'll tell thee; He is call - ed

*pp* ALTO.

bade thee feed By the stream and o'er the mead; Gave thee cloth - ing of de - light,  
 by thy name, For He calls Him - self a Lamb; He is meek and He is mild,

Soft - est cloth - ing wool - ly bright; Gave thee such a ten - der voice,  
 He be - came a lit - tle child. I a child and thou a lamb,

Mak - ing all the vales re - joice? Lit - tle lamb, who made thee?  
 We are call - ed by His name. Lit - tle lamb, God bless thee,

Lit - tle lamb, who made thee?

Lit - tle lamb, God bless thee.



## THE FAIRY DANCE.

S. S. A.

Frederick H. Martens.

Luigi Arditi.

Arranged by N. Clifford Page.

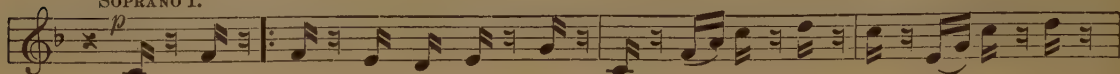
*Allegro moderato.*

97.



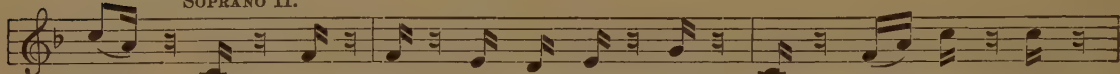
GAVOTTE. (♩ = 132.)

SOPRANO I.

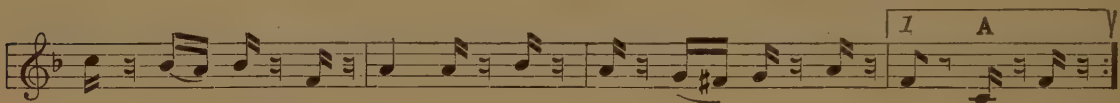


1. Trip - ping light where the moon is beam - ing, See the fai - ries rev - el  
wings are like rain - bows glow - ing, In soft beau - ty quiv - 'ring

SOPRANO II.



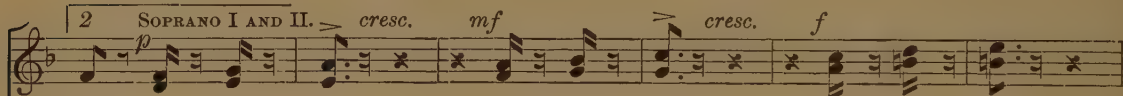
hold, Danc - ing gay in the light waves gleam - ing, Un - der -  
light; Ra - dant they in the dance are show - ing, There with -



neath the stars of gold, Un - der - neath the stars of gold! 2. Gau - zy  
in the cir - cle bright, There with - in the cir - cle

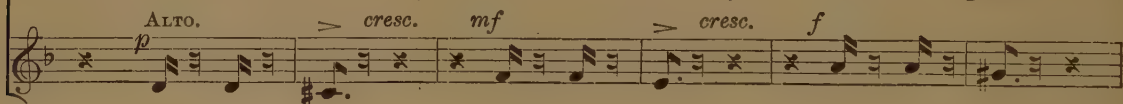
B

2 SOPRANO I AND II.

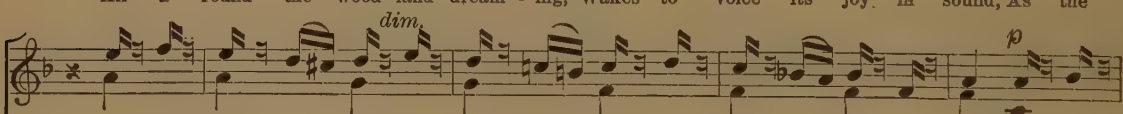
*cresc.**mf**cresc.**f*

bright. Fair they seem, Like a dream, All a - gleam!

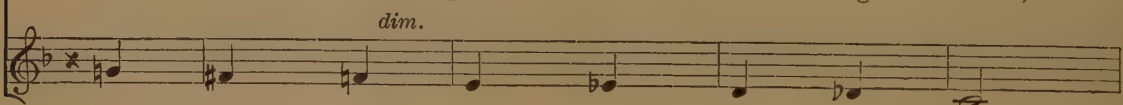
ALTO.

*cresc.**mf**cresc.**f*

All a - round the wood - land dream - ing, Wakes to voice its joy in sound, As the

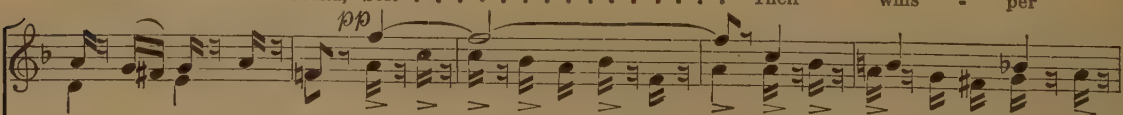


All 'round the glade wakes, voic - ing sound,

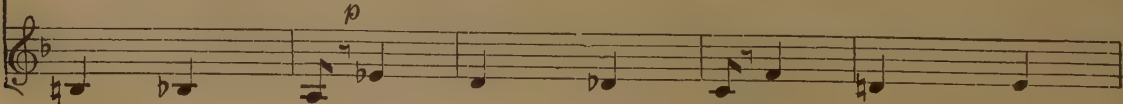


C

fai - ries dance their round, Soft . . . . . Their whis - per



voic - ing sound, Soft the rus - tle of for - est leaves, To their foot - fall its whis - per



Soft rus - tle leaves, Their whis - per

**D** *mf* *mf* Crick-ets

weaves,

*mf*

weaves, Deep-toned frogs where reeds are bend-ing, To the song their notes are lend-ing.

all be - gin their sing - ing, All the grove's with mu - sic

*Alto may be omitted until noted.*

Be - gin their sing - ing till all the leaf - y grove . . with na - ture's

**E** *mf* *poco a poco accelerando.*

ring - ing. Night-in - gale is soft - ly call - ing O'er and o'er his note en -

mu-sic rings! The night-in - gale . . is soft-ly call - ing . . his note en -

*molto animato e cresc.*

**I** *ff* *dim.*

thrall - ing; While the sum - mer breez - es blow! . . . . .

*Alto may resume.* *ff* *dim.*

**F** *mf poco rit. al tempo.* *a tempo. pp*

Float - ing by, like a

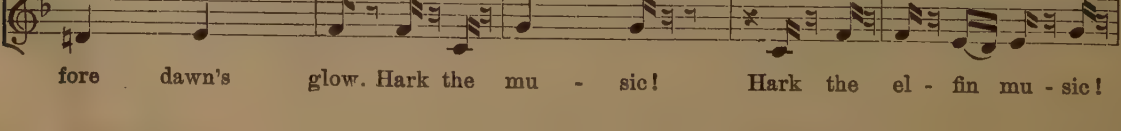
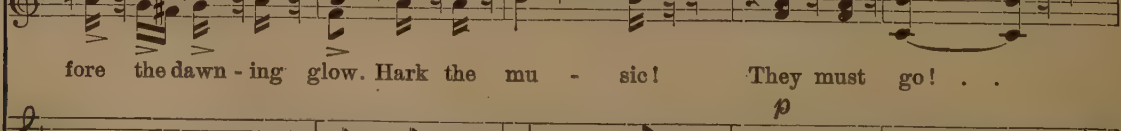
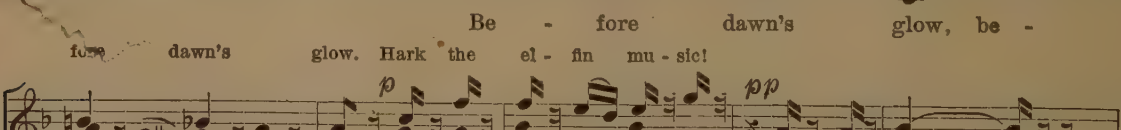
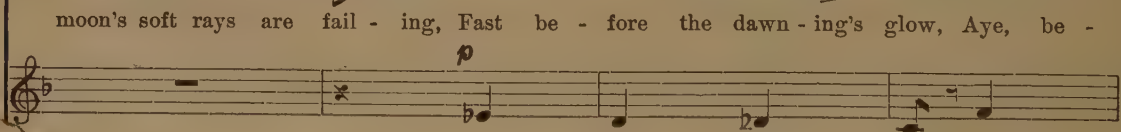
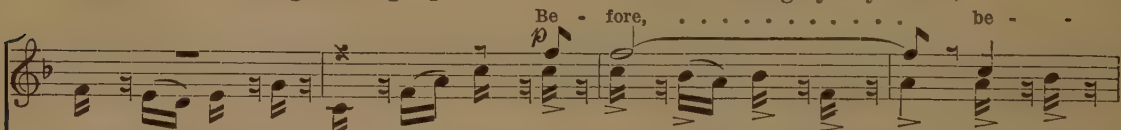
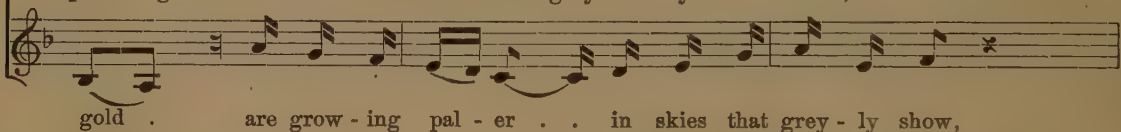
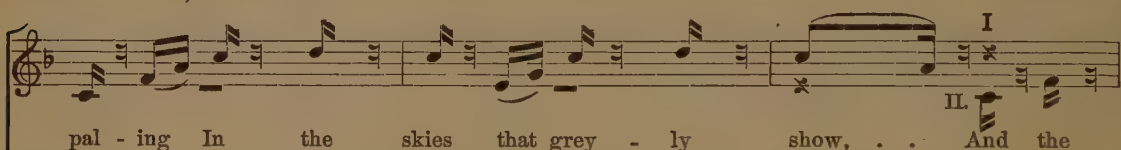
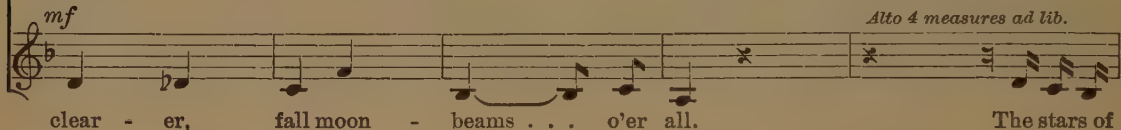
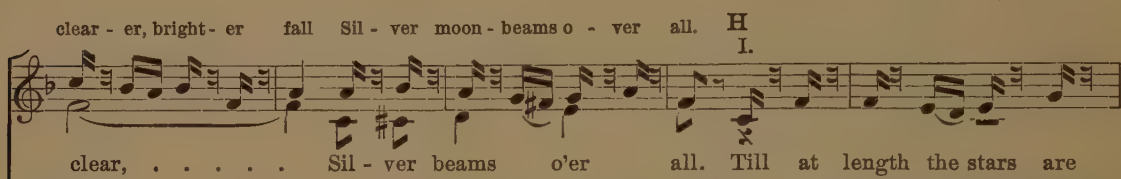
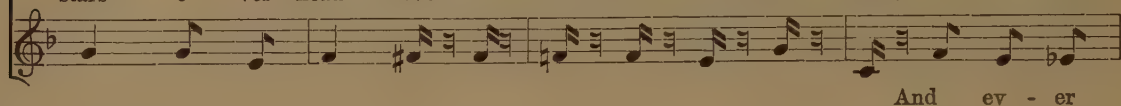
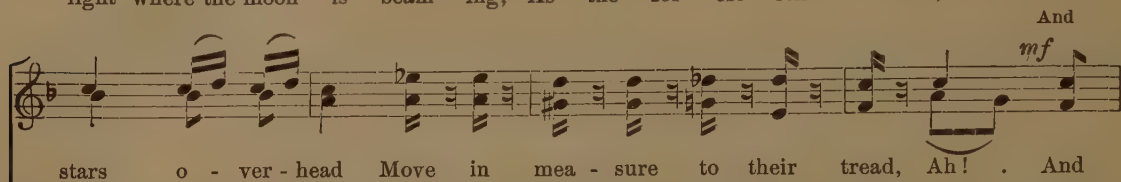
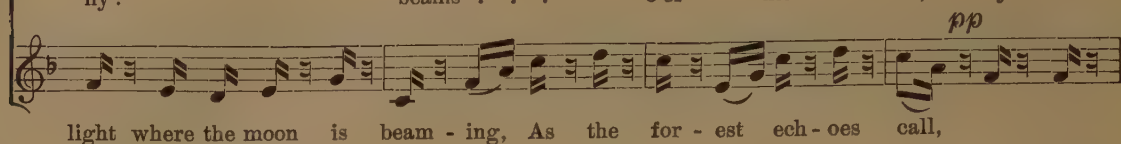
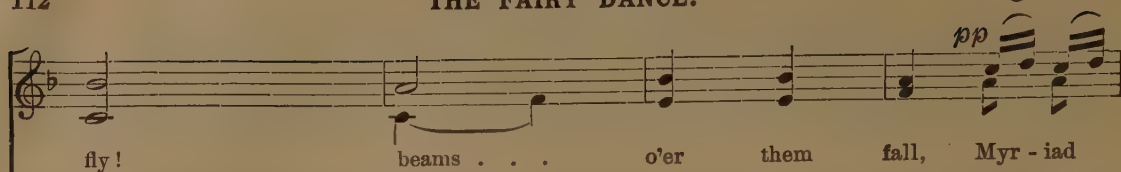
*mf poco rit. al tempo.* *a tempo. pp*

The fai - ry dan - cers fly! . . . . .

sigh, . . Fast they fly, . . the fai - ry dan - cers fly! They

*mf*

The fai - ry dan - cers fly, . . the dan - cers fly! Trip - ping



See the gold of the dawn, 'Tis morn!

## PILGRIMS' CHORUS.

FROM "TANNHAUSER."

S. S. A.

Richard Wagner.

Arranged by Humphrey Mitchell.

*Andante maestoso.*

SOPRANO I AND II.

98.

Once more, dear home, I with rap-ture be-hold thee, And greet the

ALTO.

fields that so sweet-ly en-fold thee, Thou pil-grim staff, may rest thee now Since

I... to Heav'n have ful-filled my vow. I have a

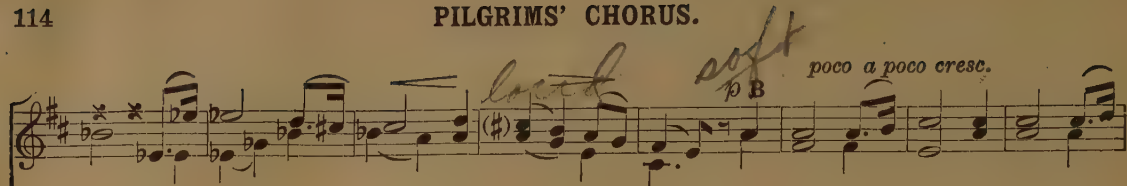
By pen-ance sore

And God's pure law my heart hath owned. My pains He

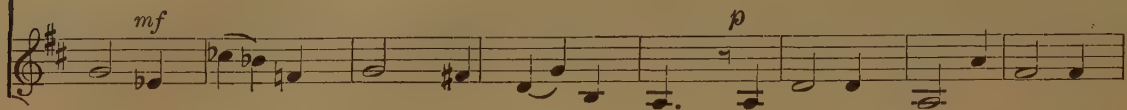
My pains hath He with bless-ing



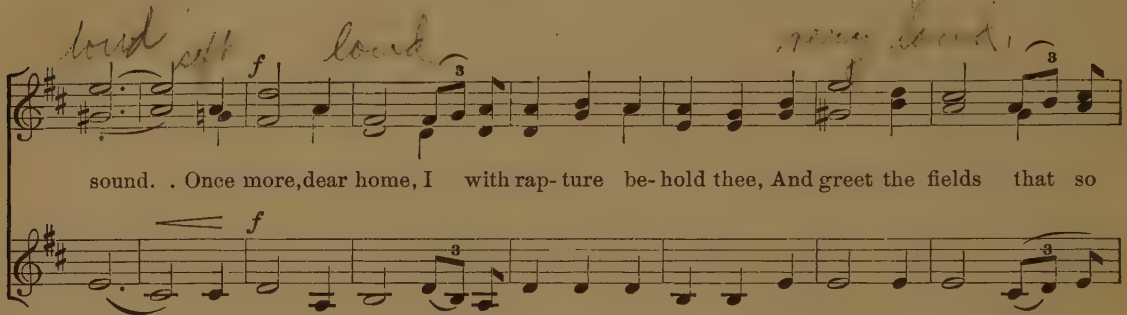
## PILGRIMS' CHORUS.



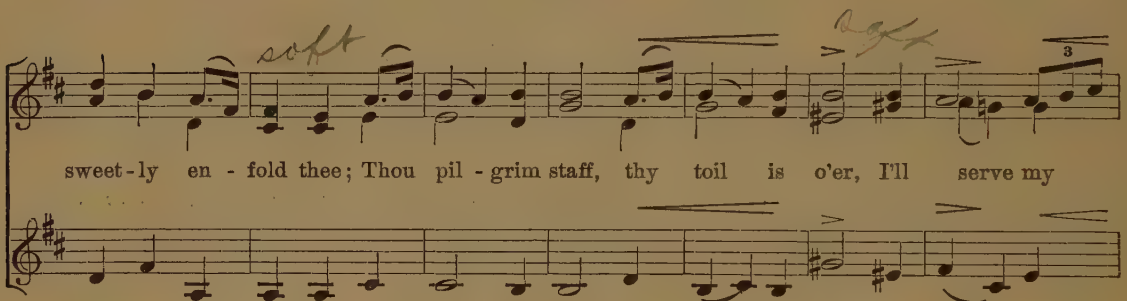
crown'd, To God my song shall aye re - sound, to God my song shall aye re -



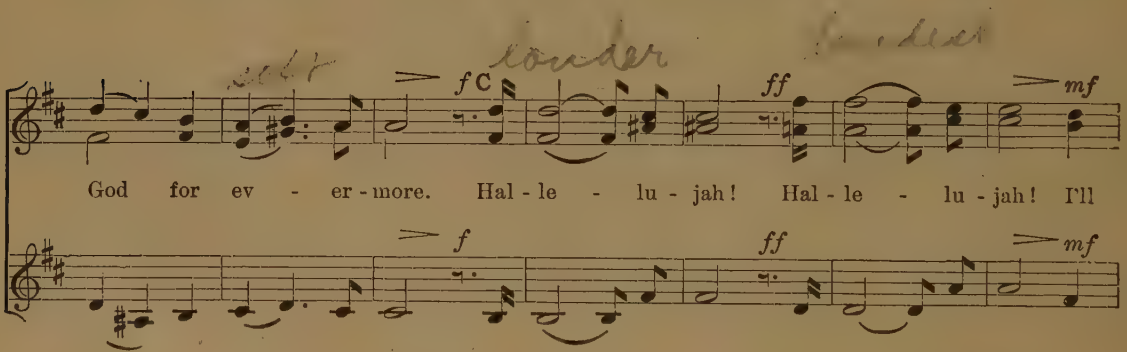
sound. . Once more, dear home, I with rap-ture be-hold thee, And greet the fields that so



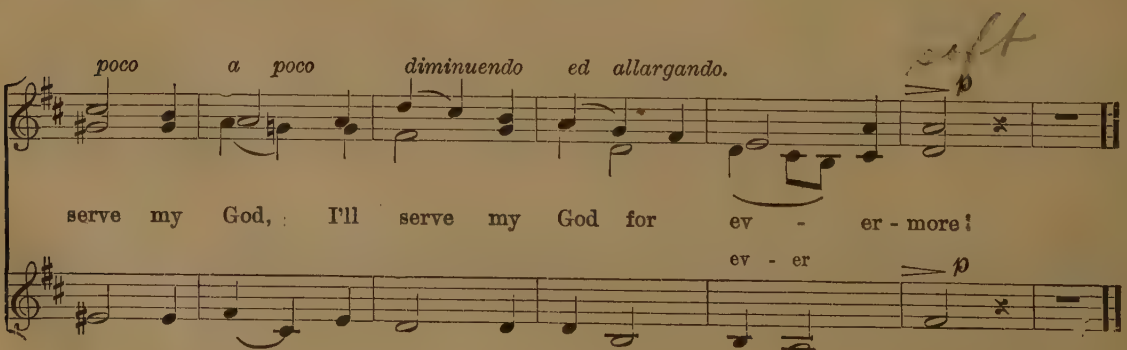
sweet-ly en - fold thee; Thou pil - grim staff, thy toil is o'er, I'll serve my



God for ev - er - more. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! I'll



serve my God, I'll serve my God for ev - er - more!



ev - er

## IN THE BOAT.

S. S. A.

English text by  
Frederick H. Martens.  
*Allegretto grazioso.*

Edvard Grieg.  
Arranged by P. C. Warren.

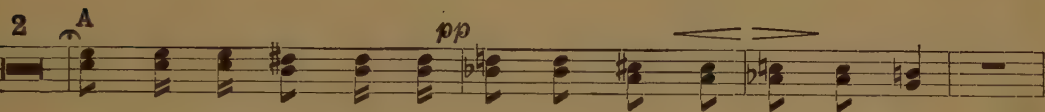
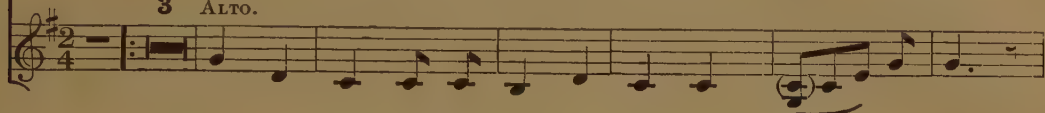
99.

3 SOPRANO I AND II.

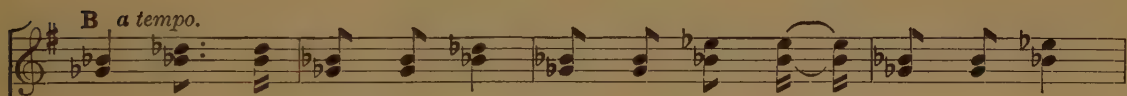
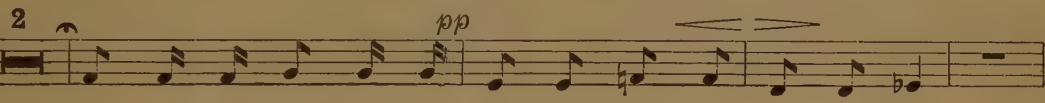


1. Sea - gulls drift - ing on pin - ions snow - y! . Sun - lit peace!  
2. Loose your tress - es so gold - en twin - ing! . Moon - lit joy!  
3. Gen - tly cra - die me ris - ing, fall - ing, . Bil - lows bland!

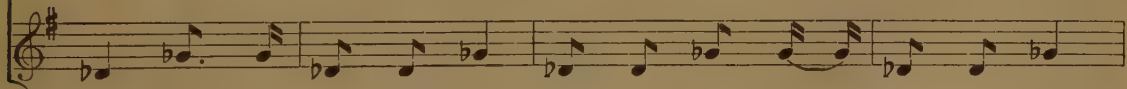
3 ALTO.



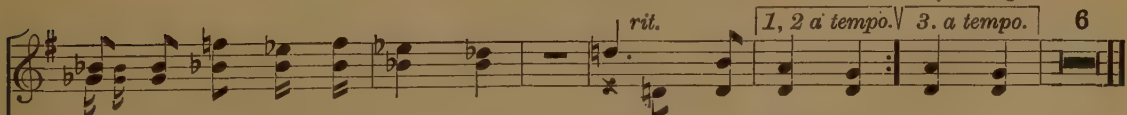
Proud of their plum - age so white and show - y, March the geese.  
On yon - der shore we will dance the shin - ing June - night through.  
With voice so ten - der, my love is call - ing, From the strand.



Row, row, the white sands gleam, Where the waves o'er the shal - lows dream,  
Wait, wait till \* Saint John's Day, You shall dance at our wed - ding gay,  
Rock, rock and bring me dreams, Till our life a . . vis - ion seems,

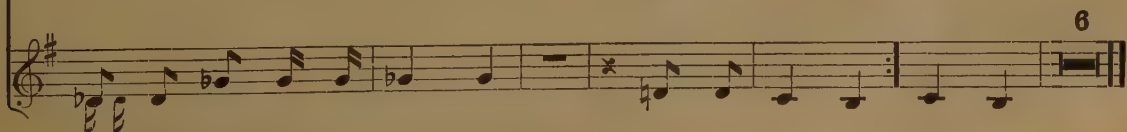


On - ward glid - ing.  
Are you will - ing?  
Round me dy - ing.



Sea - tides slum - ber - ing, rid - ing,  
Fid - dles all mer - ri - ly shrill - ing,  
Mu - sic wave - ech - oed, sigh - ing,

On - ward glid - ing.  
Are you will - ing?  
Round me dy - ing!



\* St. John's Day: A day popular for weddings in Norway.

## THE SONG OF THE MILL-STREAM.

S. S. A.

Stephen Adams.

Arranged by N. Clifford Page.

M. Louise Baum.

This arrangement may be simplified by treating the first eight measures as unison for selected voices, using upper notes in upper staff where two notes are given. The refrain (three-four time) sung with three voices until special notice.

*Andante con moto.*

SOPRANO I AND II.

100.

4

II

1. Down a - cross the mead - ow The wa - ters dance and play, With  
2. Round and round they're whirl - ing To grind the mil - ler's corn, A -

4

ALTO.

I.

mus - ic and with laugh - ter They charm the hours a - way; II. They're  
mid the flash - ing tor - rents They toil from ear - ly morn; By

They charm the hours a - way; They  
They toil from ear - ly morn; The

rac - ing to the mill - wheel, That drives them at its will, And  
night the wheel is i - dle, And t'ward the sound - ing sea, They

SOFRANO II.

seek the . . mill - wheel, That drives them at its will, And  
wheel is . . i - dle, And t'ward the sound - ing sea, They

*poco rit.*

all a - mid their la - bors, We hear them sing - ing still. .  
pass the sleep - ing cit - ies, And call it clear and free: .

*poco rit.*

through their . . la - bors, We hear them sing - ing still. .  
pass the . . cit - ies, And call it clear and free: .

*Tempo di Valse.*

A *p*

Fare - well, ye mead - ows, Fare - well, ye flow - ers, Fare - well, laugh - ter and

*p*

Fare - well, ye mead - ows, Fare - well, ye flow - ers, Fare - well, laugh - ter and

# THE SONG OF THE MILL-STREAM.

117

song. . . . . *rit.* **B** We'll . . . not for - get . . . . . you wait  
N.B. *p a tempo.*

song. . . . . *rit.* We will not for - get . . . that you wait  
*mf (Melody.)*  
song, Fare-well, O mirth and song! Ah! . . . we'll not for - get that you wait  
for us yet, . . . *pp* Ah! fare - well, . . but re - mem - ber us long. *poco rit.*

for us yet, . . . Fare - well, . . . but re - mem - ber us long! *poco rit.*

for us yet, . . . *pp* Ah! fare - well, . . but re - mem - ber us long.

*a tempo.*  
*ff con forza.* *Lento.*  
*p*

Fare - well, ye mead - ows! Fare - well, ye flow - ers! Fare - well, . . . . . fare -  
*a tempo.*  
*ff con forza.* *p*

Fare - well, ye mead - ows! Fare - well, ye flow - ers! Ah! fare - well, fare -

*mf* *f* *rit.* *ff* 1. *D.C.* 2. 3.

well! . . Re - mem - ber us long! . long! . . . .

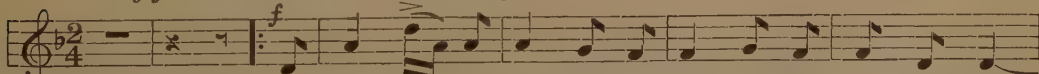
*rit.* *ff* 3.

\* N. B. Here the Soprano I and Alto may be omitted, using the *upper* notes only in lower staff for 14 measures.

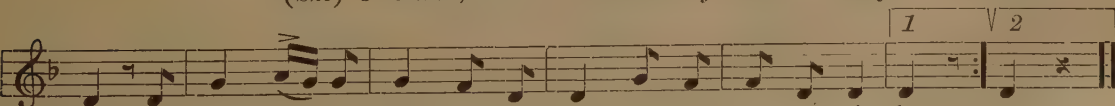
## INDIAN SONG.\*

Dakota Tribe.

Strongly marked and with barbaric energy.

101. 

(He) A - ha! Hi - a - ha! Bat - tle cry of the war - riors bold, .  
(She) O Brave, Hi - a - ha! Dusk - y chief I thy bride would be, . .



. . . A - ha! Hi - a - ha! Fear - less I now of foes of old. . .  
. . . My Brave, Hi - a - ha! Fear - less I now of such as thee. . . . .

\* NOTE This melody has been used by Edw. McDowell in his "Indian Suite" Op. 48.



## WE'LL TOUCH THE STRINGS TO MUSIC.

M. Louise Baum.

S. S. A.

E. Paladilhe.

*Allegretto.*

Arranged by Bertha Remick.

Un - der the sil - ver

102. **5** SOPRANO I AND II. *S.*

*p*

**5** ALTO. *S.*

*p*

We'll touch the strings to mu - sic, 'Neath the

moon, . The breez - es blow, they come and go To mark the tan - gled tune; .

*2*

moon, Breez - es blow - ing, Mark the tan - gled tune; 'Tis

Time for mu - sic's sway, . . For lilt - ing dance, and

time for love and laugh - ter, Time for our lay, . . Time for

fleet - ing glance, That care - free hearts be - tray.

*A* *(D)* *p*

glance That care - free hearts be - tray. For

*p*

For song, . . . . for

*2* *pp*

laugh - ter and for song! . Then sing, and dance! Ah! yes, and

*pp*

dance. . . Then dance, . . then sing! . .

WE'LL TOUCH THE STRINGS TO MUSIC.

119  
2nd time to CODA.  
(over.)

glance! For mu - sic holds her sway.

*p*  
O dance, . . . O sing! . . .

Then sing, till day, List to the lay! Feel the meas - ure,

*pp*

O dance . . till day . . List to the lay!

hark to its puls-es that sweet-ly al-lure; Swing low, low-er, long-er, so

sure. . . . . O an - swer the strain, O sing! . . And dance a -

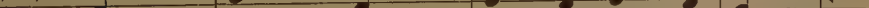
light, and so (sure.) Ah! sing! . . . O dance, O sing! . O

gain! . . . . . The meas - ure re - peat, O dance! . . . For mu - sic is

sing, O dance! . . . O sing, O dance! .

sweet, O dance, O dance so fair, so fleet! *rall.* *D.S.*  

 Musical notation for the first system of 'The Dance of the Fairies'. It features a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style. The lyrics 'sweet, O dance, O dance so fair, so fleet!' are placed above the notes. The tempo marking 'rall.' (rallentando) is placed below the staff. The system ends with a double bar line and the instruction 'D.S.' (Da Segno).

Dance, O dance, so fleet, O hark, O hear, O sing! We *D.S.*  


**CODA.**  $\oplus$  *pp* *rall.* *morendo.* *ppp a tempo.* **2**

O sing till moon-light melts in day. . . .

*pp* *rall.* *morendo.* *a tempo.* **2**

O dance, . . O sing till moon-light melts in day. . . .

## THINE EYES SO BLUE AND TENDER.

English version by  
Charlotte H. Coursen.

S. S. A.

E. Lassen.

Arranged by N. Clifford Page.

*Andantino.*

SOPRANO I. *p*

*8:* If desired, the Soprano I and II may interchange on 3rd Verse.

103.

1. Thine eyes so blue and ten - der Glow with a mys - tic  
(3. Thy) lips are like the ros - es Un - der an az - ure

SOPRANO II AND ALTO.

*pp*

*Humming.* . . . . .

**A**

spell. . And si-lence in hap-pi-est dream-ing Thoughts that I dare not tell. . Thine  
sky; . Al-lur'd by their mar-vel-ous sweet-ness, How can I pass them by? . Thy

*p*

. . . . . Sing text.

eyes so blue and ten - der Still haunt me where I go, . . And  
lips are like the ros - es, Oh! maid - en, dost thou know . What

Used only after 3rd Verse. 1st Verse Ending.

*poco rit.* *molto rit.* *a tempo.* FINE. *a tempo.*

ev - er o'er . . my spir - it Their blue waves sparkle and flow  
mad-ness on . . them lin - gers To fill my heart with woe!

*poco rit.* 3

**B** Soprano I and II always subordinate to Alto, especially the notes higher than Alto.

SOPRANO I AND II. *pp* *mf* *p*

Ah, ah, ah, . . ah, . . . Like to a chain of

ALTO. *mf* (MELODY.)

2. Thy hair so soft and shin - ing Like to a chain of gold, . . . Is

*ppp* *p* *pp* *mp*

gold, . . . Wind-ing its fet - ters a - round . . me, . . Nev - er to lose its

*mf*

wind-ing its fet - ters a-round me, Nev - er to lose its hold. . . . Thy

*pp* *mf* *pp* *p*

hold. . . . A web of gold so fair, . For -

hair so soft and shin - ing, A gold - en web so fair, . . . For -

*mf* *pp* *poco rit.* *a tempo.* D.S. :&

ev - er holds my spir - it cap - tive there. 3. Thy

*poco rit.* *a tempo.* D.S. :&

ev - er holds my spir - it a will-ing cap - tive there. . .



## WELCOME, PRETTY PRIMROSE.

S. S. A.

Ciro Pinsuti.

Arranged by N. Clifford Page.

*Allegretto moderato. Meno mosso.*

104.

8 *p* SOPRANO I.

1. Wel-come, pret - ty prim - rose flow'r,

That

2. Gaz - ing on thee, ear - ly flow'r,

I

8 SOPRANO II AND ALTO.

*pp* (like an echo.)

Wel-come, pret - ty prim - rose

Gaz - ing on thee, ear - ly

comes when sun - shine comes,  
seem to hear the spring,When rain - bows arch the sil - ver  
That calls the sun - shine ev - 'ryflow'r,  
flow'r,That comes when sun - shine comes,  
I seem to hear the spring,When  
Thatshow'r  
hour,Of ev - 'ry cloud that roams,  
And tells the bird to sing,Of  
Andrain - bows arch the sil - ver show'r . . . . Of ev - 'ry cloud that  
calls the sun - shine ev - 'ry hour, . . . . And tells the bird toev - 'ry cloud that roams.  
tells the bird to sing.*rit. mf a tempo.*roams, that roams.  
sing, to sing,I joy to see thy prom - ise bloom That  
And as I dream, my dream is rife Withtells of spring's new day, And in my thoughts a - far I roam O'er  
thoughts a - kin to thee, Of glad spring life, a sweet spring life, That's

*stringendo.*

Wel-come! Wel-come! Wel-come! primrose flow'r!

*cresc.*

sun - ny haunts a - way! O'er sun - ny haunts a - way, a - way!  
 ver - y dear to me! That's ver - y dear to me, to me!

**B** *p Allegretto moderato.*

Wel-come, pret - ty prim-rose flow'r, To me thy com - ing seems To

*p*

*Alto marcato.*

Wel - come, pret - ty prim - rose flow'r, To

wake a - gain the spring - time hour With sun - shine in its dreams!

**C** *p cresc.* - - - - - *cen* - - - - - *do.* *f*

Ah! . . . . . Ah! . . . . .

*mf* *cresc. a poco.* *f*

Wel - come, pret - ty prim - rose flow'r, Wel - come, pret - ty prim - rose flow'r,

*p. staccato con grazia.* *mf*

Wel - come, pret - ty, pret - ty, pret - ty, pret - ty prim - rose flow'r, With

*mf*

Wel - come, pret - ty prim - rose flow'r, With

*I rit. f* *D.S. 2 rit. f*

sun - shine in its dreams! sun - shine in its dreams!

*rit. f* *D.S. rit. f*

## LOVELY SPRING.

S. S. A.

Willem Coenen.

Arranged by Bertha Remick.

Text revised by B. R. Sharon.

Andante. 8: SOPRANO I AND II. I.

105.

1. When the spring has climb'd the  
 2. When the brooks dance down the

(the)  
(the)

8: ALTO.

moun - tain's height, When be - neath the bright sun melts the snow, When the  
 moun - tain's side, When the breeze is grow - ing warm and sweet, When the

(sun)  
(is)

first green leaf comes forth to sight, And their ear - liest flowers the  
 glad new song rings far and wide, And the joy - ous birds the

flowers the mead - - - - - ows  
 birds the spring - - - - - time

mead - ows show, their ear - liest flowers, their ear - liest flowers they  
 spring - time greet, the joy - ous birds, the birds the spring - time

A

show. When on hill and plain, ends old win - ter's reign, . And the  
 greet. O'er the wood - land green, in the sun - light sheen, On each

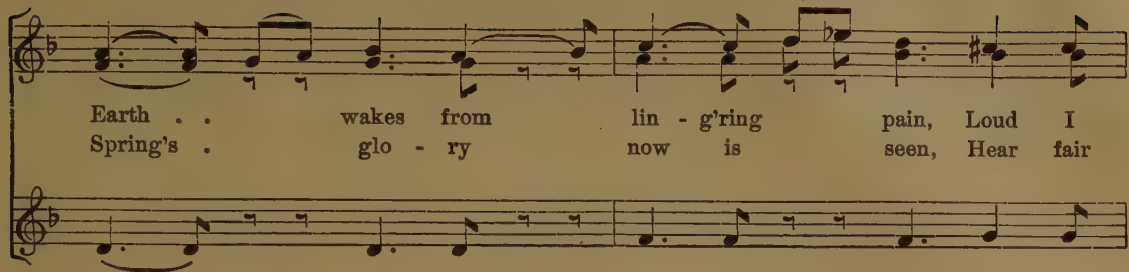
show. Ends old win - ter's reign,  
 greet. Green . woods, . sun - light sheen, .

*agitato.*

# LOVELY SPRING.

125

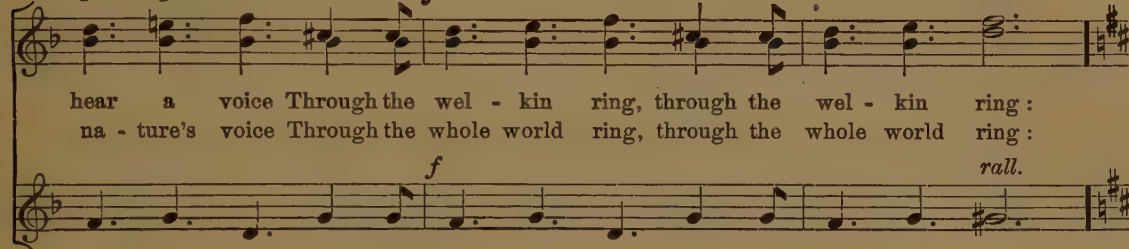
earth . . . re . . . vives from . . . . . lin - - g'ring pain,  
hill . . . and vale spring's . . . glo - - ry is seen,



*poco a poco accelerando*

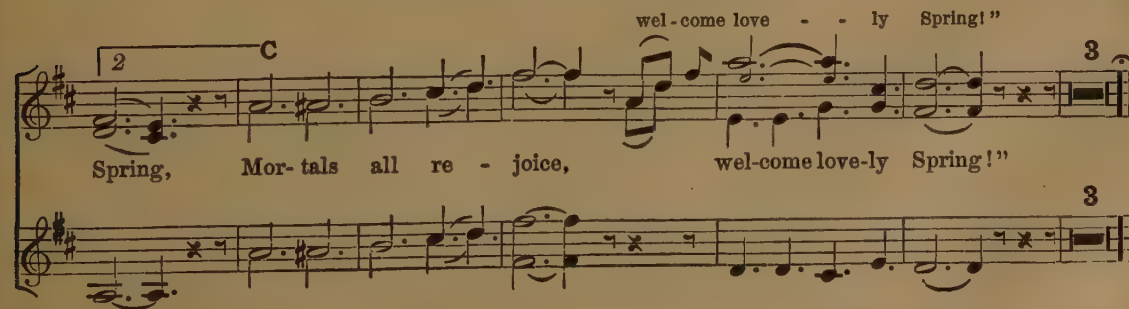
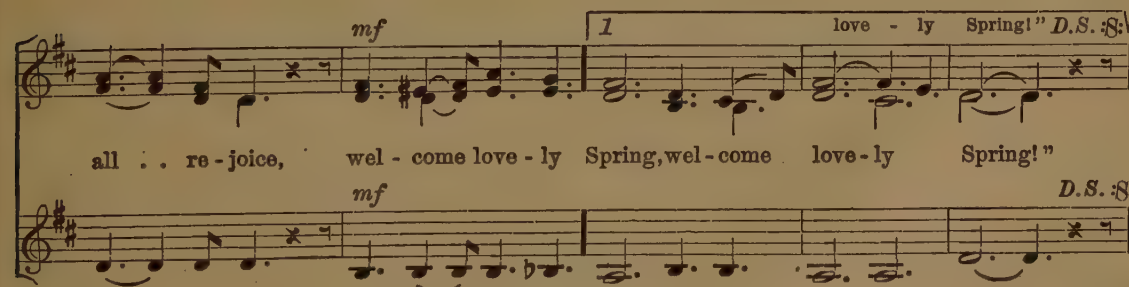
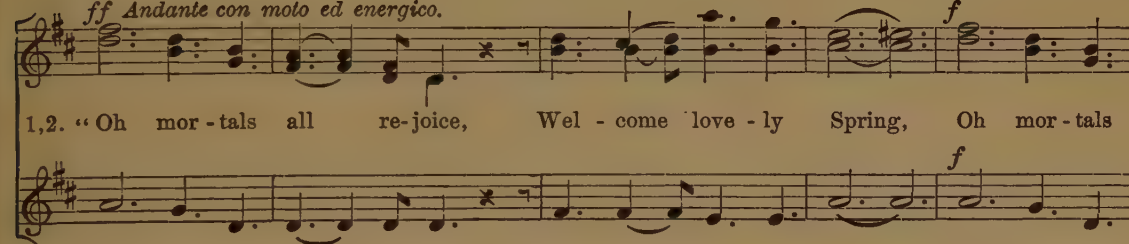
*f*

*rall.*



**B**

*ff Andante con moto ed energico.*





## HABANERA.

FROM "CARMEN."


S. A. (A. 2 *ad lib.*)

Bertha Remick.

*Allegretto quasi Andantino.* (♩ = 72.)

G. Bizet.

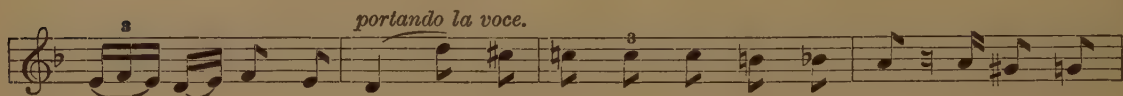
Arranged by Bertha Remick.

106. 

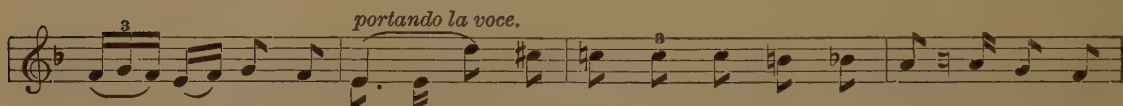
1. Wild birds wing - ing, so joy - ous, free, Thro' all the  
2. Wild birds cap - tured, will die ere long, The vales and



shin - ing, sun - lit sky; Gyp - sies sing - ing, a - glow with glee, Ah, none so  
hills they crave to see; Gyp - sies pine for their for - est home, So if I



gay, so glad as I! Camp-fires leap at the twink - ling stars, The moon-light  
stay, be - ware of me! Night is gleam - ing with myr - iad stars; I must a -



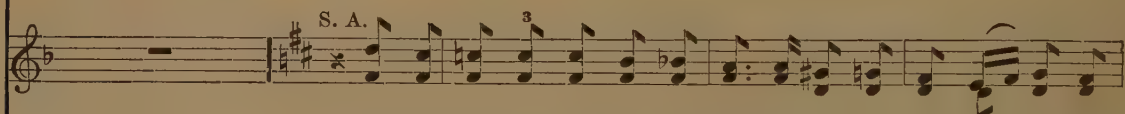
shines o'er wood and plain, Gyp - sies play on their loud gui - tars The Ha - ba -  
way to wood and plain, Where gyp - sies play on their loud gui - tars The Ha - ba -



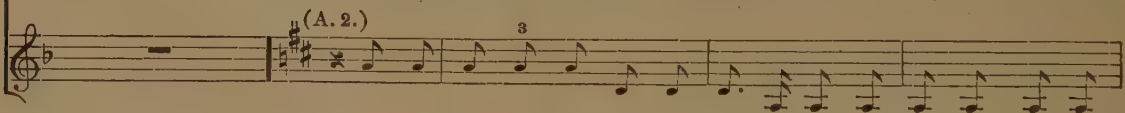
ner - a's gay re - frain.

Ah, come!

Ah,



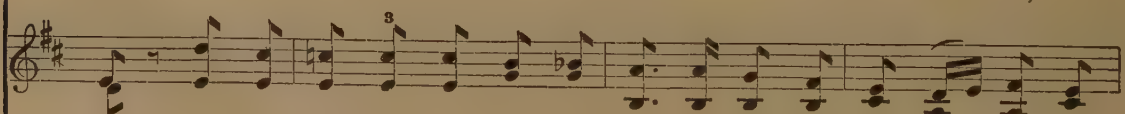
Camp-fires leap at the twinkling stars, The moonlight shines o'er wood and  
Night is gleam - ing with myr - iad stars, We must a - way to wood and



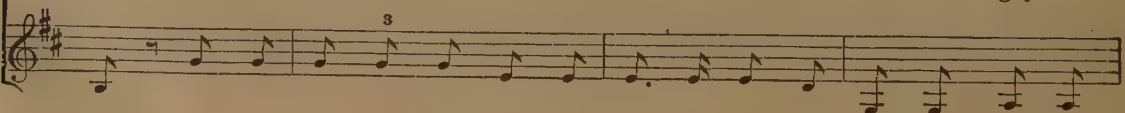

come!

Ah, come!

Ah,



plain; Gyp - sies play on their loud gui - tars The Ha - ba - ner - a's gay re -



**B** *p*

come! While tam-bour-ines the mea-sure sound, To click-ing cas-ta-nets I dance and

frain.

sway; The fire-light gleams on flow'rs of crim-son, The rhyth-mic call must I o-

*pp*

bey! The mea-sure's sound-ing, To cas-ta-nets I dance and

*f*

Ah! dance and sway!

*cresc.*

sway; The Ha-ba-ne-ra! Ah, its call needs must I o-

*f*

Ah! dance and sway!

bey! **C**

*mf*

While tam-bour-ines the meas-ure sound, To click-ing cas-ta-nets we dance and

Dance, sway, dance,

sway; The fire - light gleams on flow'rs of crim - son, The rhythmic call must we o -

sway; Flow'rs of crim - son, Dance and

The meas-ure's sound-ing, To cas - ta - nets I dance and

bey, Ah, dance and sway!

sway; The Ha - ba - ne - ra! Ah! its call must I o - bey! . bey!

Ah! dance and sway! O - - - bey! . bey!

Ah! dance and sway! O - - - bey! . bey!

## SOFTLY MY HEART UNFOLDS.

(MY HEART AT THY SWEET VOICE.)

FROM "SAMSON AND DELILAH."

English version by Bertha Remick.

S. S. A.

Camille Saint-Saëns.

Arranged by Bertha Remick.

Andantino.

2 SOPRANO.

107.

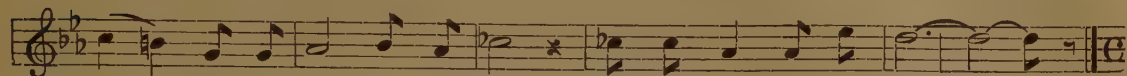
1. Soft - ly my heart un - folds Like a dawn - wak - en'd flow - er,  
2. See, in the sum - mer sun Soft - ly wheat - fields are wav - ing,

At thy voice with ar - dor call - ing. Speak love, to me a - gain,  
Blown by zeph - yrs' mild ca - ress - es. So throbs my tremb - ling heart,

Thy tones have won - drous pow - er, For my tears no more are fall - ing. To  
Thy lov - ing ac - cents crav - ing, While thy voice deep love con - fess - es. The

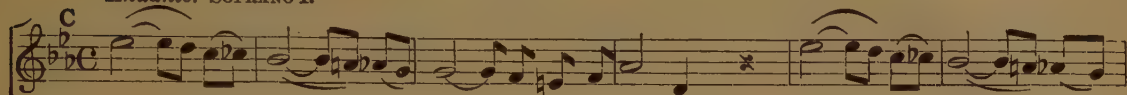


thy De - li - lah say That we nev - er will part! Re - peat thy vows so  
ar - row is less swift As it speeds on its flight Than thy lov'd one who



ten - der, Bring - ing joy to my heart, Bring - ing joy to my heart! . .  
flies . To thine arms with de - light, To thine arms with de - light. . .

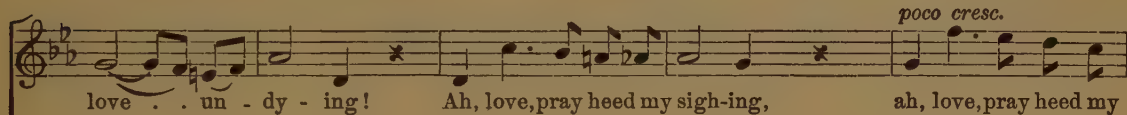
*Andante. SOPRANO I.*



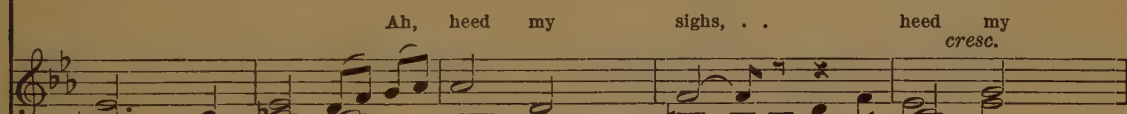
Ah, . . my love, . give heed un - to my sigh - ing! Ah, re - ceive . . my



Ah, love, give heed, ah, give heed to my sigh - ing! Ah, then re - ceive, re - ceive my



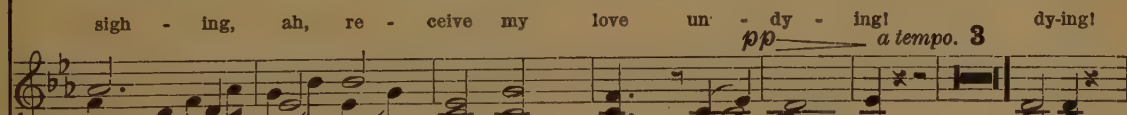
love . . un - dy - ing! Ah, love, pray heed my sigh - ing, ah, love, pray heed my



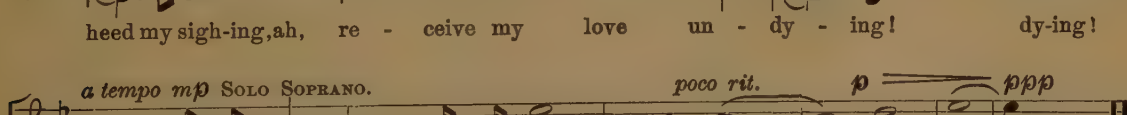
love un - dy - ing! Love, heed my sighs, . . heed my



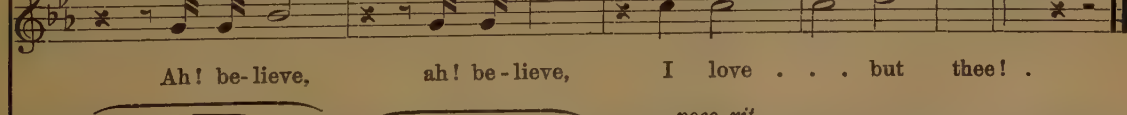
sigh - ing, ah, . . re - ceive my love un - dy - ing! dy - ing!



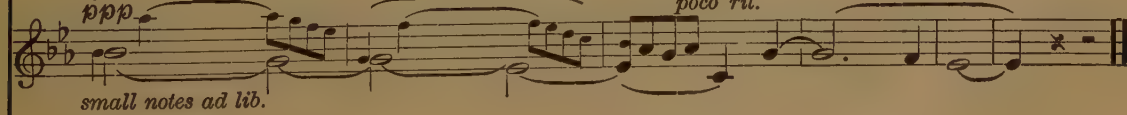
sigh - ing, ah, re - ceive my love un - dy - ing! dy - ing!



heed my sigh - ing, ah, re - ceive my love un - dy - ing! dy - ing!

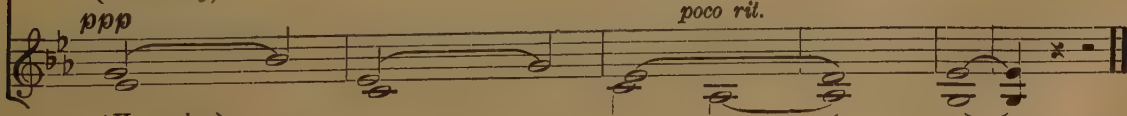


Ah! be - lieve, ah! be - lieve, I love . . . but thee! .



*small notes ad lib.*

*(Humming)*



*(Humming)*



# SANCTUS.

FROM "ST. CECILIA" MASS.

S. S. A.

Charles Gounod.

Edited by  
M. Louise Baum.

*Andante* (not too slow.)

Arranged by Bertha Remick.

6 SOPRANO SOLO.

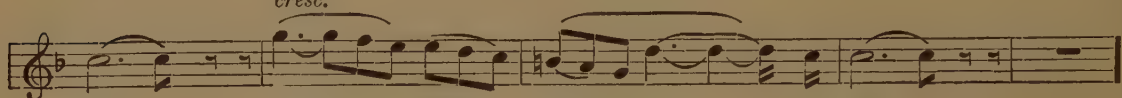
108.



Ho - ly, ho - ly, . Lord God Al - might - y, . .  
San - ctus, san - ctus, . san - ctus Do - mi - nus, .  
*poco cresc.*



Ho - ly, ho - ly, . . Lord . . . God, . God of Sa - ba -  
San - ctus, san - ctus, . De - us . . Sa - ba -  
*cresc.*



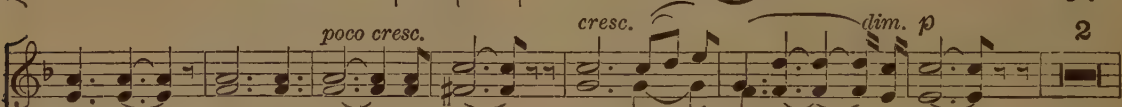
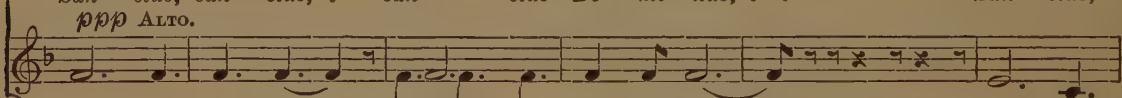
oth, . Lord . . God, . God of Sa - ba - oth, . .  
oth, . De - us . . Sa - ba - oth, . .

SOPRANO I AND II.

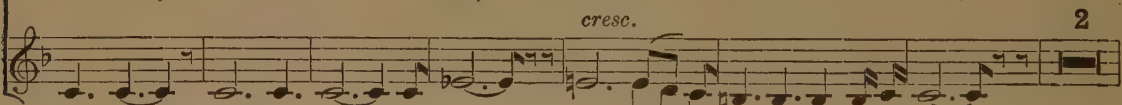
A *ppp*



Ho - ly, ho - ly, . Lord God of Sa - ba - oth, . . Ho - ly,  
San - ctus, san - ctus, . san - ctus Do - mi - nus, . . San - ctus,  
*ppp* ALTO.



ho - ly, . God of Sa - ba - oth, . Lord God of Sa - ba - oth.  
san - ctus, De - us Sa - ba - oth, . De - us . . Sa - ba - oth.

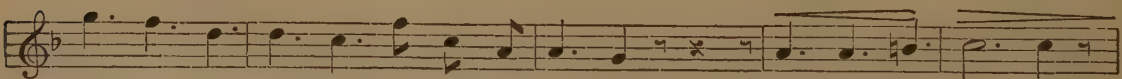


SELECTED VOICES.

B *p*



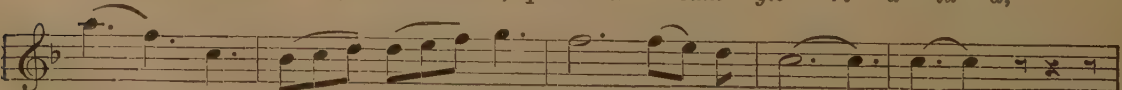
Heav'n and earth . show Thy glo - ry, . . Heav'n and earth are  
Ple - ni sunt coe - li et ter - ra, . . Ple - ni sunt



full of Thy glo - ry, full of Thy glo - ry, full of Thy glo - ry,  
coe - li et ter - ra glo - ri - a tu - a, Ple - ni sunt coe - li,



full of Thy glo - ry, Heav'n and earth are full, full of Thy glo - ry,  
coe - li et ter - ra, Ple - ni sunt, ple - ni sunt glo - ri - a tu - a,



Lord God, heav'n is . . full, full of Thy glo - ry. .  
Ple - ni sunt, ple - ni . . sunt glo - ri - a tu - a.

2 C

Show forth Thy glo - - ry, . .  
Ple - ni sunt coe - - li, . .

ppp

Heav'n and earth show Thy glo - ry, .  
Ple - ni sunt coe - li, coe - li, .

2 ppp

Heav'n and earth show Thy glo - ry, Thy glo - ry, . heav'n and earth  
Ple - ni sunt coe - li, ple - ni sunt coe - li, . coe - li et

show forth Thy glo - - ry, . .  
coe - li et ter - - ra, . .

pp

heav'n and earth show forth Thy glo - ry, . heav'n and earth  
coe - li et ter - ra, et ter - ra, : Glo - ri - a,

pp

show Thy glo - ry, Thy glo - ry, . heav - en and earth show,  
ter - ra, coe - li et ter - ra, . Glo - ri - a tu - a,

show forth Thy glo - - - ry, . . .  
Glo - ri - a tu - - - a, . . . .

pp

show forth Thy glo - ry, . . show forth Thy glo - ry,  
glo - ri - a tu - - a, . . . coe - li et ter - ra,

cresc. molto.

show forth Thy glo - ry, all earth and heav - en,  
glo - ri - a tu - a, Ple - ni sunt coe - li,

cresc.

glo - ry and pow'r be Thine . . for - ev - er, . Ho - ly, ho - ly, . ho - ly,  
glo - ri - a tu - a, glo - ri - a tu - a, . . San - ctus, san - ctus, san - ctus,

cresc.

ho - ly, Lord, . ho - ly, ho - ly, . Lord God, God of Sa - ba - oth, .  
Do - mi - nus, . San - ctus, san - ctus, De - us Sa - ba - oth,

p

mf

p

mf

*cresc.* *f*

Ho - ly, ho - ly, God of Sa - ba - oth, Glo - ry, glo - ry to  
 San - ctus, san - ctus, san - ctus, Do - mi - nus, San - ctus De - us,

*cresc.* *f*

Thy . ho - ly Name. Ho - san - na, . . ho - san - na, . .  
 Sa - ba - oth. . . Ho - san - na, . . ho - san - na, . .

*ff*

in the high - est, . A - men, . a - men.  
 in ex - cel - sis, . A - men, . a - men.

*ppp* 2

*ppp* 2

## LAND OF LIGHT.

M. Louise Baum.

S. S. A.

Richard Strauss.

Arranged by Glen Carle.

Moderato.

2 *p* SOPRANO I AND II.

109.

1. Thou to whom the wan - d'r'er turn - eth, Land of light that  
 2. Thou our home - land, wide and glo - rious, O'er all wrong shalt
- 2 ALTO. *p*

1, 2. Fair - est land! . . . . .

stead - fast burn - eth, Thou that giv'st with bounteous hand -  
 rise vic - to - rious, God thy splen - did prom - ise plann'd,

Fair - est land,  
 Fair - est land,

1, 2. Fair - est land! .

*mf*

fair - est land! We, thy loy - al sons, ac - claim thee, Aye with love thy  
fair - est land! Down the years thy fame re - sound - ing, All man-kind shall

*mf*

daugh - ters name thee, Thou with rain - bow beau - ty spann'd,  
yet be sound - ing, Home of peace and broth - er - band,

1, 2. Dear - est

1, 2. Dear - est land! . . . .

*B*  
*mf*

Dear - est land, dear - est land! . . . Folk a - far whom  
Dear - est land, dear - est land! . . . Wide thy door of

land, Dear - est land, dear - est land!

woes be - for - tune, Brav - ing seas where fears im - por - tune, Shout with joy on thy  
hope art fling - ing, Bells of free - dom proud - ly ring - ing, Round the world swell in

*mf* *f*

Shout with joy on  
Round the . . world in

*rall.* *f* 1, 2. Glo - - rious land! . . .

star - ry strand, Glo - rious land! . .  
cho - rus grand, Glo - rious land! . .

*rall. f*

star - ry strand, 1, 2. Glo - rious land, glo - rious land! . .  
cho - rus grand,



## GOD OF ALL NATURE.

"ANDANTE CANTABILE" FROM 5TH SYMPHONY.

Text by

S. S. A.

P. I. Tchaikowsky.

M. Teresa Armitage.

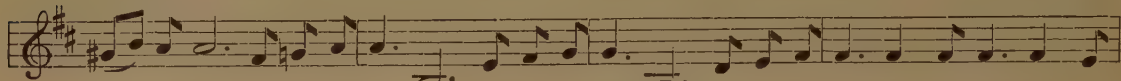
Arranged by Bertha Remick.

*Andante cantabile, con alcuna licenza.* (♩. = 54.)7 *p* ALTO SOLO.

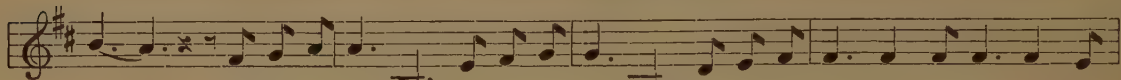
God of the dawning, God of the noon-time, God of the tran- quill and brooding



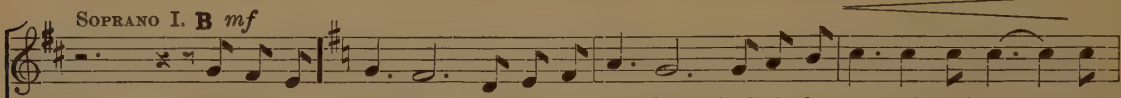
twi- light, Fa- ther, O bless us, Fa-ther, O guide us, Give us the peace of Thy ho- ly



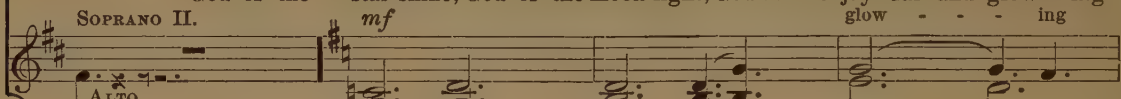
presence, Lord ! Father, O bless us, Father, now guide us, Give us the peace of Thy presence, O



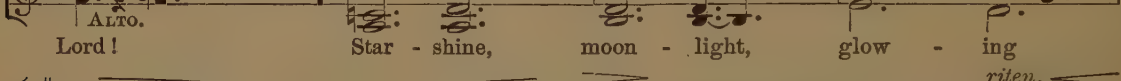
Lord ! Fa-ther, O bless us, Fa-ther, O guide us, Give us the peace of Thy presence, O



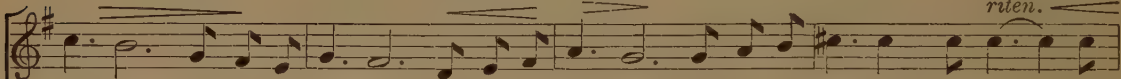
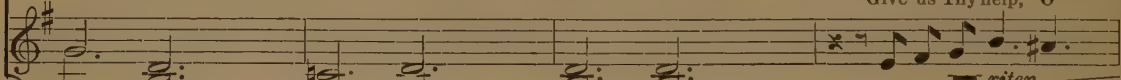
God of the star-shine, God of the moon-light, God of the joy- ful and glow - ing



glow - - - ing



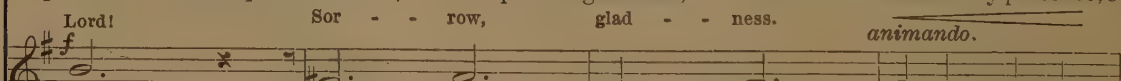
Lord ! Star - shine, moon - light, glow - ing

sun-beams ; Help us in sor - row, Help us in glad-ness, Give us the bliss of Thy ra - dant  
Give us Thy help, O

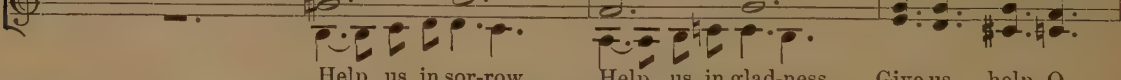
sun - beams ; Sor - row, glad - ness,



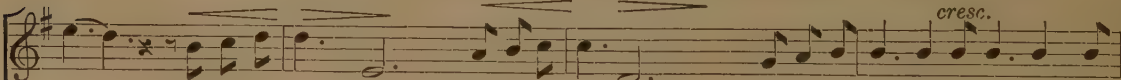
pres-ence, Lord ! Help us in sor-row, Help us in glad-ness, Give us the bliss of Thy presence, O



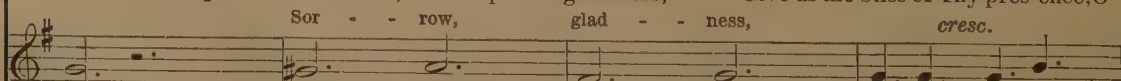
Lord ! Sor - - row, glad - - ness.



Help us in sor-row, Help us in glad-ness, Give us help, O



Lord. Help us in sor - row, Help us in glad-ness, Give us the bliss of Thy pres-ence, O



Sor - - row, glad - - ness,



Lord. Help us in sor-row, Help us in glad-ness, Give us help, O . . .

*D f 2 time più f*

Help us, O Lord! God of the val-leys, God of the up-lands, God of the mighty and marvellous

Help us, Lord!

*p*

moun-tains, Hear Thou our calling, Hear Thou our praying!

*mf* Give of Thy strength, O Lord, Give of Thy

Give us strength,

*crescendo*

Give of Thy strength, O Lord, Give of Thy glo-ry and might, Give of Thy

glo-ry, and might, *crescendo* Give us strength, Give us might,

Give us might, Lord, . . . Lord, . . .

*ff* *ff slower*

strength, O Lord, Give of Thy glo-ry and might! God of all Na-ture, Give of Thy

Give us strength, Give us might!

Lord, . . . Lord! . . .

*tranquillo.* *6 E p*

glo-ry! Keep our souls in peace, keep our souls, O Lord, . . . O

*6 p*

Give us peace, give us peace, .

*dim. poco a poco.* *pp*

Lord . . . most ho-ly, in peace. . . . .

give us peace. . . . .

*dim. poco a poco.* *pp*

peace, . . . peace, . . . O . . . give . . . us peace. . .

## MEDITATION.

Bertha Remick.  
From the German.

S. S. A.

Bach-Gounod.  
Arranged by Bertha Remick.

111. **ALTO.** **A** **p** *Moderato.*

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is God the Lord, ho - ly is  
God the Lord, ho - ly and full of great com-pas - sion, He helps in all our need, . He  
helps . in all our need, . in pain . and hour of death, the Lord, the Lord is friend - ly, He  
*poco a poco. crescendo.* **f** *espress.* **p** *cresc.*  
helps in our need, He helps in our need, in hour of death, the Lord is friend - ly, the  
*a poco.* **ff** *poco rit.*

Lord, the Lord is friend - ly, and full of great com-pas-sion, of great, . of great com-pas - sion.

**B** **p** *SOPRANO. dolce.*

Ho - ly, ho - ly, . . ho - ly is God the Lord, ho - ly is

**ALTO.**

Ho - ly, ho - ly is God the

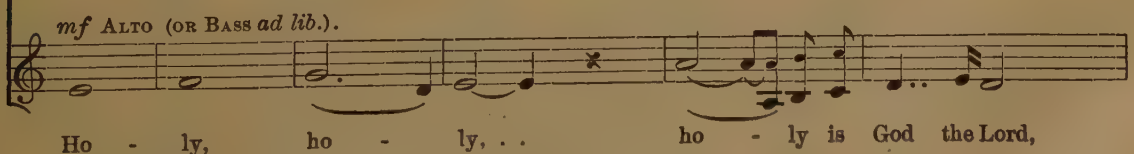
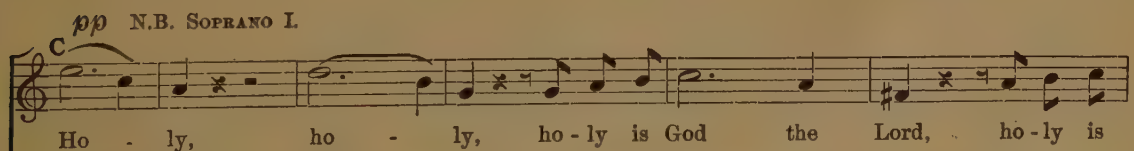
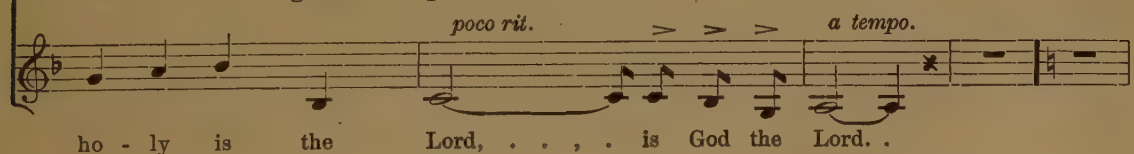
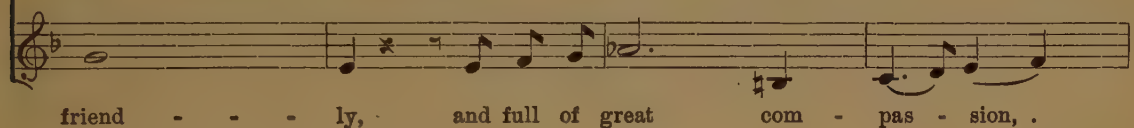
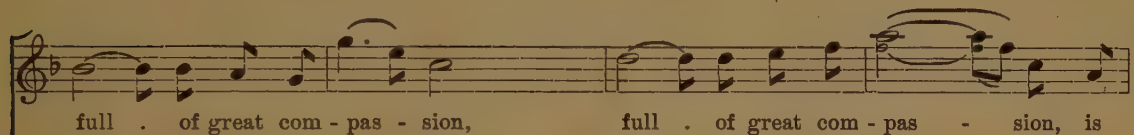
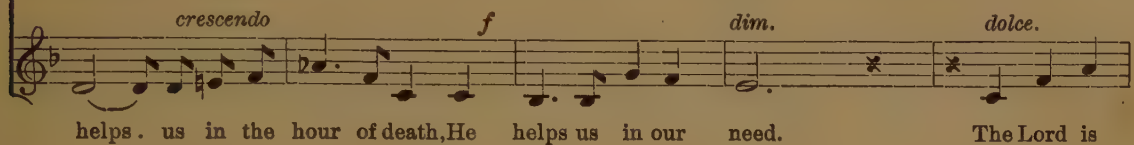
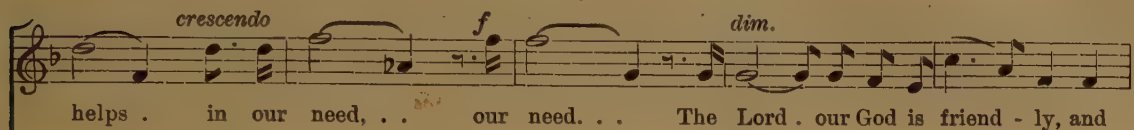
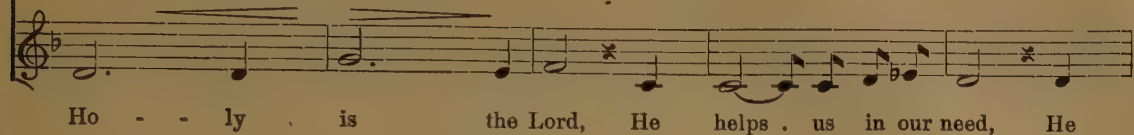
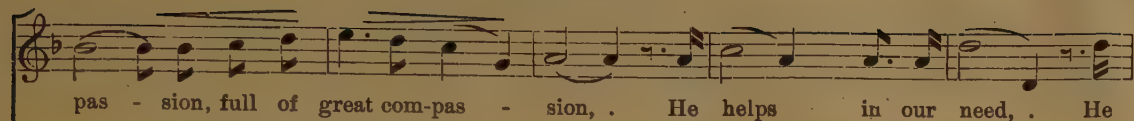
God the Lord, ho - ly and full of great com-pas - sion, For God . . the Lord is

Lord, and full of great com - pas - sion,

friend - ly, and full . . of great com-pas - sion, is full . . of great com-

The Lord . is friend - ly, and full of com-pas - sion, .





N.B. From here on to end the Soprano I-II to be subordinate to Alto.



God the Lord, ho - ly is God the Lord, is God the  
ly, ho - ly is God, and full of great com - pas -  
ho - ly is God the Lord, ho - - ly and full of great com -

Lord. He helps in all our need, in all our pain, and in the  
sion. He helps in all our need, He helps in  
pas - sion. He helps . . in all our need, . . He helps . . in all our

hour of death, He . helps in all our need, in all our  
all our need, He helps in need, The  
need, . . . He helps . . . in all our need, . . . in all our

pain and hour of death, The Lord . . . is friend-ly, He  
Lord is friend-ly, the . Lord our God is friend - ly, He  
pain and hour of death, . . The Lord . . . is friend - ly, He

*cresc. a poco.*

helps . . . in : need, in all our pain and hour of death, The . .

helps in need, in all our pain and hour of death, The Lord is

helps . . in need, . . in fear, . . The Lord . . our God is

Lord is . . full of com - pas - sion, The Lord our God is

friend - ly, and full of great com - pas - sion, The Lord . is . .

friend - ly, and full . . . of great com - pas - sion, Ho - ly is our

ho - ly, the Lord our God . . . . . is

ho - ly, the Lord our God, . . .

God, . . . is the Lord, . . . . the . Lord our God is ho - ly, is the

ho - ly. Ho - ly is God the Lord. .

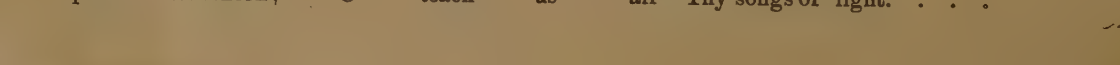
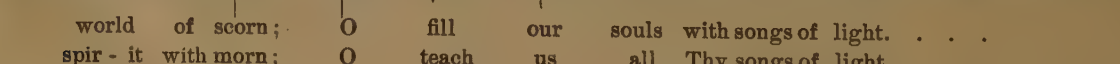
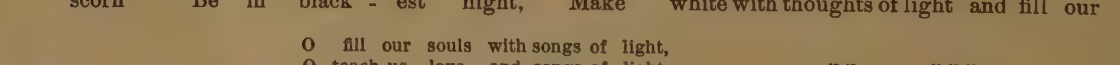
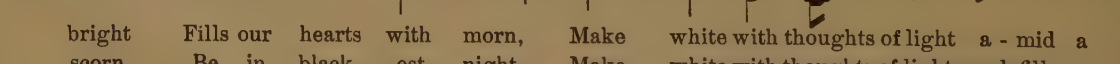
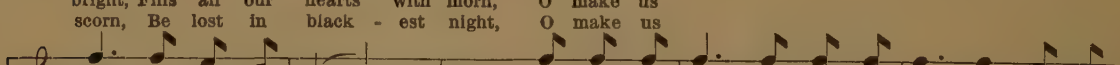
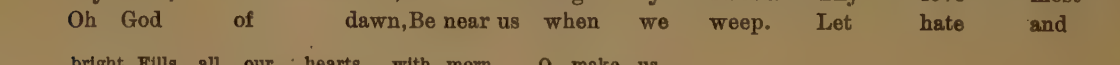
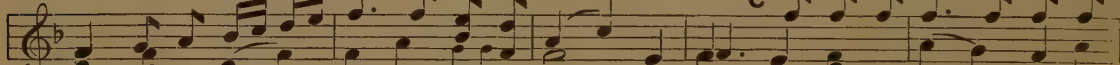
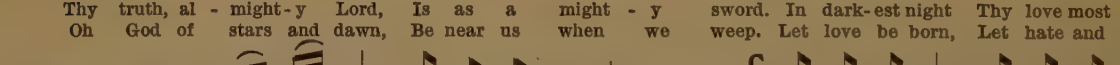
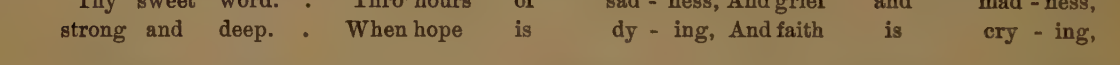
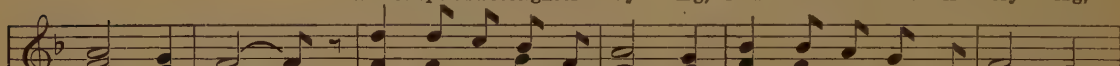
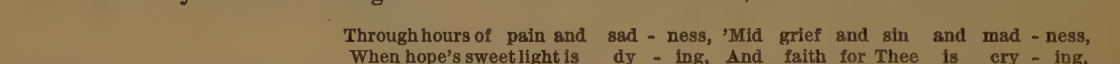
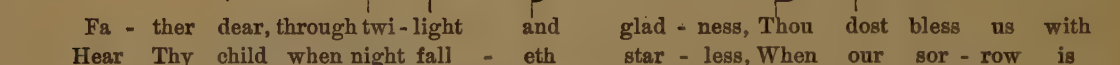
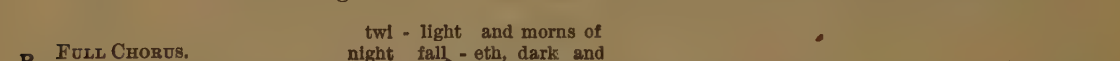
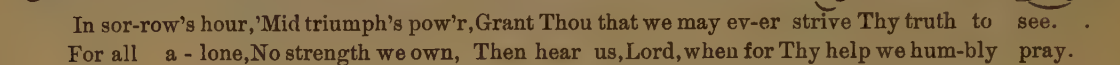
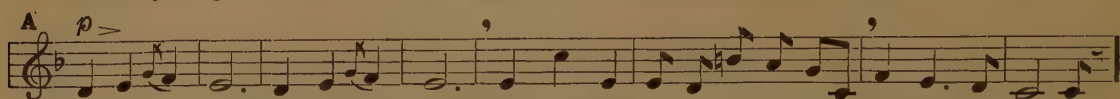
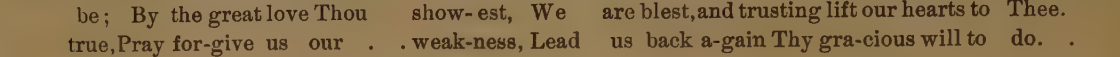
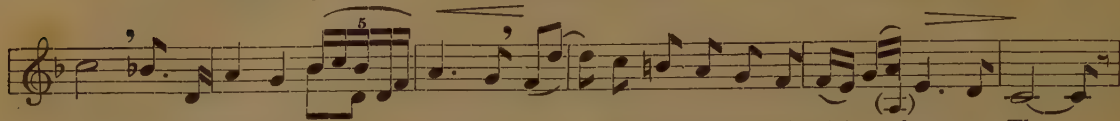
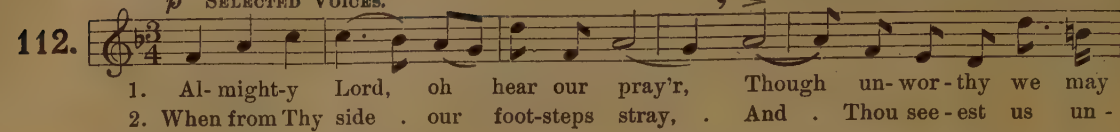
ho - ly is the Lord, is God the Lord. .

Lord. Ho - ly is God the . Lord. .

## ALMIGHTY LORD.

Frederic Manley.

S. S. A.

Pietro Mascagni.  
Arranged by Frederick Henry.112. *p* SELECTED VOICES.



## THE LOST CHORD.

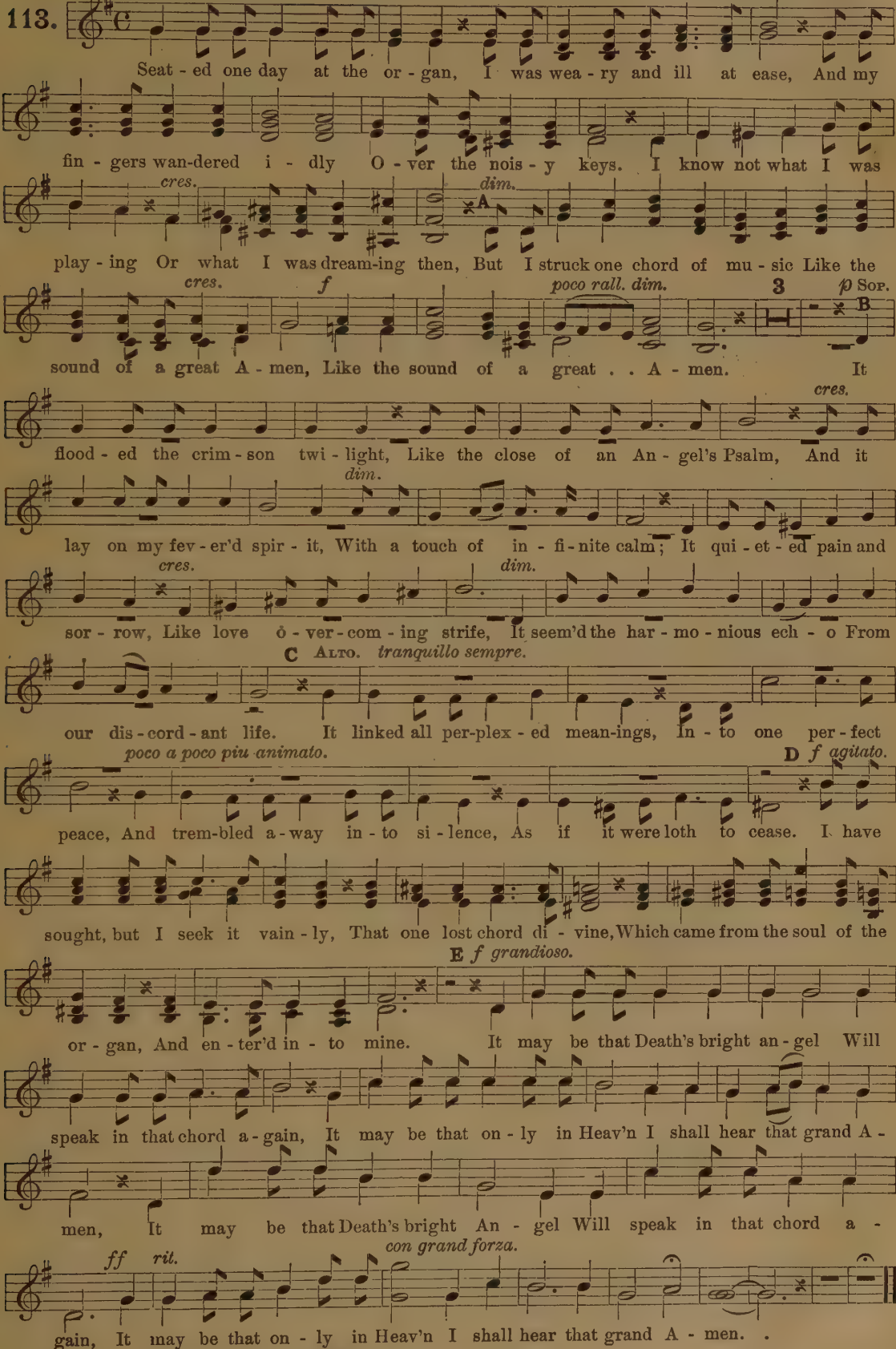
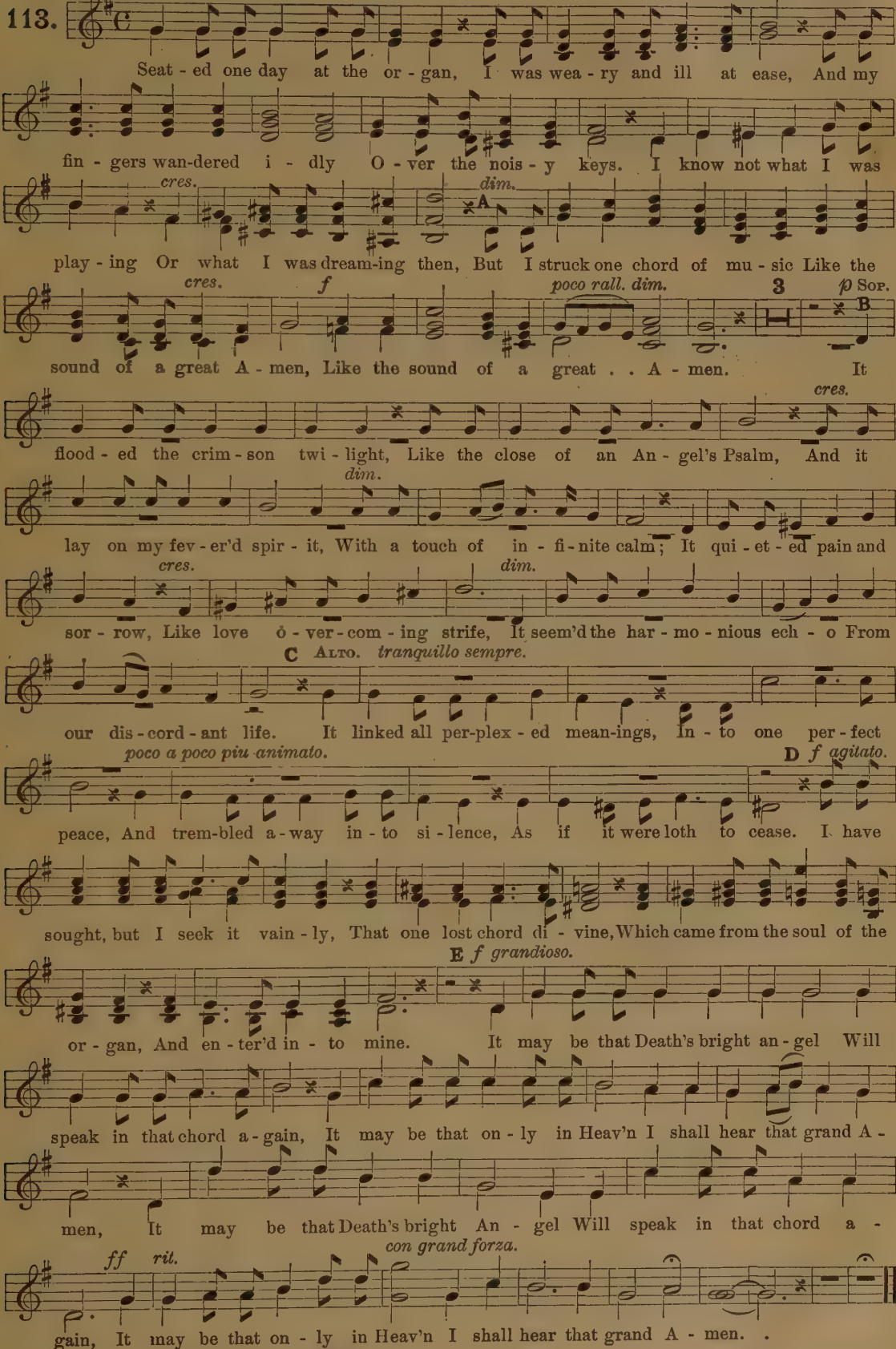
Adelaide A. Procter.

S. S. A.

Arthur Sullivan.

Arranged by Osbourne McConathy.

*Andante moderato.*

113. 


Seat - ed one day at the or - gan, I was wea - ry and ill at ease, And my  
fin - gers wan - dered i - dly O - ver the nois - y keys. I know not what I was  
play - ing Or what I was dream - ing then, But I struck one chord of mu - sic Like the  
sound of a great A - men, Like the sound of a great . . A - men. It  
flood - ed the crim - son twi - light, Like the close of an An - gel's Psalm, And it  
lay on my fev - er'd spir - it, With a touch of in - fi - nite calm; It qui - et - ed pain and  
sor - row, Like love o - ver - com - ing strife, It seem'd the har - mo - nious ech - o From  
our dis - cord - ant life. It linked all per - plex - ed mean - ings, In - to one per - fect  
peace, And trem - bled a - way in - to si - lence, As if it were loth to cease. I have  
sought, but I seek it vain - ly, That one lost chord di - vine, Which came from the soul of the  
or - gan, And en - ter'd in - to mine. It may be that Death's bright an - gel Will  
speak in that chord a - gain, It may be that on - ly in Heav'n I shall hear that grand A -  
men, It may be that Death's bright An - gel Will speak in that chord a -  
gain, It may be that on - ly in Heav'n I shall hear that grand A - men. .



## LOVE DIVINE.

Words by M. Louise Baum.

S. S. A. A.

Friedrich Silcher, 1789-1860.

Edited by N. Clifford Page.

Moderately. ♩ = 84.  
 SOPRANO I AND II.  
*mp dolce.*

114.

Love di - vine, faith - ful, mild, Grant Thy  
 Love su - preme, bound - less light, Still vic -

ALTO I AND II. *mp*

Love di - vine, faith - ful, mild,  
 Love su - preme, bound - less light,

bless - ing un - de - fil'd; Fa - ther ho - ly,  
 to - rious. o'er all night. Show Thy chil - dren

I. *mf*Fa - ther  
Show Thy

Grant Thy bless - ing,  
 Still vic - to - rious,

un - de - fil'd; Fa - ther ho - ly,  
 o'er all night. Show Thy chil - dren

A *mf*

Hear . . Thy child! Send us life and peace, we pray Thee;  
 Thy . . pure might. Lift the shad - ows that en - snare us,

*mf*

Hear Thy child!  
 Thy pure might.

Send us cour - age to o - bey Thee; Loy - al, lov - ing, serve Thee still,  
 Up to Thee tri - um - phant bear us, Be Thy glo - ry all our song,

*f*

Lov - ing, loy - al to Thy will, Send us life and peace, we pray Thee,  
 Still our hearts to Thee be - long. Lift the shadows that en - snare us,

B

*mf**mf*

Send us cour - age to o - bey Thee, Loy - al, lov - ing, serve Thee still,  
Up to Thee tri - um - phant bear us, Be Thy glo - ry all our song.

Lov - ing, loy - al to Thy will. Love di - vine, Hear Thy child!  
Still our hearts . . to Thee be - long. Love di - vine, Hear Thy child!

IN THE TIME OF ROSES.

Text edited by A. Bode.

S. S. A. A.

Luise Reichardt.

Arranged by Humphrey Mitchell.

Andantino.

SOPRANO I AND II.

115.

1. In the time of Ros - es, Hope thou, wea - ry heart! When the flow'r un -
2. In the time of Ros - es, Wea - ry heart, re-joyce! Ere the sum-mer

ALTO I AND II.

clos - es Thou too hast thy part. Though grief o'er - come thee Thro' the  
clos - es Comes the longed-for voice. Let naught ap - pal thee, For be -

win - ter's gloom, Thou shalt thrust it from thee when the Ros - es bloom.  
yond the tomb, God Him - self shall call thee when the Ros - es bloom.

. . . the win-ter's gloom,  
. . . be-yond the tomb,

## BENDEMEER'S STREAM.

S. S. A. A.

Old Irish Melody.

Arranged by P. C. Warren.

Thomas Moore.

SOPRANO I AND II.

116.

1. There's a bow - er of ros - es by Ben - de-meer's stream, And the  
 2. No, the ros - es soon with - er'd that hung o'er the wave, But some

ALTO I AND II.

1. There are ros - - es by  
 2. Ros - es with - - er'd that

night - in - gale sings round it all the day long; In the time of my child-hood 'twas  
 blos-soms were gath - er'd while fresh - ly they shone, And the dew was dis - till'd from their

all day long; In my child - hood  
 fresh they shone, And the dew from

like a sweet dream To sit in the ros - es and hear the bird's song.  
 flow - ers that gave All the fra - grance of sum - mer when sum - mer was gone.

**A** That bow'r and its mu - sic I ne'er shall for - get, But oft when a -  
 Thus mem - o - ry draws from de - light e'er it dies An es - sence that

Bow'r and mu - sic I ne'er shall for - get, But oft when a -  
 Mem - 'ry draws from de - light e'er it dies, An es - sence that

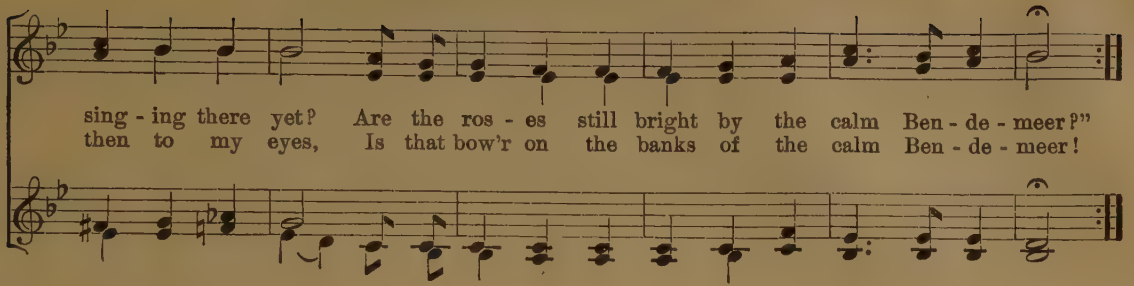
lone  
breathesin  
of the  
it

**B** lone in the bloom of the year, I think— "Is the night - in - gale  
 breathes of it man - y a year; Thus bright, to my soul, as 'twas

lone  
breathesin  
of the  
it

lone in the  
breathes of it





sing - ing there yet? Are the ros - es still bright by the calm Ben - de - meer?"  
then to my eyes, Is that bow'r on the banks of the calm Ben - de - meer!

AMERICA.

(MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.)

S. S. A. A.

Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, 1808-1895.

Henry Carey, 1685-1743.

*Maestoso.*

Arranged by J. Remington.

*mf* SOPRANO I AND II.

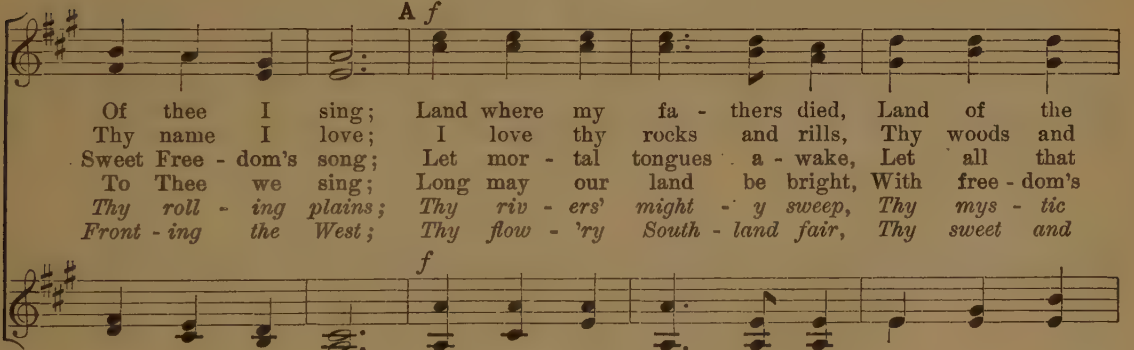
117.



1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,  
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,  
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees,  
4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,  
5. I love thine in - land seas, Thy groves of gi - ant trees,  
6. Thy sil - ver East - ern strands, Thy Gold - en Gate that stands

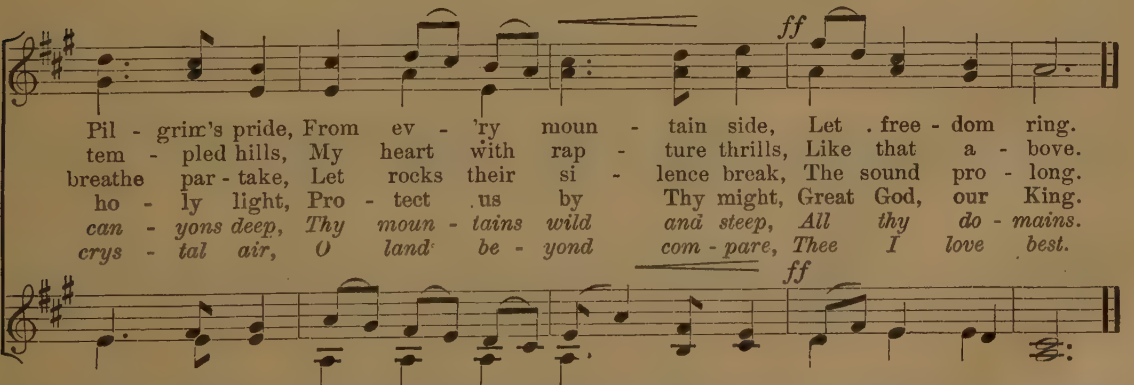
*mf* ALTO I AND II.

*A f*



Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the  
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and  
Sweet Free - dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that  
To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright, With free - dom's  
Thy roll - ing plains; Thy riv - ers' might - y sweep, Thy mys - tic  
Front - ing the West; Thy flow - ry South - land fair, Thy sweet and

*f*



Pil - grim's pride, From ev - 'ry moun - tain side, Let free - dom ring.  
tem - pled hills, My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.  
breathe par - take, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.  
ho - ly light, Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.  
can - yons deep, Thy moun - tains wild and steep, All thy do - mains.  
crys - tal air, O land be - yond com - pare, Thee I love best.

*ff*

The air, in varying forms, has been used in many countries, from about 1603 A. D. on. The version here given and most generally known, appears to have been introduced by Henry Carey in London (1740), as "God Save the King"; but the air was not original with him. The 5th and 6th verses (italics) were written by Henry Van Dyke D.D., L.L.D. in 1908.



# ARISE TO THE GOOD AND TRUE.

( A CHRISTMAS CAROL. )

E. Babette Deutsch.

*Andantino.*

S. S. A. A.

Old French Carol.

Harmonized by F. A. Gevaert.

Arranged by Bertha Remick.

SOPRANO I AND II.

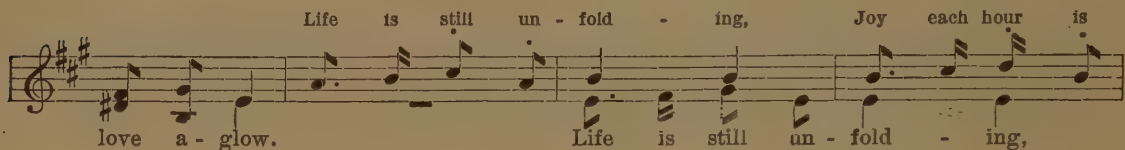
118.



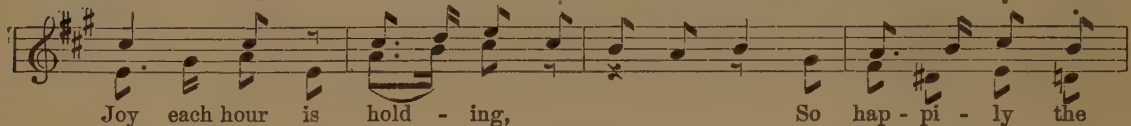
1, 2. Now the frost- y air Sweet with mu- sic ring- ing, Filled with fra-grance rare,



Thrills us in - to sing - ing. Hol - ly and the mis - tle - toe Find our hearts with

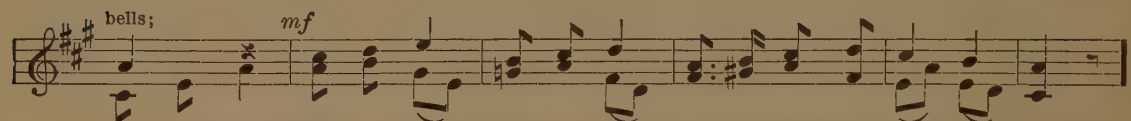


hold - ing, So the hap - py cho - rus swells, Ming - ling with the



bells;

*mf*

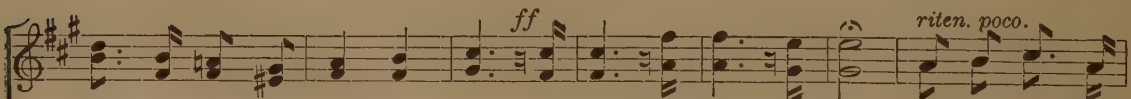
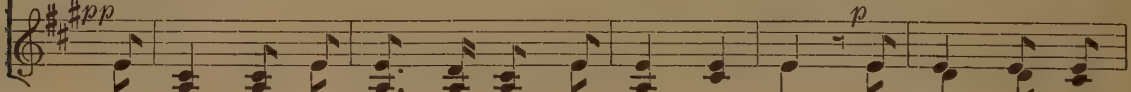


cho - rus swells, "Ban-ish wrong, With our song, Days of Christ-mas cheer pro - long!"

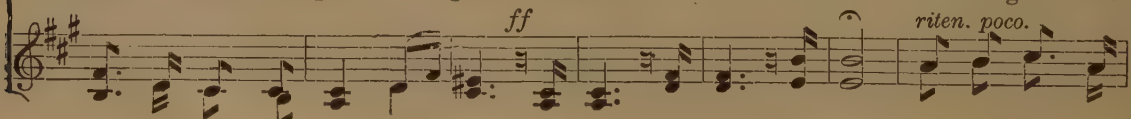


The year brings its gifts of peace and joy un - told. The myrrh, fra-grant

ALTO I AND II.



frank - in-cense, and grav - en gold. A - rise! A - rise! A - rise to the good and



true! A - rise! A - rise! Hail old year and new!



*a tempo.*

# ARISE TO THE GOOD AND TRUE.

147

dearth may know,  
pal - ing light,

boun - ty  
peace of

1. Na - ture nev - er dearth may know, Ev - er shall her boun - ty  
2. From rose - dawn to pal - ing light, Through the star - ry peace of

grow,  
night,

*sempre p* **D**

grow, Win - ter shall ful - fil Au - tumn's prom - ise still. Green - ly clad, or  
night, In each gold - en hour Buds of hope shall flower. So the sweet voic'd

*sempre p*

white  
bells

with snow,  
shall ring,

she  
hearts

be - stow,  
shall sing,

white with snow, Blessings fair doth she be - stow, Love a - lone shall rule thro' the  
bells shall ring, So our joy - ful hearts shall sing, Love a - lone shall rule thro' the

year with Yule.  
year with

Yule. The year brings its gifts of peace and joy un - told, The

myrrh, fragrant frank - in-cense and grav - en gold. A - rise! A - rise! A - rise

to the good and true! A - rise! A - rise! Hail old year and new!

## STARLIGHT.

S. S. A. A.

Franz von Suppé.

Arranged by N. Clifford Page.

Frederick H. Martens.

*Andante con moto.*

119.

2 SOPRANO I AND II. *p*

1. Oh star - light, [so ra - diant beam - ing, In  
 2. Dim star - light, to me you're dear - er Than

2 ALTO I AND II. *p*

ten - der ef - ful - gence gleam - ing, No light of sun or moon . . is half so  
 a - ny whose beam is clear - er, You cast a pen - sive charm . up - on the

No light of sun or . . moon is half so  
 You cast a pen - sive . charm up - on the

*molto dim. pp*

fair, . Star - light, star - light, a - gleam when dark - - ness cov - ers  
 air, . Star - light, star - light, a - gleam when dark - - ness cov - ers

*molto dim. pp*

fair, . . . . . Star - light, star - light, a - gleam when dark - ness cov - ers,  
 air, . . . . . Star - light, star - light, a - gleam when dark - ness cov - ers,

**B**

Star - light to me your beams re - call, . . . . . Star - eyes I  
 all, . . . . . *mf* Star - light to me your beams re - call, Star - eyes I  
*p*

cov - ers all, . . .

lov'd the best of all, . . . . .

lov'd the best of all, Star - light's fond dreams of . love - li - ness rare!  
*f* *p*

*C* Star - light, to me your beams re - call, . . . . . Star - eyes I

*mf* *p* Star - light, to me your beams re - call Star - eyes I

lov'd the best of all, . . . . . *ff* *allargando.* *piu rit.* *p* *a tempo.*

lov'd the best of all, Star - light's fond dreams, of love - li - ness rare!

*ff* *allargando.* *piu rit.* *p* *a tempo.*

*p* *poco rit.* *pp*

Ah, night, send me your star - light, your dream - light so . . fair! . .

*p* *poco rit.* *3*

## IT IS SUMMER.

(ROUND.)

J. Stainer.

120. *1* ( $\text{♩} = 100.$ )

It is sum - mer, it is sum - mer! how beau - ti - ful it looks;

*2*

There is sun - shine on the old grey hills, and sun - shine on the brooks;

*3*

A sing - ing bird on ev - 'ry bough, soft per - fumes in the air,

*4*

A hap - py smile on each young lip; and glad - ness ev - 'ry - where.



## OLAF TRYGVASON.

(LANDKJENDING.)

English version by B. R.  
from Björnsterne Björnson.

S. S. A. A.

Edvard Grieg.

Arranged by Bertha Remick.

*Allegro energico. Allegro moderato.*5 *mf* SOPRANO I AND II.

121.

- (A) 1. O - laf the Vi - king sailed a - way, O - laf Try - gva - son was  
 (B) 2. O - laf the Vi - king sought the shore, O - laf Try - gva - son the  
 (C) 3. O - laf the Vi - king gazed in joy, O - laf Try - gva - son the

5 *mf* ALTO I AND II.*cresc.*

he; . . Seek - ing that King - dom fair and might - y, Far o'er the North - ern sea. . .  
 brave, Vain seem'd his hopes and king - ly long - ings, Shat - ter'd by wind and wave;  
 bold. Rose might - y cas - tles, walis and tow - ers, Snow white and gleam - ing gold.

*cresc.*

Vi - sions of tow - ers gleam - ing Came at last to the King, as tho' he were  
 See where the mist is clear - ing, Glist - ning sands and har - bor wide . . ap -  
 Filled with a might - y long - ing Then has - ten'd the war - riors, shore - ward

D

dream - ing.  
 pear - ing.  
 throng - ing.

4. O - laf the Vi - king flow - ers saw,

*cresc.*

O - laf Try - gva - son the King, Rag - ing tho' were the o - cean bil - lows,

*cresc.*

*E*  
*rit. p molto più lento.*

Woodlands were sweet with Spring. Bells rang a joy - ous peal - ing, And King O - laf spoke,

*rit. p*

*pp* **5**

prayer - ful - ly kneel - ing, . . . prayer - ful - ly kneel - ing.  
kneel - - - - ing,

*pp* **5**

kneel - ing, . . .

*F Andante molto e religioso.*

*Solo.* *p*

Here is found our King - dom glo - rious, Right di - vine is now vic - to - rious,

*mp*

Spir - its yearn to tell the sto - ry, God, for Thee be ev - er glo - ry!

*p* *cresc.*

May my faith be strong and ho - ly, May my heart be pure and low - ly!

*f* *ff*

Help me, Lord, in my en - deav - or, Bless this land and folk for - ev - er.

**G CHORUS.**

*f*

We, like O - laf, now are kneel - ing, Bound - less grat - i - tude are feel - ing;

*f*

Spir - its yearn to tell the sto - ry, God, for Thee be ev - er glo - ry! May our faith be

*cresc.* *f*

strong and ho - ly, May our hearts be pure and low - ly, Help us, Lord, in

*cresc.* *f*

our en-deav - or; Bless this land and folk for-ev - er, Bless us, Lord; bless us, Lord!

*ff* *ff sempre.*

*ff* *ff sempre.*

## HOW CAN I LEAVE THEE.

S. S. A. A.

Thuringian Folk-song.

Arranged by J. Remington.

*Moderato.**mf* SOPRANO I AND II.

122.

1. How can I leave thee! How can I from thee part! Thou on - ly
2. Blue is a flow'r - et. Called the "For - get - me - not," Wear it up -
3. Would I a bird were! Soon at thy side to be, Fal - con nor

*mf* ALTO I AND II.

*A*

hast my heart, Dear one, be - lieve. Thou hast this soul of mine,  
on thy heart, And think of me! Flow'r - et and hope may die, .  
hawk would fear, Speed - ing to thee. When by the fowl - er slain, .

So close - ly bound to thine, No oth - er can I love, Save thee a - lone!  
Yet love with us shall stay, That can - not pass a - way, Dear one, be - lieve.  
I at thy feet should lie, Thou sad - ly should'st complain, Joy - ful I'd die.

# THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

Oscar Ahnfeldt.

S. S. A. A.

Swedish Folk-song.

English version by M. Teresa Armitage.

Arranged by Bertha Remick.

*Andante espressione.*

SOPRANO I AND II.

123.

In thy heart is it cold and dark, and do sor - rows press?  
Dost thou seek thro' the world in vain heav'n - ly peace and rest?

ALTO I AND II.

*mf*

Then the Light of the World, our God, Hath not up - on thee shone;

*mf*

For the Light brings peace and joy to hearts that are a - lone. .

3

Light brings joy to hearts that are a - lone. .

3

For the Light brings peace and joy to hearts that are a - lone. .

The original title of this folk-song is *Glädjens blomster i jordens mull*. Oscar Ahnfeldt wrote sacred words to it and sang it with great effect at religious gatherings.

## THE ROSE'S COMPLAINT.

English by Bertha Remick.

Robert Franz.

*Larghetto (Fervent and tender).*

124.

1. The droop-ing rose swayed to and fro, And mur-mured low her sad com-  
2. To com-fort her 'twas then I said: "Here in my song your fra-grance

4

plaint That all too soon her fra-grance van-ished, Which gen-tle Spring to her had giv-en.  
lives, And, with its mel - o - dy un - dy - ing, Will float thro' earth and high-est heav-en."



## GLORIA PATRI.

English by  
Louise M. Bray.

(PRAISES TO THEE.)

S. S. A. A.

Palestrina.

Arranged by Bertha Remick.

*Vivo, non troppo allegro.*

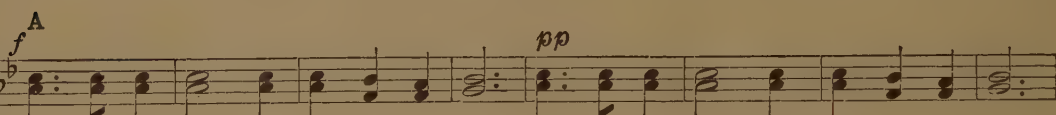
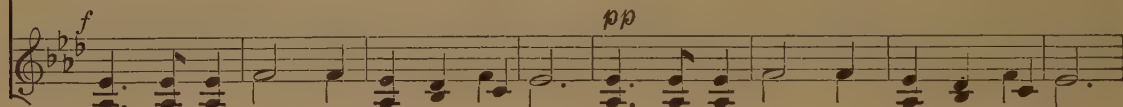
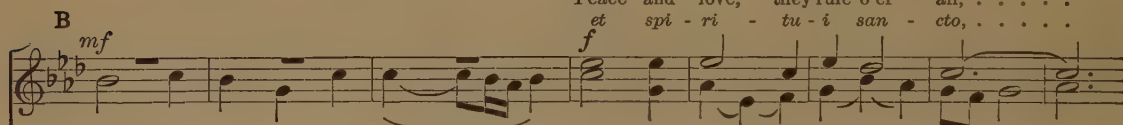
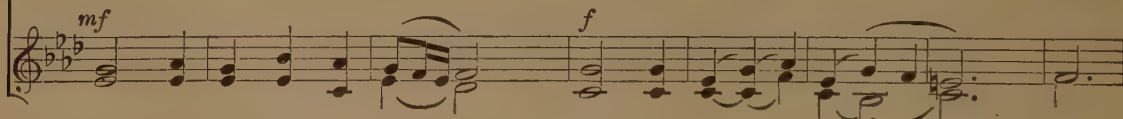
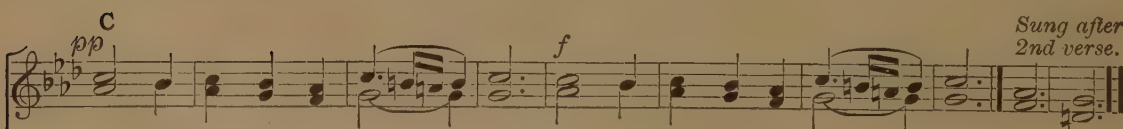
SOPRANO I AND II.

125.

1. Prais - es to Thee, O Fa - ther, we bring, prais - es to Thee, O Fa - ther, we bring,

2. Glo - ry to Thee, who reign - eth a - bove, glo - ry to Thee, who reign - eth a - bove,

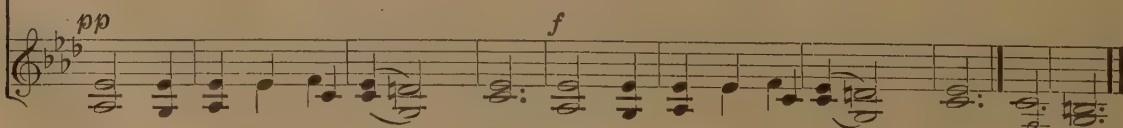
Glo - ri - a pa - tri et fi - li - o, glo - ri - a pa - tri et fi - li - o,

*f* ALTO I AND II.Voic - es and hearts with mel - o - dy ring, voic - es and hearts with mel - o - dy ring,  
Glo - ry to Thee, O Thou who art love, glo - ry to Thee, O Thou who art love;  
glo - ri - a pa - tri et fi - li - o, glo - ri - a pa - tri et fi - li - o,Praise for bless - ings Thou dost send, . . . .  
Peace and love, they rule o'er all, . . . .  
et spi - ri - tu - i san - cto, . . . .Praise for bless - ings which Thou . . . dost send, for bless - ings Thou . . . dost send,  
Peace and har - mo - ny rule . . . o'er all, o'er all, they rule . . . o'er all,  
et spi - ri - tu - i san - cto, spi - ri - tu - i . . . . san - cto,Thou dost send, for bless - ings Thou . . . dost send,  
rule o'er all, o'er all, they rule . . . o'er all,  
san - cto, et spi - ri - tu - i san - cto,

Fa - ther, Thou art our lov - ing Friend, Fa - ther, Thou art our lov - ing Friend.

Fa - ther, when on Thy Name we call, Fa - ther, when on Thy Name we call. A - MEN.

et spi - ri - tu - i san - cto, et spi - ri - tu - i san - cto.

*Sung after  
2nd verse.*

## O VISION BRIGHT!

S. S. A. A.

Arranged by Bertha Remick.

SOPRANO I AND II.

126.

1. O vis-ion bright! The glo-rious land of light . . Beams gold-en-ly be-  
 2. O vis-ion bright! Life's dark-est, cold-est night . Is fair as sum-mer

ALTO I AND II.

yond the cloud-less sky; . . 'Mid heav'n-ly fires Be-hold the an-gel  
 dawn, for hope is nigh. . . Then swell the song With all the heav'n-ly

REFRAIN.

choirs, . . . Who prais-es sing to God, our Lord on high. . . O vis-ion bright!  
 throng, . . . And prais-es sing to God, our Lord on high. . .

Fair land of light! An-gels sing be-yond the cloud-less sky; . . Where moon and

star, And plan-ets near and far . . . . . All join in praise to God, our Lord on high. . .

## SUPPLIANT, LO! THY CHILDREN BEND.

W. A. Mozart.

127.

1. Sup-pliant, lo, Thy chil-dren bend, Fa-ther, for Thy bless-ing now;  
 2. Pour in-to each long-ing mind Light and know-ledge from a-bove;

Thou canst teach us, guide, de-fend; We are weak, al-might-y Thou.  
 Char-i-ty for all man-kind,—Trust-ing faith, en-dur-ing love.

## NATIONAL HYMN.

D. C. Roberts, 1876.

S. S. A. A

G. W. Warren, 1892.

128.

*Con moto.**f* SOPRANO I AND II.Trumpets. <sup>3</sup>

1. God of our fa - thers, whose al - might - y hand  
 2. Thy love di - vine hath led us in the past,  
 3. From war's a - larms, from dead - ly pes - ti - lence;  
 4. Re - fresh Thy peo - ple on their toil - some way,

*f* ALTO I AND II.

Leads forth in beau - ty all the star - ry band Of shin - ing worlds in  
 In this free land by Thee our lot is cast; Be Thou our rul - er,  
 Be Thy strong arm our ev - er sure de - fence; Thy true re - li - gion  
 Lead us from night to nev - er - end - ing day; Fill all our lives with

*slargando.*

After last verse.

splen - dor thro' the skies, Our grate - ful songs be - fore Thy throne a - rise.  
 guard - ian, guide and stay, Thy word our law, Thy paths our cho - sen way.  
 in our hearts in - crease, Thy boun - teous good - ness nour - ish us in peace.  
 love and grace di - vine, And glo - ry, laud and praise be ev - er Thine. A - MEN.

*ff slargando.**pp*

## HEAVENLY FATHER, EVER LEAD US.

J. Edmeston.

S. S. A.

Sicilian Air.

Edited by J. Remington.

*Quietly.* SOPRANO I AND II.*mp*

129.

1. Heav'n - ly Fa - ther, . ev - er lead us O'er the  
 2. Ho - ly Spir - it, . . now de - scend ing, Fill our

ALTO.

*mp*

*A*  
*mp*

world's tem - pest - uous sea; Guard us, . guide us, .  
hearts with heav'n - ly joy, Thus pro - vid - ed, .

*mp*

*mp* *mf*

keep - us, . feed us, . For . we . have no help but Thee.  
par - doned, guid - ed, . Noth - ing . can . our peace de - stroy.

*mp* *mf*

O WORSHIP THE KING.

R. Grant.

S. S. A. A.

Franz Josef Haydn.

Arranged by J. Remington.

SOPRANO I AND II.

130.

1. O wor - ship the King, all glo - rious a - bove! O grate - ful - ly
2. O tell of His might, O sing of His grace, Whose robe is the
3. His boun - ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the

*f* ALTO I AND II.

*A*

sing His pow'r and His love! Our Shield and De - fend - er, the  
light, Whose can - o - py space! His char - iots of wrath the deep  
air, It shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de -

An - cient of Days, Pa - vil - ion'd in splen - dor, and gird - ed with praise.  
thun - der clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.  
scends to the plains, And sweet - ly dis - tils in the dew and the rains.



# HOLY SPIRIT, LIGHT DIVINE.

S. S. A.

A. Reed.

Louis Moreau Gottschalk.

Arranged by J. Remington.

SOPRANO I AND II.

131.

*p* *mf* *p*

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, Light Di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine; .  
 2. Ho - ly Spir - it, Pow'r Di - vine, Cleanse this guilt-y heart of mine; .  
 3. Ho - ly Spir - it, Joy Di - vine, Cheer this sad-den'd heart of mine; .  
 4. Ho - ly Spir - it, All Di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine; .

ALTO.

*A*

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark-ness in - to day.  
 Long hath sin . with - out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.  
 Bid my ma - ny woes de - part, Heal my wound-ed, bleed-ing heart.  
 Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol-throne, Reign su - preme, and reign a - lone.

\*2nd Alto *ad lib.*

## INTEGER VITAE.

S. S. A. A.

Friedrich F. Flemming.

Arranged by J. Remington.

SOPRANO I AND II.

132.

*p*

1. Night's shad - ows fall - ing, men to rest are call - ing;  
 2. Thou ev - er liv - est; end - less life Thou giv - est;  
 3. O Lord of Glo - ry, praise we and a - dore Thee —

ALTO I AND II.

*A* *mf* *mf*

Rest we, pos - sess - ing heav'n - ly peace and bless - ing; This we im -  
 Thou watch art keep - ing o'er Thy faith - ful sleep - ing; In Thy clear  
 Thee for us giv - en, our true rest from heav - en! Rest, peace, and

plore Thee, fall - ing down be - fore . Thee, Great King of glo - ry!  
shin - ing they are now re - clin - ing, All care re - sign - ing.  
bless - ing, we are now pos - sess - ing, Thy name con - fess - ing.

# WHAT THOU WILT, O FATHER, GIVE.

J. G. Whittier.

S. S. A.

Carl Maria von Weber.

Arranged by J. Remington.

SOPRANO I AND II.

133.

1. What Thou wilt, O Fa - ther, give; All is gain that I re -  
2. If there be some weak - er one, Give me strength to help him  
3. Clothe with life the weak in - tent, Let me be the thing I

ALTO.

ceive; Let the low - liest task be mine, Grate - ful, so the work be Thine.  
on; If a blind - er soul there be, Let me guide him near - er Thee.  
meant; Let me find in Thy em - ploy Peace that dear - er is than joy.

# 134. SOFTLY NOW THE LIGHT OF DAY.

(SEYMOUR.)

G. W. Doane.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 1 Softly now the light of day<br>Fades upon my sight away;<br>Free from care, from labor free,<br>Lord, I would commune with Thee.  | 2 Thou whose all pervading eye<br>Naught escapes, without, within,<br>Pardon each infirmity,<br>Open fault and secret sin. |
| 3 Soon for me the light of day<br>Shall forever pass away;<br>Then, from sin and sorrow free,<br>Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee. |  |

# LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

S. S. A. A.

Rev. J. B. Dykes.

Arranged by J. Remington.

John Henry Newman.

SOPRANO I AND II.

135.

1. Lead, Kind - ly Light, a - mid th'en - cir - ling gloom, . Lead Thou me on;  
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou . . Shouldst lead me on;  
 3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still . . Will lead me on

ALTO I AND II.

**A** *mf* **B**

Thenight is dark and I am far from home, . . Lead Thou me on. . Keep Thou my  
 I lov'd to choose and see my path; but now . . . Lead Thou me on. . I lov'd the  
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till . . . The night is gone, . And with the

*mf*

*rit. e dim.* *p*

feet; I do not ask to . see The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.  
 gar - ish day; and spite of . fears, Pride rul'd my will: re-mem-ber not past years.  
 morn those an - gel fa - ces . smile, Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a - while.

*rit. e dim.* *p*

## OH, COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL.

(PORTUGUESE HYMN.)

Anon. (Latin, 17th Century).

S. S. A. A.

J. Reading.

Tran. F. Oakeley.

Arranged by J. Remington.

Con moto.

SOPRANO I AND II.

136.

1. Oh, come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful and tri - umph - ant, Oh,  
 2. — Sing, choirs of An - gels, Sing in ex - ul - ta - tion, . .  
 3. — Ye, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this hap - py morn - ing, . .

ALTO I AND II.

*mf*

*mf*

come ye, oh, come ye to Beth - le - hem; Come and be - hold Him  
Sing, all ye ser - a - phim of heav'n a - bove; Glo - ry to God . .  
Might - y, to Thee be . . glo - ry giv'n; Word of the Fa - ther,

Born the King of An - gels; Oh, come, let us a - dore Him, Oh,  
In . . the . . high - est; Oh, come, let us a - dore Him, Oh,  
Now in flesh ap - pear - ing; Oh, come, let us a - dore Him, Oh,

come, let us a - dore Him, Oh, come, let us a - dore and wor - ship the Lord.

## HOW GENTLE GOD'S COMMANDS.

P. Doddridge.

S. S. A.

Hans G. Nägeli.

Adapted by J. Remington.

*Moderato con grazia.*

SOPRANO I AND II.

137.

1. How gen - tle God's com-mands! How kind His pre - cepts are!
2. Be - neath His watch - ful eye His saints se - cure - ly dwell:
3. His good - ness stands ap-proved, Un - changed from day to day;

ALTO

Come, cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust His con - stant care.  
That Hand which bears cre - a - tion up Shall guard His chil - dren well.  
I'll drop my bur - den at His feet, And bear a song a - way.



## SWEET IS THE WORK, MY GOD, MY KING.

I. Watts.

S. S. A.

L. van Beethoven.

138.

*mf* SOPRANO I AND II.

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise Thy name, give thanks, and  
 2. My heart shall tri - umph in the Lord, And bless His works, and bless His  
 3. But I shall share a glo - rious part When grace hath well re - fined, my

*mf* ALTO.

*cresc.* *f*

sing; To show Thy love by morn - ing light, And talk of all Thy truth at night.  
 word: Thy works of grace, how bright they shine! How deep Thy coun - sels, how di - vine!  
 heart, And, raised to ho - lier courts a - bove, I praise Thee with a pur - er love.

*cresc.* *f*

## COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

(ITALIAN HYMN.)

S. S. A. A.

F. Giardini.

Arranged by J. Remington.

139.

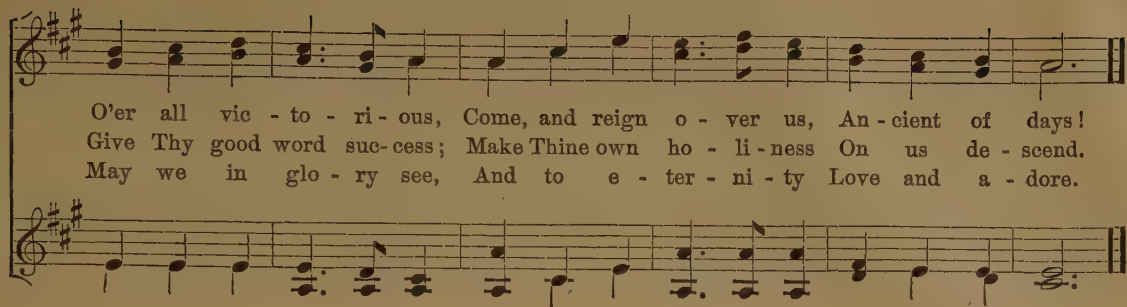
*f* SOPRANO I AND II.

1. Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy  
 2. Come, Thou all - gra - - cious Lord, By heav'n and  
 3. Nev - er from us . . . de - part; Rule Thou in

*f* ALTO I AND II.

*A*

name . . to sing, Help us to praise! Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous,  
 earth . . a - dored, Our pray'r at - tend! Come, and Thy chil - dren bless;  
 ev - 'ry heart Hence ev - er - more. Thy sov - 'reign maj - es - ty



O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days!  
 Give Thy good word suc - cess; Make Thine own ho - li - ness On us de - scend.  
 May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

## ALL THAT'S GOOD, AND GREAT, AND TRUE.

G. Thring.

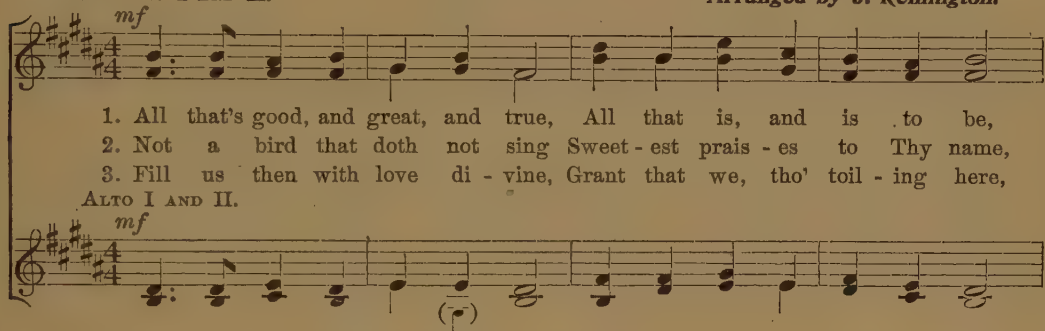
S. S. A. A.

Spanish Melody.

Arranged by J. Remington.

SOPRANO I AND II.

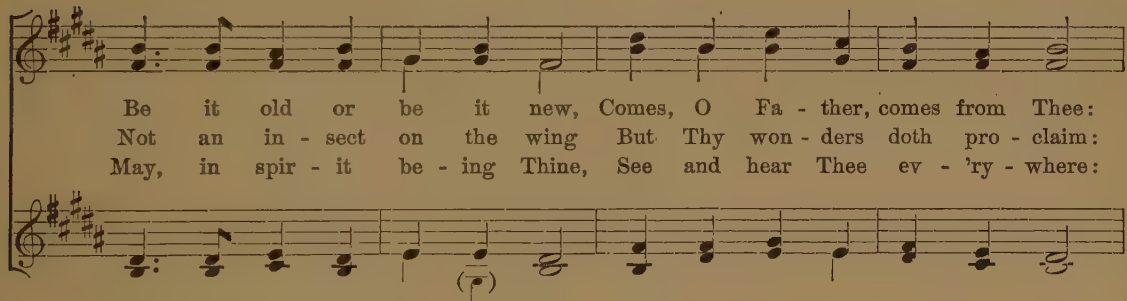
140.



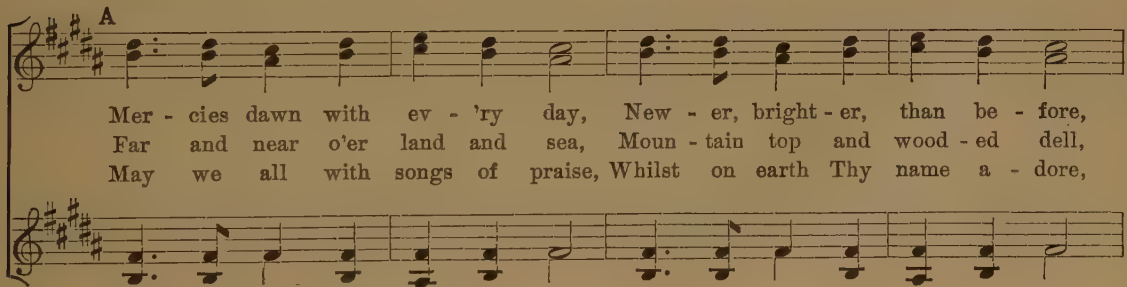
*mf*

1. All that's good, and great, and true, All that is, and is to be,
2. Not a bird that doth not sing Sweet - est prais - es to Thy name,
3. Fill us then with love di - vine, Grant that we, tho' toil - ing here,

ALTO I AND II.  
*mf*

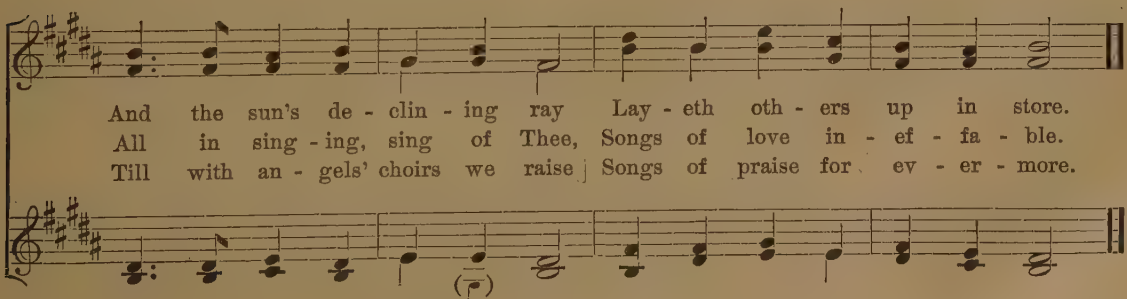


Be it old or be it new, Comes, O Fa - ther, comes from Thee:  
 Not an in - sect on the wing But Thy won - ders doth pro - claim:  
 May, in spir - it be - ing Thine, See and hear Thee ev - 'ry - where:



**A**

Mer - cies dawn with ev - 'ry day, New - er, bright - er, than be - fore,  
 Far and near o'er land and sea, Moun - tain top and wood - ed dell,  
 May we all with songs of praise, Whilst on earth Thy name a - dore,



And the sun's de - clin - ing ray Lay - eth oth - ers up in store.  
 All in sing - ing, sing of Thee, Songs of love in - ef - fa - ble.  
 Till with an - gels' choirs we raise Songs of praise for ev - er - more.

# NOW THE DAY IS OVER.

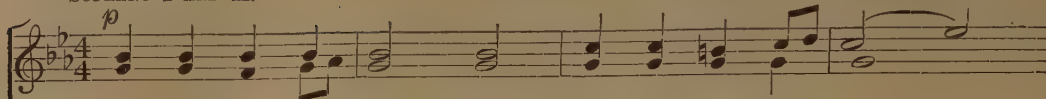
S. Baring Gould.

S. S. A. (A. II *ad lib.*)

Joseph Barnby.

Arranged by N. Clifford Page.

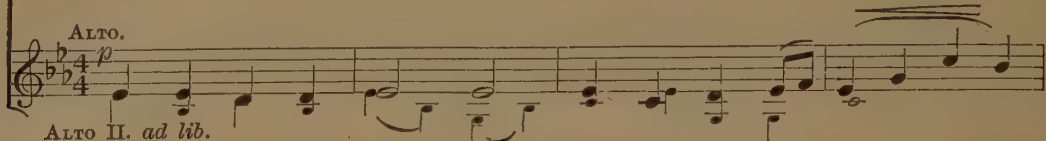
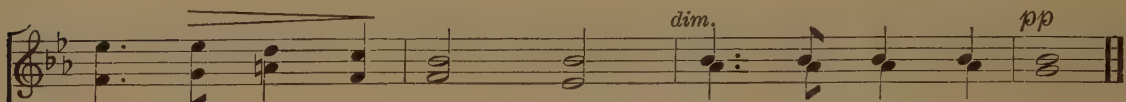
SOPRANO I AND II.



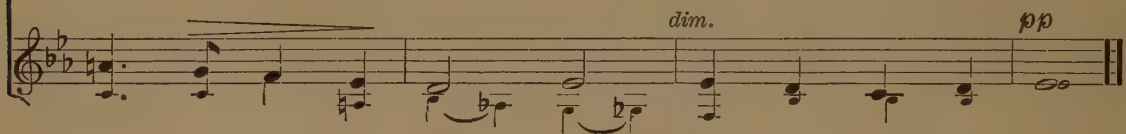
141.

1. Now the day is . o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh, . .  
 2. Fa - ther, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose, . .  
 3. Through the long night watch - es May Thine an - gels spread . .  
 4. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise . . .

ALTO.

ALTO II. *ad lib.*

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.  
 With Thy ten - d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.  
 Their white wings a - bove me, Watch - ing round my bed.  
 Pure and fresh and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.



# ABIDE WITH ME!

H. F. Lyte.

S. S. A. A.

W. H. Monk.

Arranged by J. Remington.

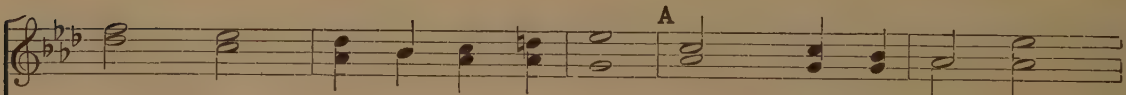
SOPRANO I AND II.



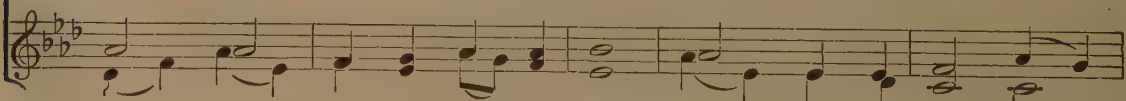
142.

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark-ness  
 2. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; What but Thy  
 3. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no

ALTO I AND II.



deep - ens, Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers  
 grace can foil the tempt - er's pow'r? Who, like Thy - self, my  
 weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness; Where is death's sting? Where



fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, O a-bide with me!  
 guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun-shine, Lord, a-bide with me!  
 grave, Thy vic-to-ry? I tri-umph still, if Thou a-bide with me!

O PARADISE! O PARADISE!

F. W. Faber.

S. S. A.

J. Barnby.

Arranged by J. Remington.

143.

SOPRANO I AND II.

1. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! Who doth not crave for rest?
2. Dear Fa - ther, Lord of Par - a - dise! O, keep us in Thy love,

ALTO.

Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest?  
 And guide us to that hap - py land Of per - fect rest a - bove!

A  
 Where loy - al hearts and true

Where loy - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,

ho - ly sight.

All rap - ture through and through, In God's most ho - ly sight

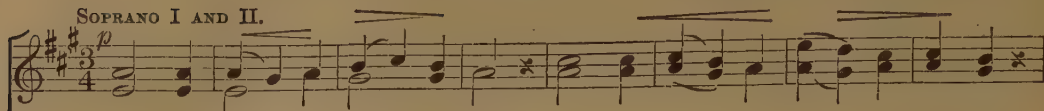


# HOLY GOD, WE PRAISE THY NAME.

S. S. A. A.

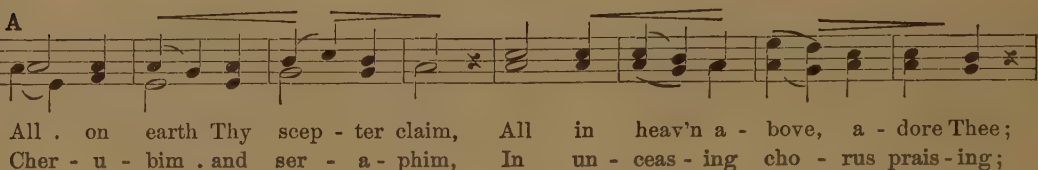
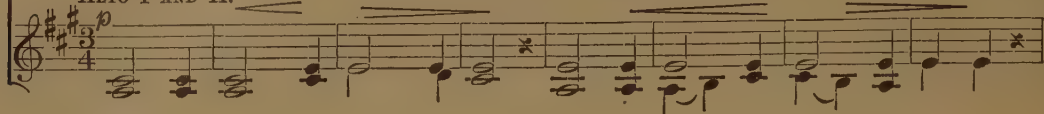
Arranged by J. Remington.

SOPRANO I AND II.

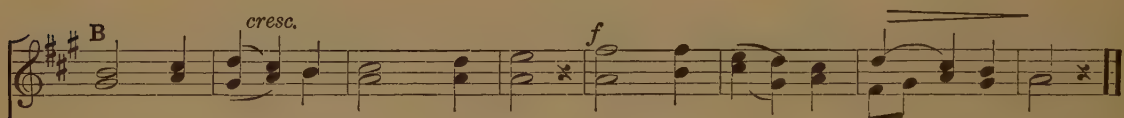
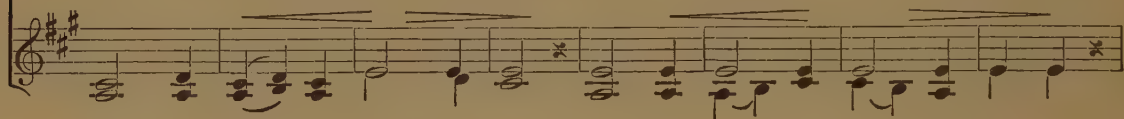


1. Ho - ly God, we praise Thy name! Lord of all, . we bow be - fore Thee;  
 2. Hark! the loud ce - les - tial hymn, An - gel choirs a - bove are sing - ing,

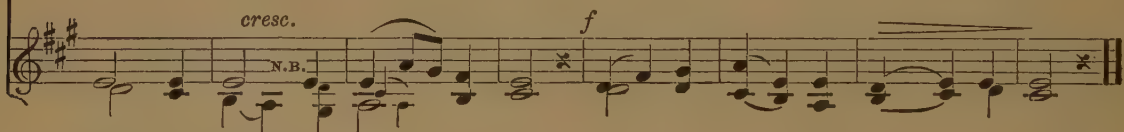
ALTO I AND II.



- All . on earth Thy scap - ter claim, All in heav'n a - bove, a - dore Thee;  
 Cher - u - bim . and ser - a - phim, In un - ceas - ing cho - rus prais - ing;



- In - fi - nite Thy vast do - main, Ev - er - last - ing is . . Thy Name.  
 Fill the heav'ns with sweet ac - cord: Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly Lord.



N. B. The small notes may be used by Alto II.

## HOLY, HOLY, HOLY! LORD GOD ALMIGHTY!

S. S. A. A.

Rev. J. B. Dykes.

Arranged by J. Remington.

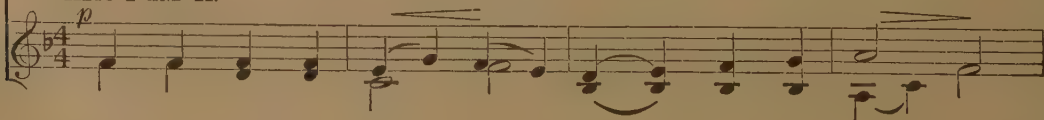
Reginald Heber.

SOPRANO I AND II.



1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!  
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! All the saints a - dore Thee,  
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Though the dark - ness hide Thee,

ALTO I AND II.



Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;  
 Cast - ing down their gold-en crowns a - round the glass - sea;  
 Though the eye of sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see,

**A**

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! mer - ci - ful and might - y!  
 Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee,  
 On - ly Thou art ho - ly! there is none be - side Thee,

**B** *f*

All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth and sky, and sea!  
 Thou who wast, and art, and . . . ev - er - more shalt be!  
 In - fi - nite in pow'r, in . . . love, and pur - i - ty! A - MEN. *p*

EVENING PRAYER.

S. S. A. A.

Carl Maria von Weber.  
 Adapted by N. Clifford Page.

*Andantino.*  
 SOPRANO I AND II.

146.

1. Soft - ly sighs the breath of eve - ning, Steal - ing thro' the sha - d'wy grove,  
 2. Heav'n - ly Fa - ther, while we're sleep - ing, Send Thy guard - ian an - gels bright,  
 3. When the morn - ing, gen - tly break - ing, Tints the sky with gold - en rays,

ALTO I AND II.

**A**

While the stars, in heav - en shin - ing, Keep their si - lent watch a - bove.  
 Faith - ful watch a - bove us keep - ing, To pro - tect . . . us thro' the night.  
 May Thy lov - ing chil - dren, wak - ing, Sing their Heav'n - ly Fa - ther's praise. *rit. e dim.*

## EVENING PRAYER.

M. Louise Baum.

S. A. A.

A. Randegger.  
Arranged by Bertha Remick.

# THE WATCH ON THE RHINE.

Max Schneckenburger.

S. S. A.

Carl Wilhelm.

Arranged by N. Clifford Page.

150. *f*

1. With thun-der shout the air is rent, Like roar of waves and sword-clash blent "Now
2. The peo-ple hear the might-y cry, Like light-ning flash-es ev-'ry eye, That
3. Thy tide re-flects the heav'n's a-bove, And he-roes gaze on thee with love, And
4. So long as blood flows in each vein, Or hands to draw the sword re-main, And

of the Ger-man Rhine so free, Who will the riv-er's guard-ian be?" . Thou  
land-mark ev-'ry heart will keep, And watch un-sleep-ing o'er the deep. . Thou  
proud-ly breathe a vow to thee, Thou, Rhine, shall ev-er Ger-man be. . . Thou  
while an arm is in the land, No foe shall walk up-on thy strand. Thou

Fa-ther-land may'st tran-quil be, Thy faith-ful sons will watch [o'er thee;

Stead-fast and true each son, each son of thine Stands sen-try o'er our Rhine, our no-ble Rhine!

## CRADLE SONG.

S. A. (A. 2 ad lib.)

Franz Schubert.

Arranged by Frank Belknap.

*Andante tranquillo.* ♩ = 72.

151. *p*

1. Slum-ber, slum-ber, ten-der lit-tle flow-er, Moth-er's lov-ing care
2. Slum-ber, slum-ber, lit-tle fad-ed flow-er, Still doth moth-er's
3. Slum-ber, slum-ber, lit-tle an-gel flow-er, Tho' thou li-est

doth a-round thee twine; Sweet and restful be this hour, Sooth-ing fall this lul-la-by of mine.  
love a-round thee glow, Stronger is it than death's power, Guarding thee wher-e'er thy spirit go.  
'neath the moss-y sod, Thou shalt wake in ro-sy bower; Ros-es grow around the throne of God.

## THE ROSE.

(ROUND.)

152. *1* *2*

The ros-e's age is but a day, Its bloom the pledge of its de-cay;

*3* *4*

O sweet its scent, its col-or bright, It blows at morn and fades at night.



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